APRIL 1965

Commentary

VOLUME THIRTY-NINE, NUMBER FOUR

THE FAILURE OF URBAN RENEWAL

A Critique and Some Proposals

HERBERT J. GANS

Two for SNCC: Robert Penn Warren

JUDAISM & THE MEANING OF LIFE: Emil L. Fackenheim

BARKOKHBA—A Story: Dezsö Kosztolányi

TWO CHEERS FOR HEDONISM: Milton Himmelfarb

THE NEW IMMORALISTS: William Phillips

NAZIS ON TRIAL—PAGES FROM A JOURNAL: Jakov Lind

THE LEGACY OF A. D. GORDON: Ronald Sanders

PSYCHOANALYSIS AMERICANIZED: Harold Rosenberg

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Ben B. Seligman — Daniel J. Callahan

Warren Coffey — Lewis A. Coser — Roger Owen

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Mr. Thomson vs. Mr. Webb: a debate over the merits of a year-round gift carton for the world's finest Scotch.

George Thomson, Director and Master Blender, and Arthur F. Webb, Managing Director of John Walker & Sons Ltd., photographed in Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Mr. Thomson had a point. He contended that Johnnie Walker Black Label doesn't need to make a display of itself; that no trappings could embellish a Scotch blended from over 40 of the finest aged Highland malt whiskies and just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. (He blended them himself.)

Mr. Webb agreed that Johnnie Walker Black Label is a most tasteful Scotch (he is Managing Director of the Company) and deserves to be so presented. He maintained that the carton would be properly decorous, nearly as impeccable as the Scotch inside. The same distinguished gift carton that attracted favorable comment during the holidays.

In defense of extending the season for gifts

Furthermore, Mr. Webb could see no reason why generosity should be limited by season. Might not thoughtful people find occasion to give Black Label throughout the year? And why not compliment their taste with a carton that complements their Scotch?

Mr. Webb was of the opinion that they should make the carton available for package stores in the United States. Mr. Thomson is not only the most knowledgeable of master blenders, he is also a reasonable man. He agreed.

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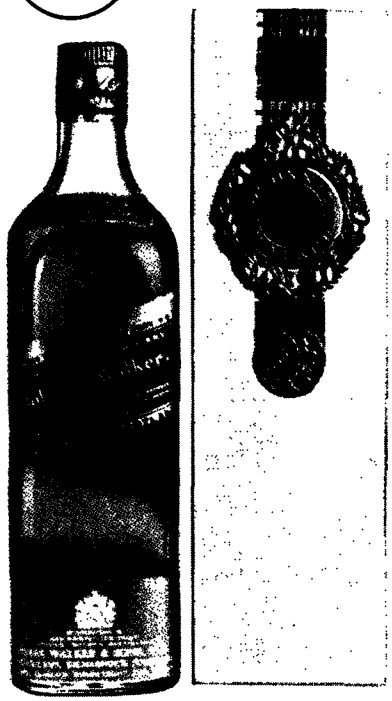

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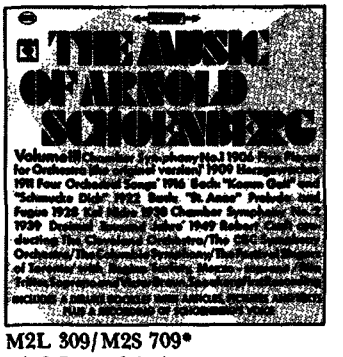

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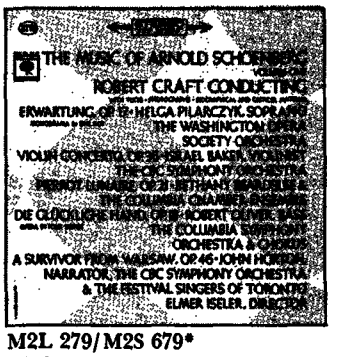

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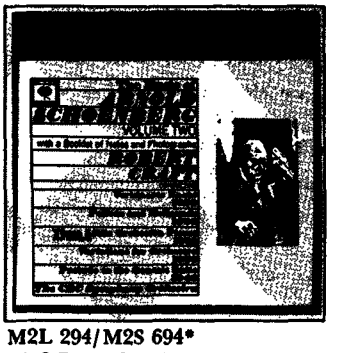

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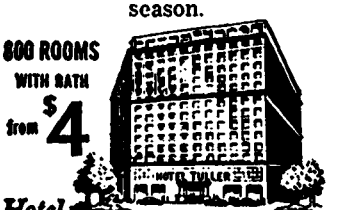

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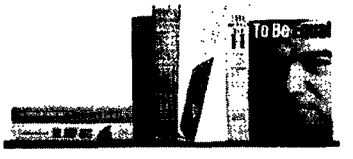

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Extreme Reactions

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Willie Morris's "Cell 722, or Life Among the Extremists" [October 1964] is a masterpiece. . . .

What journalist Morris has described is not limited, of course, to Austin, Texas—it is not limited at all. There is plenty of it right here on Long Island. Worse, not all right-wing extremists are as preposterous as those who people Morris's article. There are many who, although their drives are the same, are decidedly more intelligent, and who, consequently, are all the more dangerous. . . . The most frequent basic problem with the extremist of the Right—and I have met some, too—seems to me to be that, contrary to his denials, he is consciously or subconsciously terrified. . . .

L. EDWIN RITCHIE
Floral Park, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Willie Morris describes me as "the curious goateed figure." Goateed I am but what's so damned "curious" about me or my figure? Is it that, as suggested by the absence of a comma between the adjectives, a beard is still considered odd in Texas? Or is there some more arcane, or perhaps unmentionable, reason for your writer's curious choice of "curious," that is, "5. Exciting attention or interest because of strangeness or novelty." If arcane, I hope he will explicate. If unmentionable, mention. Just to satisfy my own curiosity.

DWIGHT MACDONALD
New York City

MR. MORRIS *writes:*

Mr. Macdonald, who is one of my favorite figures, nonetheless showed up down there wearing not merely a goatee, which should have gone out with the scissor, but a shirt with thin red stripes and the goddamndest string tie I ever saw. I have a suspicion Mr. Macdonald bought them at Nieman-Marcus. During my conversation with him at William Arrowsmith's ranch on the very evening of the day the agents from the Department of Public Safety had looked him over for any traces of arcane disaffection, this tie actually changed colors several times. I was afraid to look at his shoes. Mr. Macdonald came to lecture on anarchy, not realizing he could have given his cause a much greater boost merely by walking down any street during the rush hour.

Art & Science

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

There is much to be said for having books in the social sciences reviewed by literary critics and poets, for they can evaluate in terms of larger human values and they are free of the small-clerk mentality increasingly prevalent among social scientists.

Thus, Kathleen Nott's review of three books related to suicide ["Mortal Statistics," October 1964] has excellent humanistic insights. She perceives quite correctly, for instance, the shocking fallacy of Sainsbury's *Suicide in London,* which blinds itself to the fact that the suicide-prone tend to drift into conditions of social isolation.

On the other hand, non-specialists, without intensive training in methodology or full acquaintance with the literature, cannot always evaluate a research method or weigh the sometimes subtle relationships among research studies. Thus Miss Nott appears to attribute a considerable methodological naïveté to Professor Stengel concerning the availability for study of suicidal cases, whereas, ironically, he has in fact been greatly concerned with the sophisticated problem of the differences between those who carry out their suicidal attempt and those who fail in the attempt.

Then, too, Miss Nott seems to accept without question all the assertions of Herbert Hendin's *Suicide and Scandinavia.* A professional social scientist might be rather more cautious at swallowing whole Dr. Hendin's attempt to encompass something as complex as three national characters, based mainly upon a handful of interviews in each country. And some readers may not share Miss Nott's admiration for Dr. Hendin's restraint in not attempting any recommendations in social engineering toward suicide prevention. Given his *chutzpah* in interpretation, it seems inconsistent and a shirking of

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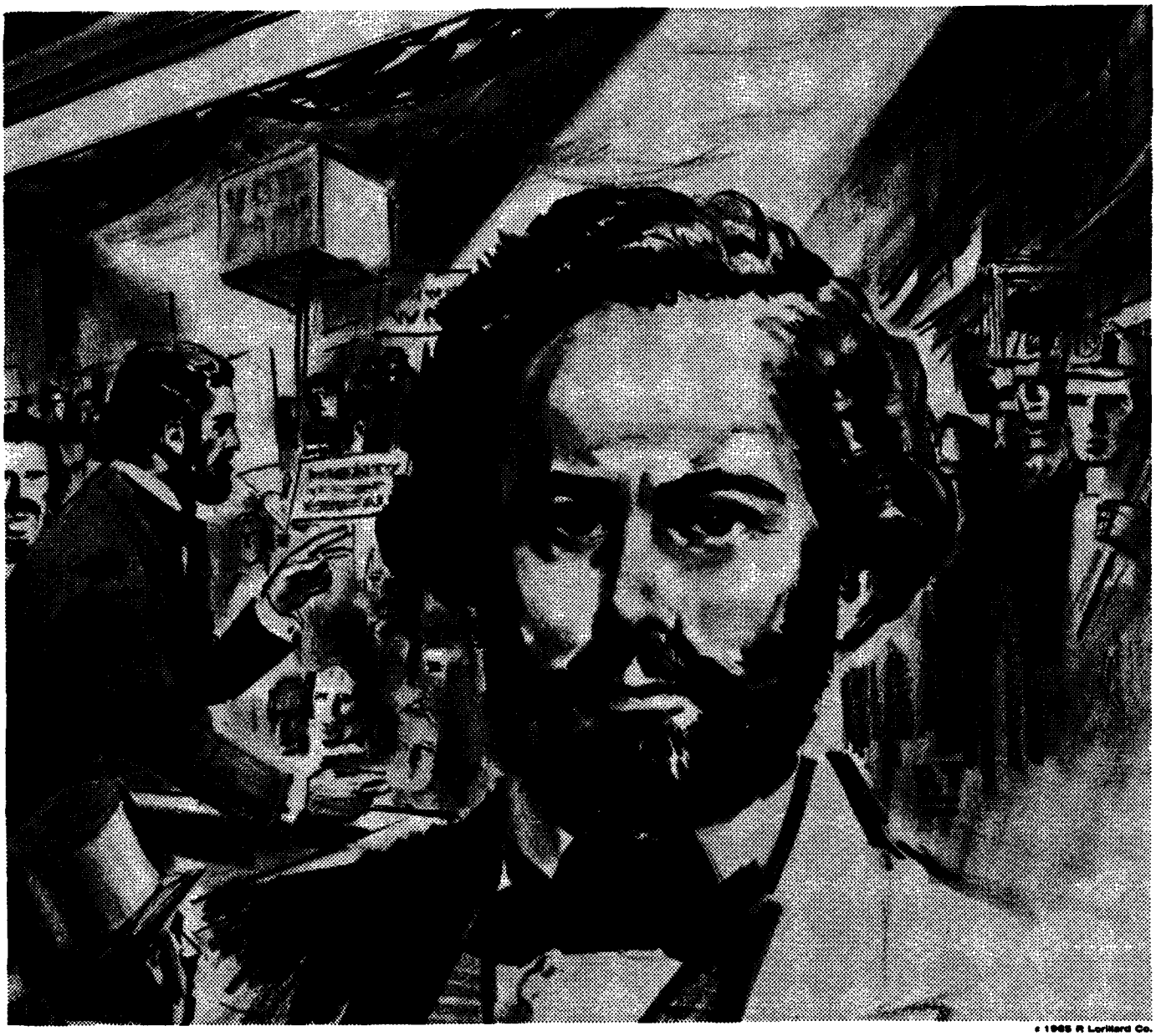

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"Have Pity for Yourselves"

Isidor Bush, who was eventually to settle in St. Louis, emigrated from Austria in 1849, after the failure of the 1848 revolution. In New York, he briefly published the first German-Jewish weekly of its kind in the United States, the *Israel's Herold.*

In St. Louis, Bush was variously a storekeeper, bank president, freight agent and publisher of The Bushberg Manual, a well-known handbook on viniculture. But his outstanding contributions as an American were in public life, to which he devoted himself almost from the day he first set foot on American soil.

In 1861, Bush was a delegate of the Union Party to the state convention which was to decide whether Missouri would secede. He helped keep Missouri in the Union. Moreover, though barred from active service in the Civil War because of an unfortunate childhood accident, Bush served as civilian secretary to General John Fremont.

As a member of the committee on emancipation at the Missouri convention in 1863, Bush argued vainly for immediate freedom for the slaves. In 1865, however, Bush was vindicated, the majority of delegates voting for the immediate abolition of slavery. Missouri was thus the first of the former slave states to free its slaves.

Isidor Bush's ideals may perhaps best be expressed by his eloquent address to the Missouri state convention: "I pray you, have pity for yourselves.... Slavery demoralizes, slavery fanaticism blinds you.... It has destroyed God's noblest work—a free and happy people."

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responsibility that he suddenly turns modest.

Presented with the choice between having social science reviewed by poets or social scientists, I would still choose, for non-technical journals, the poet. But couldn't you snare some of those rare birds, social scientists with the souls of poets?

MAURICE L. FARBER
Dept. of Psychology
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut

MISS NOTT *writes:*

I am grateful to Professor Farber for being so open-minded toward poets and similar sociological amateurs. However, I approached Dr. Hendin's book rather as a critic of ideas who happens to have had a fairly long Scandinavian experience and has also written on Sweden.

While it is perfectly true that Professor Stengel (*Twentieth Century,* Summer 1964, "Suicide and Social Isolation") actually makes a marked distinction between the "failed" and the successful suicide, he is nevertheless almost entirely concerned with the difference in *social* effect between the two. The "failed" suicide "is taken to hospital and usually receives assurance of sympathy and love . . . the suicidal attempt . . . results in an end of social isolation at least for the time the patient is in hospital." We might, of course, ask what happens when he goes home.

The point is that Professor Stengel lays no emphasis as far as I have seen on understanding and learning from the patient himself who has luckily survived. In the context of my article, this is what seemed important.

I don't think that Dr. Hendin "turned modest," but that he always was modest in putting forward his investigations as a contribution to the sum of evidence in the Scandinavian suicide question. It would therefore have been unreasonable and unwarranted for him to offer recommendations in social engineering (of which, anyway, his book is an implied criticism).

Our Vietnam Policy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In reading the excellent article by Donald S. Zagoria ["Communism in Asia," February], I was surprised by the last paragraph, which said *inter alia:*

The roots of Communism in Asia and in the former colonial

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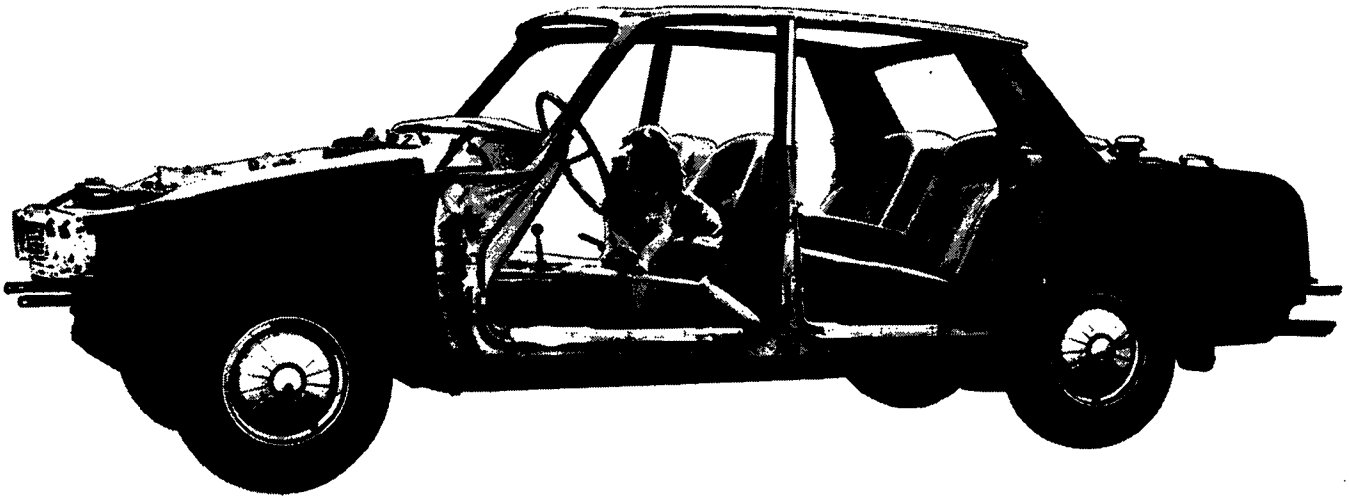

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areas in general, then, run deep, and the problem is not exclusively military or socio-economic, much less a conspiracy directed from Peking. South Vietnam provides a good example. Although the Vietcong does unquestionably get valuable help, training, and assistance from North Vietnam, it is reasonably clear that we are dealing with an indigenous insurrection in the South, and that this, not Northern assistance, is the main trouble. And yet, we continue to hear talk about extending the war to the North, as though an indigenous insurrection could be stopped by attacking its external allies.

The major impression of the Asian scene that one gets from Mr. Zagoria's article is of a profoundly complicated and unstable internal social and political situation on which Asian Communism feeds. The situation is made even more complex by the intervention of external factors which were not discussed by Mr. Zagoria but which I presume he does not exclude as a major influence in the area. I refer here, of course, to the presence of China and to the undoubted intervention of North Vietnam in the South Vietnamese struggle.

It was therefore surprising to me that Mr. Zagoria seems to rule out a whole range of military and political counter-measures that the U.S. could apply in order to contain Communism. I agree with the opinion that such measures as limited bombardment of North Vietnamese targets or retaliatory strikes on North Vietnamese bases will not in themselves win the war in South Vietnam, if the war can be won at all. But one cannot rule out flatly the efficacy of such measures for limited goals short of victory, namely the achievement of a military stalemate which would permit meaningful negotiations, that is, negotiations in which the side of the U.S. and South Vietnam would not be deprived of strong bargaining points. Surely, the broader implications of the South Vietnamese war make it imperative to go beyond the measures used until recently, in order to achieve a compromise solution instead of the complete defeat that "normal" conduct of the South Vietnamese war makes almost inevitable.

SEVERYN BIALER
Russian Institute
Columbia University
New York City

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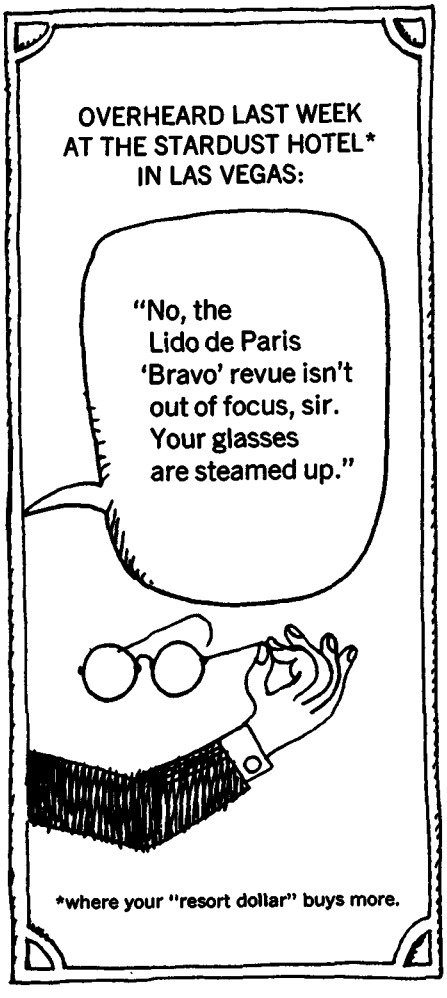
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MR. ZAGORIA *writes:*

My article was intended to explore the internal dynamics of Communism in Asia—a matter which has, I think, received insufficient attention—and not to discuss the external problem, of which I am aware. In the course of refuting a view that I think is oversimplified, I may have overstated my own case.

I meant to argue against the position that everything would be well in South Vietnam if the North Vietnamese merely let their neighbors alone. It does seem clear to me that the indigenous Communists have succeeded in gaining substantial popular support in South Vietnam by exploiting a variety of alienations which would exist and provide soil for a civil war with or without the guidance of China or North Vietnam. It will eventually be necessary for us to come to grips with the roots of such alienations rather than their symptoms alone if we want to contain Communism in the underdeveloped areas.

At the same time a key question in the specific case of Vietnam is whether or not the North Vietnamese have sufficient control over the Vietcong to enable them to call a halt to the fighting in the South if they find it in their interest to do so. I believe they do. Therefore I would agree with Mr. Bialer that the threat of extension of the war to the North might well be desirable for the purpose of creating a stronger American negotiating position.

Coming to Terms

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would like to counter what I consider a terribly muddled conclusion to A. Alvarez's otherwise clear and moving article ["The Literature of the Holocaust," November 1964]. By ending with the quotation from Rawicz, Mr. Alvarez seems to be endorsing a view of the concentration camps as human crimes, rather than as specifically German crimes. . . .

Rawicz, as quoted by Mr. Alvarez, says that "the events that [the author] describes could crop up in any place, at any time, in the mind of any man, planet, mineral. . . ." Aside from the purely rhetorical value of the last few words, it should be added, in the light of Mr. Alvarez's article, that this was a historical situation, and it must remain one if we are to come to terms with it. Whether this is possible I do not know, but I am certain that it is essential that we try. The events "cropped up" only in one place and in only one time. Whether or not man is capable of imagining such things in the future or in the present does not change the need for his trying to come to terms with their actual occurrence in the past. . . .

The camps must speak to the mind and the heart as well as to the imagination. They must provoke us to thoughts that lead to action as well as thoughts that lead to fiction, articles, and letters to the editor. . . .

DON ERIC LEVINE
Princeton, New Jersey

MR. ALVAREZ *writes:*

Mr. Levine has misunderstood my article. The whole point of it is that it is vitally important to come to terms with the camps as a psychic, as well as an historical event. If he looks at the piece again, he will find that I set out my reasons for this attitude in some detail.

While Tevye Fiddles

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Having seen *Fiddler on the Roof* twice, I was intrigued by Irving Howe's comments ["Tevye on Broadway," November '64]. As the son of Irish immigrants I see what disturbs him most and me least about *Fiddler*. . . .

What *Fiddler* is really doing is spoofing the Jewish Orthodox tradition which cannot be reconciled with an American society, just as I think Catholicism (Orthodox Christianity) cannot. Unfortunately, there are not enough Catholic talents in the theater to dramatize such a thing. The great problem of a European-immigrant child trying to grow up in America is that many times his parents refuse to let him grow up as an American but hold onto him as a Jew or a Catholic. All the Jews in this production have purged themselves of the dilemma by presenting this masterful production. . . .

R. J. M. MCLOUGHLIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Howe seems to view our tenure in this generation as insecure, and our status as a people weak and uncertain. Hence the mannerisms and oddities of our forebears . . . must no longer be uncovered lest it offend the sensibilities of those rushing headlong

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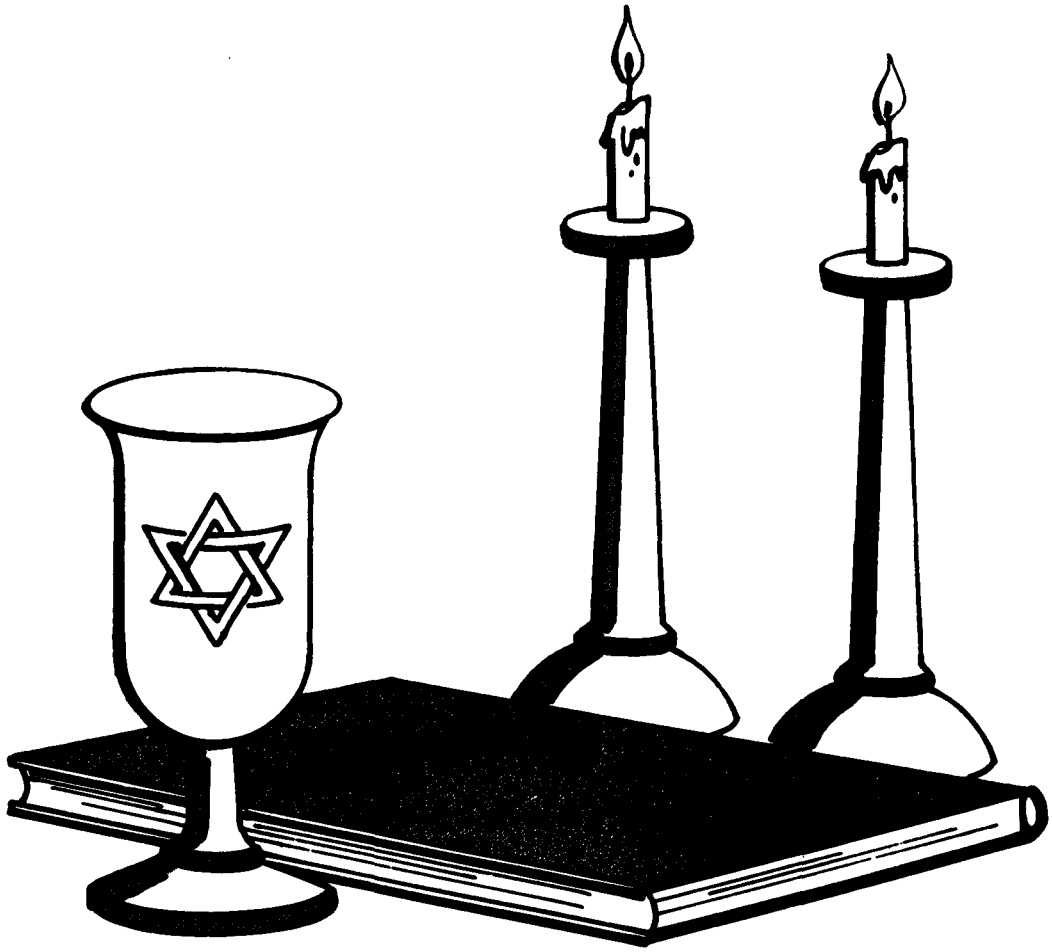

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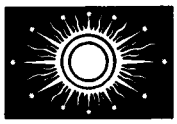

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JOSEPH J. VULCAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I don't suppose Mr. Howe could have any idea how delightfully charming *Fiddler* would seem to a Gentile Cantabrigian who has suffered through the Boston theater season so far this year and who is, therefore, in no position to look down on what Mr. Howe calls "expert professionalism." . . .

Mr. Howe should consider those members of the audience who do not "share a profoundly 'inside' sense of his culture," but who are still quite capable of recognizing the sentimentalism and exploitativeness of the adaptation, and of enjoying it without any condescension.

Surely, no one concerned with *Fiddler* was thinking in terms of *Moby Dick*, and Mr. Howe's strictures, while they may be valid for what he calls "the American Jewish public" (whatever that is), have little relevance for sentimental, entertainment-seeking WASPS, to whom I unreservedly recommend *Fiddler*.

CHARLES A. ASH
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Irving Howe's review is a profound analysis, . . . particularly of the nostalgia . . . that is responsible for the hero's welcome given to the play despite its violations of the spirit of Sholem Aleichem and of the way of life of his people.

MAX BLOCK
Mt. Vernon, New York

Jews & Giants

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have not read Nathan Rotenstreich's book, *The Recurrent Pattern*, nor am I learned in the various philosophical works it discusses, but I share with Mr. Dannhauser a great respect for great minds of the past and present. It is because of this that I'd like to criticize the whole tone of his review [Nov. '64]. Mr. Dannhauser will brush aside the lack of understanding of Judaism in a "dwarf" like Toynbee, but in his awe of great minds he begs us to listen to the same "anti-Semitic" rantings of "giants" like Kant and Hegel. He half-admits such bias in apologizing for those "giants" when he comments ". . . that many modern thinkers may have been 'easier' on Christianity simply for prudential reasons, because, for instance, there were more Christians than Jews in the world." Is Mr. Dannhauser willing to extend such an excuse to Toynbee? . . .

I hold no brief for Toynbee, but I am concerned about snobbery, even when it comes from the mind of a "giant."

(MRS.) JULIUS F. KAPLAN
Highland Park, Illinois

MR. DANNHAUSER *writes*:

Mrs. Kaplan condemns philosophers in whose writings she is not learned, and she does so on the basis of a book she has not read. This poses certain problems for a meangingful reply. Suffice it to say that Professor Rotenstreich, to his great credit, does not speak of anti-Semitic rantings or of snobbery. I did not try to excuse Kant and Hegel for anything, so there is no question of "extending such an excuse" to Toynbee. Instead, I tried to show that Professor Rotenstreich's understanding of Kant and Hegel was open to debate. I am sure there are deficiencies in *my* understanding of those two giants, but they are not due to my awe of great minds, for awe is a kind of wonder and makes one want to understand.

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "The Polish Scene" in your March issue, A. Alvarez quotes in full two poems by the Polish poet Zbigniew Herbert, but he neglects to say that the translations he has published are by Czeslaw Milosz. They are both included in Milosz's anthology *Post-War Polish Poetry*, published by Doubleday & Co. in March 1965.

ANNE FREEDGOOD
Editor
Doubleday & Co.
New York City

"I'm Sorry, Dear"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Leslie H. Farber ["I'm Sorry, Dear," November 1964] has some perceptive things to say when he examines the assumptions of sexology in the context of more general

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20th-century liberalizing values. He proves himself seriously parochial, however, when he speculates that "little attention was paid to the female orgasm before the era of sexology."

The only reference for comparison available to Dr. Farber (and perhaps to too many sexologists) seems to be that of the Victorian Western world. We know, in fact, that many non-Western societies have been just as self-conscious about establishing physical standards for sexual performance as our own. Sex instruction, for instance, plays a major role in various African adolescent initiation rituals, and Oriental literature is replete with very explicit sexual manuals. Anthropology, with its concentration on pre-industrial peoples, often offers little more than an escape from our contemporary problems, but on the subject of sex values, some comparison would seem to be in order.

RALPH A. AUSTEN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The mechanistic outlook has been dethroned in physics, experimentation with isolated and dislocated items has been effectively criticized by the Gestalt psychologists. But now both have taken up residence in the humanities, and many of the thin and rather absurd results have been accepted by a growing public. Dr. Farber's perceptive essay should help us to escape from the grip of a rather paralyzing myth. His essay could—and I hope it will—also be read as a challenge to thinkers in multiple fields to find their way back to the use of insight, judgment, and good sense in matters pertaining to men. My thanks to COMMENTARY and to him for a splendid article. . . .

PAUL WEISS
Sterling Professor of Philosophy
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Leslie Farber's article is an attempt to enhance our insight into an area of intimate human concern. While there is much sexual explicitness in contemporary writing, it is seldom as justifiably employed as here.

Dr. Masters, following Kinsey, seems to be unaware of the fundamental difference between sexual *release* and sexual *relationship*. A mutually gratifying relationship involves release, but release does not necessarily involve relationship. . . . As Dr. Farber implies, Masters has elevated his own confusions to the status of laboratory finding. Masters's work would be a low comedy of errors were it not for the tragic entailments of taking his confusions seriously.

There are many who are less pessimistic than Dr. Farber with regard to woman's ability to attain orgasm regularly. Nevertheless, even they will commend him for illuminating the extent to which the orgasm has become as rigid a contemporary norm as were any of the older ritual imperatives in their day. . . . Publication of the article is an important contribution to the exploration of the relevant issues of our times. . . .

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a subscriber of sixteen years standing, I was both shocked and dismayed by the article. . . . With all due respect for Dr. Farber's professional attainments, I am convinced that the article has no place in COMMENTARY.

A. A. FIGEN
Santa Monica, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have read Dr. Farber's article with great interest and much questioning. Actually it deals with three problems: first, the general thesis that "sex for the most part has lost its viability as a human experience"; second, whether a scientific experiment like the one discussed is justified or not; and third (whatever the answer to the second problem may be), whether it is a good example to prove the basic statement. I do not believe that that is the case, for Dr. Masters and his volunteers cannot be considered as typical for the whole present situation. About the experiment itself I would say, from the scientific point of view, that it is methodologically inadequate, because it brings the consciousness of the experimental situation into the sexual experience which in this way is distorted in its very nature. Beyond this self-defying character it trespasses the limits of experiments which should be applied to human beings.

But if we return to the main thesis of the paper, I agree with the author that there is a dangerous trend toward the depersonification of sex, which, however, is counter-

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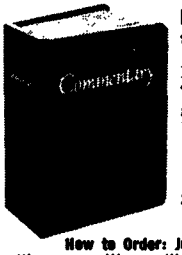

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balanced by a tendency in the younger groups to self-restraint and the creation of exclusive relationships even in the pre-marital situation. But one must indeed ask whether the general objectifying forces of our culture will not prevail over against the longing for truly human relations.

PAUL TILLICH
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . . With a peculiarly modern twist, Dr. Masters's project degrades utterly the value that we associate with the pursuit of knowledge. I fear that his work, though it lacked any element of sadism, brought to mind almost immediately the "experiments" conducted in the concentration camps for scientific purposes. . . . In both cases there is an aura of utter meaninglessness attendant upon an apprehension of significant human experience. Human response is reduced to a mechanical operation in which feeling and thought—the soul, so to speak—is irrelevant. . . .

One must protest against absurdity cloaked as science. The human imagination, as we all know, is fertile enough to devise an infinitude of projects for all purposes. . . . Yet there is a clear line, not subject to laboratory tests, but perceptible nevertheless to sensitive people, between importance and triviality; between the pursuit of knowledge and the realization of infantile fantasy; and ultimately between civilization and chaos. . . .

MARILYN BENTOV
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Dr. Farber's article is to be applauded as a great service to morality. I hope that it initiates a discussion in which the accent that has been placed in recent decades on sexuality, as something standing by itself, is reversed. Dr. Farber is defending the whole human being. Implicitly he is asking for a return to the classical moral standards.

COMMENTARY's publication of this piece is a great service to a saner ethic of personal behavior.

(RABBI) ARTHUR HERTZBERG
Temple Emanu-el
Englewood, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The road out of our dilemma, Dr. Farber thinks, lies in the possibility which sex offers man for re-

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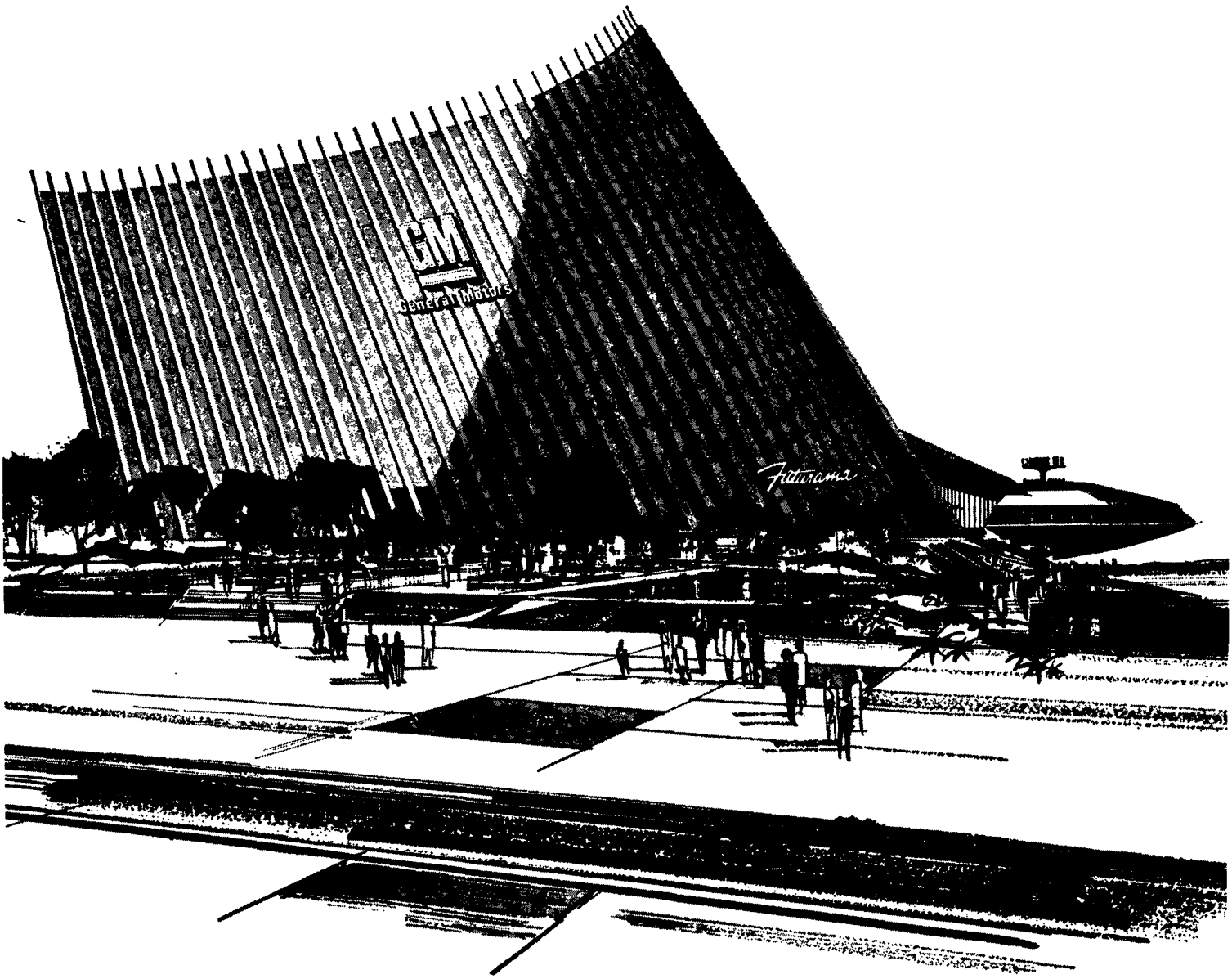

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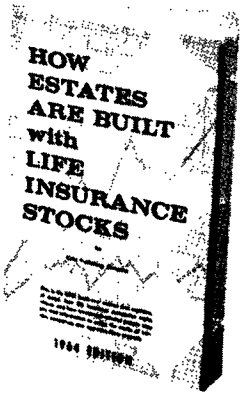

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gaining his own body through knowing the body of his loved ones. However, instead of prescribing treatment that might result in such mutual self-fulfillment, the author launches a criticism of the research of Dr. William H. Masters into female sexual response; an attack that approaches the scurrilous, unworthy indeed of a scientist of Dr. Farber's status. . . .

There is a disturbing inference throughout the article, however unintended, that "ignorance is bliss." Dr. Farber seems to bemoan the fact that the details of physiological development and function should ever become common knowledge. Indeed, one might well infer from a cursory reading that both the psychological and the physiological understanding of sexual response are at best a necessary evil.

Let us review knowledge of the sexual response of the female prior to Masters's research. Since the early years when Dr. Robert L. Dickinson made the fundamental obstetrical-gynecological approach to female sexuality, resulting in the anatomical charts and methodologies common to medical practice today, almost nothing had been done of a pure research nature in the area of female sexuality. Kinsey had done impressive statistical studies and the marriage manuals had much to say, but most of the latter was a smattering of folklore, quotations from antiquity, and extrapolations from psychotherapeutic conclusions growing out of either seriously disturbed or quite highly neurotic women.

. . . Whatever else one may think of Dr. Masters's work, he did set about through the media of primary research to discover some basic physiological factors in female sexuality, not at all unmindful of psychological and other aspects that make sex life more or less meaningful. Commendably, moreover, he has not foisted himself upon the public as an amateur psychologist or psychoanalyst but stuck to his obstetrical gynecological research. As for parading his findings before the public, nothing could be more erroneous. As one who has sought on a number of occasions to have Dr. Masters present his research data, I can testify that it is almost as difficult as getting Sigmund Freud at a seance. He is meticulous in seeing to it that only professional people are present, that the press, and writers of popular magazine articles in particular will be barred. . . . To be sure, part of this attitude has been defensive—an attempt to guard his work against religious or scientific fanatics before he has had a chance to complete it. . . .

In contrast to the care which Dr. Masters has used in sharing his material is Dr. Farber's procedure: he has branded Dr. Masters as little more than a voyeur and exhibitionist, by presenting a one-sided view of his data in a publication which, although directed to a sophisticated audience, is probably read by far more lay than professional people. The risk is that both elements of his readership will not take the time nor have the opportunity to examine the primary research data. . . .

Surely he must not mean it, but Dr. Farber seems to imply that there is something far more lamentable about a study of the responsiveness of the human body than about the most intimate examination of the psyche. Yet how well he must know that successful psychoanalysis or psychotherapy calls for the most minute exploration of the conscious and unconscious ideation, attitudes, and feelings of a patient. There is no "holy of holies" to which the therapist is denied entrance. . . .

Dr. Farber's assertion that the researcher into the physiology of sex could not avoid contaminating his own love life is puzzling indeed from one who has spent most of his life in the practice of a profession that examines the most intimate areas of feeling and response . . . including the sexual. The fact that unconscious needs are present in professional work—even determination of career choice—is no secret. Likewise, it is well established that every person who works professionally with the affectional lives of people must, through training and self-understanding, learn to "turn off" at the end of the professional contact in order to be a free and self-fulfilled individual in his own right. But is this any less true of the psychotherapist than of the gynecological researchers? . . .

Admittedly, the methodologies of Dr. Masters would be stilted . . . in the boudoir. No less true is it that psychological insights when first "tried on for size," make one into more of a mechanic than an artist in interpersonal relationships. But people who have never learned to walk, or who have been too crippled in walking to attempt it again on their own, must begin somewhere. . . . Dr. Farber's pathetic parody of the struggling couple . . . would be considered by marriage counselors as a step on the road to cure: . . .

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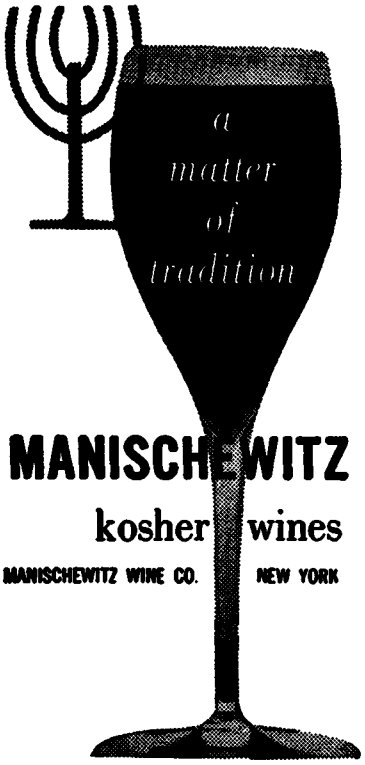

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"I'm so sorry, dearest, let me help you," could be music indeed to a woman who for ten years had never known that her husband cared whether or not she attained any pleasure. . . .

Through skilled treatment by the psychotherapist, the mechanics of feeling and relating can hopefully become second nature to the patient . . . so that what has been learned in the psychotherapy laboratory becomes spontaneous in the interpersonal situation. Why should this be any less true of physiological than it is of psychological understanding? . . .

The dilemma of sexuality in the modern marriage deserves careful study . . . but before we become too critical of the scientific efforts of each other we should be able to offer a bit of cure, not just an existential diagnosis.

AARON L. RUTLEDGE
Merrill-Palmer Institute
Detroit, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Dr. Farber's article . . . reflects an attitude that most people, including many women, share. He seems to think (if I can cut through that rather studied opaqueness) that he is rejecting modernism for the old-fashioned views of the bedroom.

But . . . things were no different then . . . for the woman at least. . . . It is, in a very profound sense, a man's world, and therefore the women in it lead incomplete lives, with the best and strongest of them constantly struggling to be two things at once: a "person" as well as a "woman"—and inevitably paying some price for the struggle. If a woman's life is so organized as to be surely incomplete, how could her sex life be otherwise? But for an analyst to conclude that the problem lies with unrealistic expectations is an indication of how profoundly it is a man's world, and how widespread is the corruption.

ANN J. LANE
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Dr. Farber seems to want to retrieve sex from the two never-never lands of romantic glow and laboratory glare and to restore to it the humane light of day-to-day existence. The aim is admirable, but his counsel will not help it to be achieved.

Throughout the article there runs an assumption that is unrealistic, naïve, and curiously at odds with the author's stated anti-romanticism and his description of the dialectics of sex. This assumption is that sexuality in humans, when allowed to assume its natural place among the exigencies and pleasures of life, takes care of its own problems. We are assured that the infrequency of orgasm among women caused no remarkable perturbation until our century, when it seems to have suddenly become a problem foisted upon us by sexologists, psychoanalysts, and women's suffragists. This begins to make Dr. Farber's view seem romantic in its own way, rendering all of past sexual history a paradise from which we fell only about sixty years ago. The author's romanticism becomes obvious when we notice that the villain in his piece is not only "the modern will" but also the human will in general, for he has nothing good to say about it in any form.

He leaves us to conclude that the sexuality of humans should not be focused upon as a problem, and *a fortiori*, that its particulars—e.g., orgasm—should not be the object of study, nor the achievement of orgasm an intention of the conscious will.

But I neglect the article's blast at Dr. Masters's investigations and their function as a "constitutive symbol" of our malaise. Knowing of this particular method of "research" only what Dr. Farber tells me, I find it as preposterous as he does and perhaps even more outrageous. It reminds me of nothing so much as the infamous "research" carried on in some circles of Nazi medicine. Even so, I have two objections to Dr. Farber's treatment of it.

First, he seems to draw the unwarranted conclusion that *all* study of the physiology of orgasm is out of place. Yet the fact that science sometimes mocks itself (by mocking humanity) is no argument against science. Does Dr. Farber deny, as he seems to, that this physiological process should be studied by any method?

Second, in the length, detail, and tone Dr. Farber employs to report Dr. Masters's experiments, I detect a certain fascination with the subject. Objecting to sexology's democratization of knowledge, he has proceeded to practice it himself, reporting not only the *fact* that the laboratory "research" took place but dwelling on it for several pages, and speculating about *how* it took place. There is some voyeurism here. Dr. Farber has, I believe,

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taken this particular project much too seriously, and I suspect he did so because he takes sex too seriously in the first place. It is apparently such a mystery for him that, on the one hand, he idealizes its practice in times past while, on the other hand, he is both shocked and fascinated by the clinical approach some people make to it in our day. I believe, however, that we should avoid both these extremes, which can be done only if we do not exalt sexuality at the expense of the will.

PORNOGRAPHY is by no means an exclusively modern phenomenon (Dr. Farber ignores its existence prior to de Sade), and pornography is one form of willful attention paid to sex in its detail and variety. Reading of Dr. Masters's movies, my principal objection to them was that they were not intended as pornography, for which I think a better case could be made than for the "scientific" procedure described. But Dr. Farber seems to have as little use for pornography as for sexology. Instead, he wants innocence—that is, sex innocent of contamination by the will. The only innocence we may achieve, however, is an innocence *of* the will, which is really not innocence but a slow correction of the will in the direction of kindness, responsibility, and the power to act in integrated freedom.

I sympathize with Dr. Farber's objection to removing sex from everyday realities and responses. I wish that his remedy did not contain its own form of the disease.

TOM DRIVER
Union Theological Seminary
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The sexual relationship is so romanticized, sentimentalized, and vulgarized in both popular and highbrow circles that Dr. Farber's hard-headed realism comes as a breath of fresh air. He has shown us in an honest way the possibilities as well as the limits of sex as one means of human fulfillment. His biting (and terrifying) report on the Sex Research Project points out with sharp clarity and irony the essential difference between sexual activity which is merely a dehumanized set of mechanical responses to mechanical stimuli, and a sexual relationship which is a genuine mode of expressing and consummating human love. The Sex Research Project is a ludicrously extreme instance of the preoccupa-

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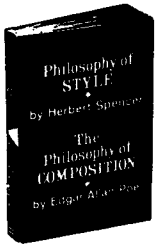

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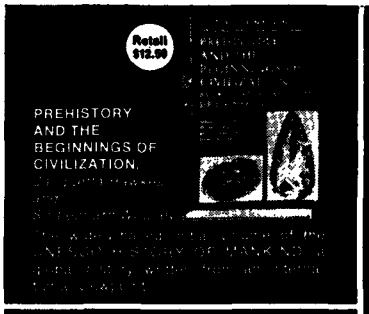

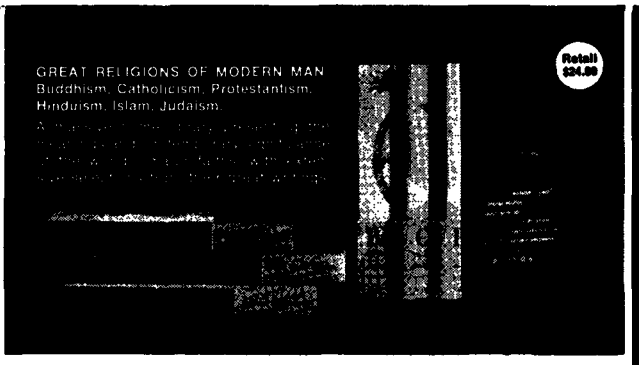

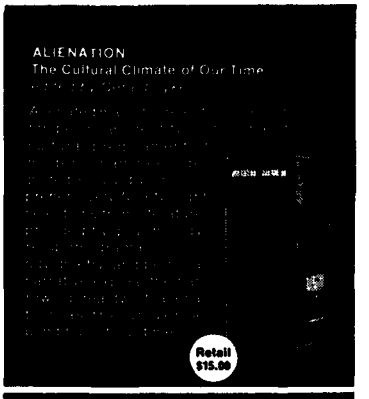

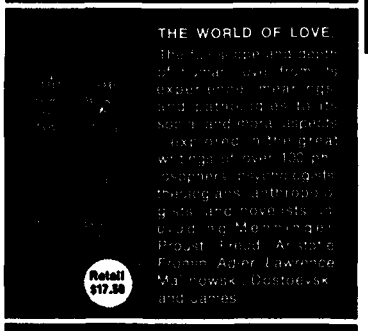

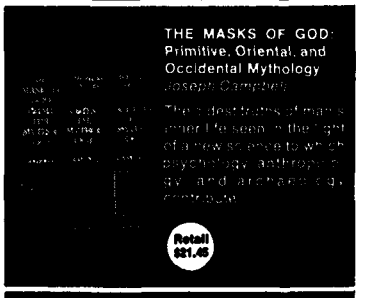

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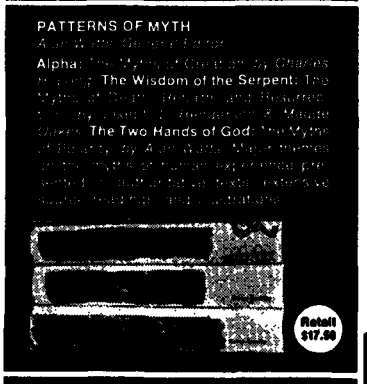

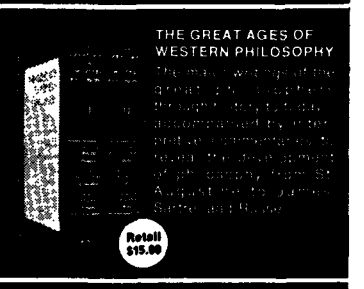

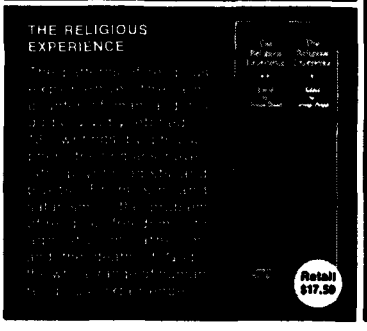

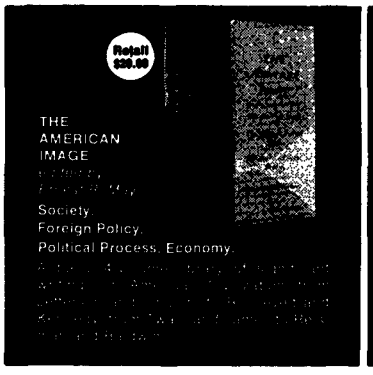

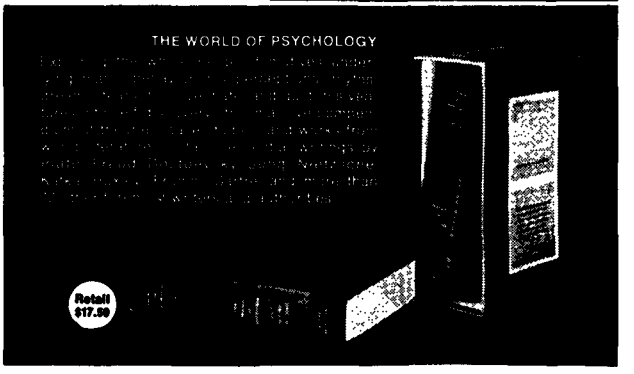

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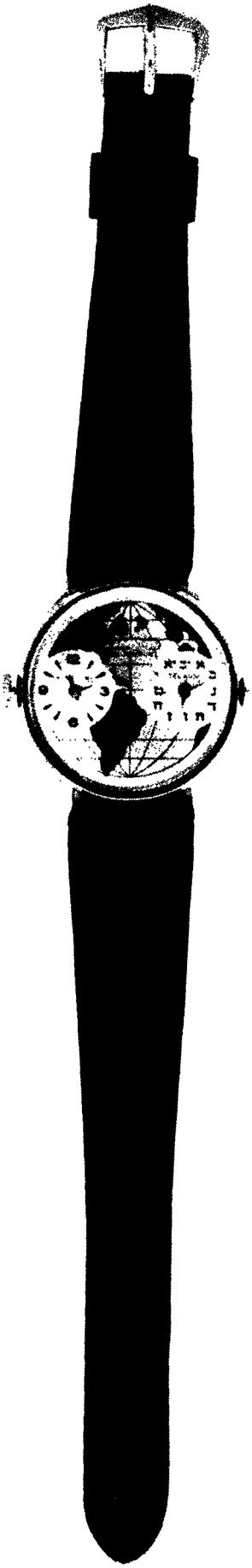

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tion with mechanical orgasm as the total measure of sexual success.

We are indebted to Dr. Farber for the sober good sense which he has brought to his reflections on these delicate matters. In putting sex into its proper human perspective, he has made a significant contribution to our self-understanding. For through his eyes we can see not only what we are but also what we might become.

MARVIN FOX
Dept. of Philosophy
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Dr. Farber's whole indictment is, in one sense, so unconscionably reactionary, so unabashedly *male*, so drastically *counter*-revolutionary, that many husbands, for whom the pathetic and passionless "I'm sorry, dear" has become something of an after-play ritual, will find themselves bolstered and engaged. . . . It seems that Dr. Farber most vigorously objects not to the division of erotic activity into "pleasuring" and "being pleasured," but to the fact that modern man has had a reversal of his traditional role in this dichotomy forced upon him. . . . Where once the test of masculine prowess was the *taking* of pleasure, the test has now become the . . . *giving* of pleasure. No matter how potent a man's own climax may be, if he cannot produce orgasm in his mate, he is no man at all. Hence the pathos of Dr. Farber's title, hence the comforting appeal of his thesis: that the very occurrence of female climax is a nefarious discovery. . . .

A sad joke, though, about the divergence between Farber and Masters is that both are after the same thing: good sex. Each pleads for his own vision of what is natural, but both focus on the moment of female orgasm. . . .

Dr. Farber is doubtless correct in feeling that whatever the findings of Dr. Masters's experiments, humanly . . . they are a washout. . . . Sex cannot be divorced from its context; . . . "effectivity" is a value of machine parts, not of private parts. . . . Would Dr. Masters decree the bed of an erratic wife a sort of technological disaster area? . . .

But Dr. Farber, like the British Colonialists who bloody well wished the natives had never heard of democracy, longs for that bygone era when woman was "content with the mystery and variety of

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her difference from man"—i.e., when she did not expect to have, and was therefore untroubled when she did not have, her climax. "I cannot believe that previous centuries were not up to our modern delights," he laments, but he offers not a jot of evidence to support this crucial proposition. Yet I would be inclined to speculate (also with nothing in the way of verifiable support) that Western sex is "better" now than when woman submitted herself dutifully to the ordeal of man's lust. . . .

I think the final inadequacy of both Masters and Farber is that neither has evolved a successful vocabulary or prose style for talking about sex. The language of the laboratory can only put us off. . . . [but] Dr. Farber's olympian tone isn't much more satisfying than Masters's. . . . Even though he gives himself away as something of a Romantic, Farber makes no constructive Frommian call for a more meaningful approach to interpersonal union. Instead, his tone is cynical and pessimistic, frequently verging on sarcasm, as he views from on high all pathetic lovers caught in scientism. . . .

Can it be that only fiction—not the quasi-Reichian fiction of Oceanic Orgasm . . . but a fiction that encompasses the whole meaning and variety of erotic life—will enable writers to restore the moment of climax to perspective in a fully human context?

JACOB R. BRACKMAN
Harvard College
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I wish to congratulate you . . . for having the courage to publish Dr. Farber's article, which runs counter to most fashionable discussion of the subject. Building on . . . D. H. Lawrence and Denis de Rougemont, . . . Dr. Farber has shown how the masturbatory ideal has become our lot. It is curious that with all the current freedom of expression on the subject of sex, it is the one subject which no one seems to want to discuss. Now that Dr. Farber has broken the ice, perhaps constructive discussion will ensue and the lessons of the laboratory will be challenged.

HAROLD WOLOZIN
American University
Washington, D.C.

[More correspondence on Dr. Farber's article will appear in our May issue.]

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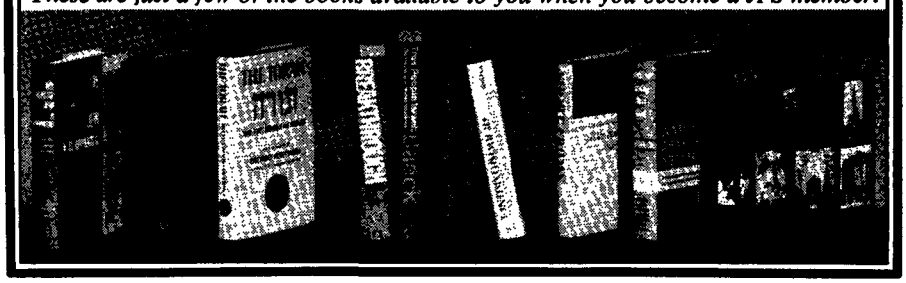

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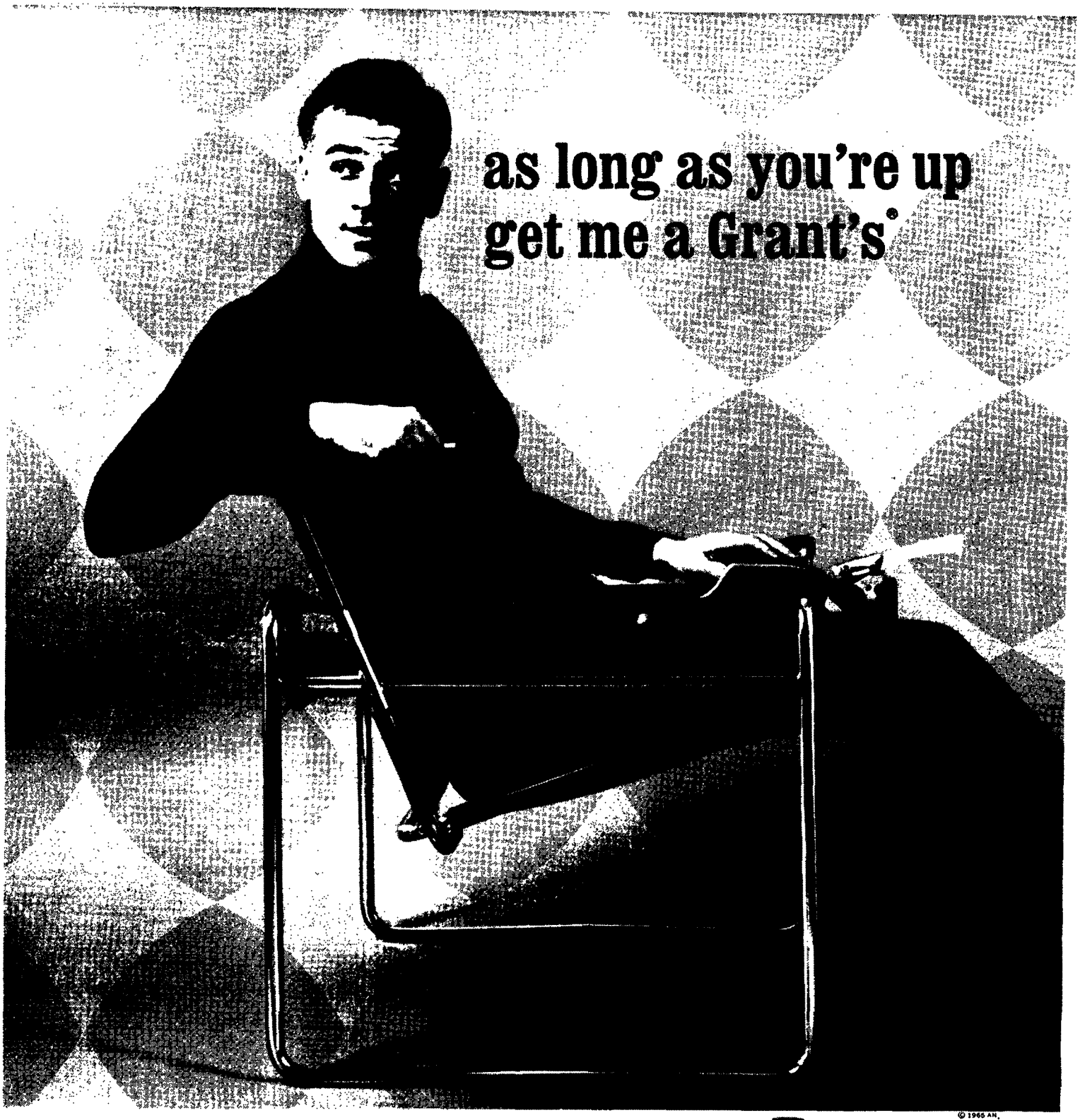

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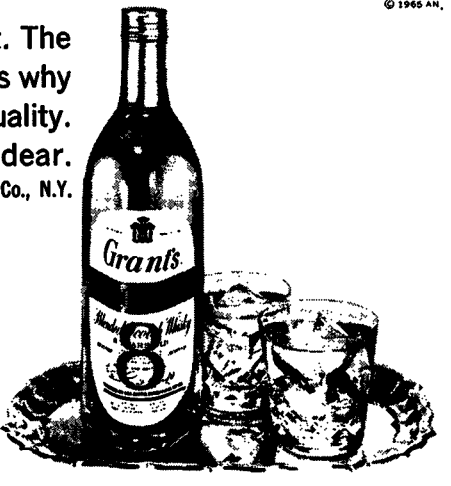

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THE FAILURE OF URBAN RENEWAL

A Critique and Some Proposals

HERBERT J. GANS

SUPPOSE that the government decided that jalopies were a menace to public safety and a blight on the beauty of our highways, and therefore took them away from their drivers. Suppose, then, that to replenish the supply of automobiles, it gave these drivers a hundred dollars each to buy a good used car and also made special grants to General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler to lower the cost—although not necessarily the price—of Cadillacs, Lincolns, and Imperials by a few hundred dollars. Absurd as this may sound, change the jalopies to slum housing, and I have described, with only slight poetic license, the first fifteen years of a federal program called urban renewal.

Since 1949, this program has provided local renewal agencies with federal funds and the power of eminent domain to condemn slum neighborhoods, tear down the buildings, and resell the cleared land to private developers at a reduced price. In addition to relocating the slum dwellers in "decent, safe, and sanitary" housing, the program was intended to stimulate large-scale private rebuilding, add new tax revenues to the dwindling coffers of the cities, revitalize their downtown areas, and halt the exodus of middle-class whites to the suburbs.

For some time now, a few city planners and housing experts have been pointing out that urban renewal was not achieving its general aims, and social scientists have produced a number of critical studies of individual renewal projects. These critiques, however, have mostly appeared in academic books and journals; otherwise there has been remarkably little public discussion of the federal program. Slum-dwellers whose homes were to be torn down have indeed protested bitterly, but their outcries have been limited to particular projects; and because such outcries have rarely been supported by the local press, they have been easily brushed aside by the political power of the supporters of the projects in question. In the last few years, the civil rights movement has backed protesting slum-dwellers, though again only at the local level, while rightists have opposed the use of eminent domain to take private property from one owner in order to give it to another (especially when the new one is likely to be from out-of-town and financed by New York capital).

Slum clearance has also come under fire from several prominent architectural and social critics, led by Jane Jacobs, who have been struggling to preserve neighborhoods like Greenwich Village, with their brownstones, lofts, and small apartment houses, against the encroachment of the large, high-rise projects built for the luxury market and the poor alike. But these efforts have been directed mainly at private clearance outside the federal program, and their intent has been to save the city for people (intellectuals and artists, for example) who, like tourists, want jumbled diversity, antique "charm," and narrow streets for visual adventure and aesthetic pleasure. (Norman Mailer carried such thinking to its farthest point in his recent attack in the *New York Times Magazine* on the physical and social sterility of high-rise housing; Mailer's attack was also accompanied by an entirely reasonable suggestion—in fact the only viable one that could be made in this context—that the advantages of brownstone living be incorporated into skyscraper projects.)

But if criticism of the urban renewal program has in the past been spotty and sporadic, there are signs that the program as a whole is now beginning to be seriously and tellingly evaluated. At least two comprehensive studies, by Charles Abrams and Scott Greer, are nearing publication, and one highly negative analysis—by an ultra-conservative economist and often irresponsible polemicist—has already appeared: Martin Anderson's *The Federal Bulldozer.** Ironically enough, Anderson's data are based largely on statistics collected by the Urban Renewal Administration. What, according to these and other data, has the program accomplished? It has cleared slums to make room for many luxury-housing and a few middle-income projects, and it has also provided inexpensive land for the expansion of colleges, hospitals, libraries, shopping areas, and other such institutions located in slum areas. As of March 1961, 126,000 dwelling units had been demolished and about 28,000 new ones built. The median monthly rental of all those erected during 1960 came to $158, and in

HERBERT J. GANS is an associate professor of sociology at Teachers College, Columbia University. A sociologist and planner, Mr. Gans is the author of *The Urban Villagers*—a study of Boston's West End community—and is completing a book on one of the Levittowns.

*M.I.T. Press, 272 pp., $5.95.

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1962, to $192—a staggering figure for any area outside of Manhattan.

Needless to say, none of the slum-dwellers who were dispossessed in the process could afford to move into these new apartments. Local renewal agencies were supposed to relocate the dispossessed tenants in "standard" housing within their means before demolition began, but such vacant housing is scarce in most cities, and altogether unavailable in some. And since the agencies were under strong pressure to clear the land and get renewal projects going, the relocation of the tenants was impatiently, if not ruthlessly, handled. Thus, a 1961 study of renewal projects in 41 cities showed that 60 per cent of the dispossessed tenants were merely relocated in other slums; and in big cities, the proportion was even higher (over 70 per cent in Philadelphia, according to a 1958 study). Renewal sometimes even created new slums by pushing relocatees into areas and buildings which then became overcrowded and deteriorated rapidly. This has principally been the case with Negroes who, both for economic and racial reasons, have been forced to double up in other ghettos. Indeed, because almost two-thirds of the cleared slum units have been occupied by Negroes, the urban renewal program has often been characterized as Negro clearance, and in too many cities, this has been its intent.

Moreover, those dispossessed tenants who found better housing usually had to pay more rent than they could afford. In his careful study of relocation in Boston's heavily Italian West End,* Chester Hartman shows that 41 per cent of the West Enders lived in good housing in this so-called slum (thus suggesting that much of it should not have been torn down) and that 73 per cent were relocated in good housing—thanks in part to the fact that the West Enders were white. This improvement was achieved at a heavy price, however, for median rents rose from $41 to $71 per month after the move.

According to renewal officials, 80 per cent of all persons relocated now live in good housing, and rent increases were justified because many had been paying unduly low rent before. Hartman's study was the first to compare these official statistics with housing realities, and his figure of 73 per cent challenges the official claim that 97 per cent of the Boston West Enders were properly re-housed. This discrepancy may arise from the fact that renewal officials collected their data after the poorest of the uprooted tenants had fled in panic to other slums, and that officials also tended toward a rather lenient evaluation of the relocation housing of those actually studied in order to make a good record for their agency. (On the other hand, when they were certifying areas for clearance, these officials often exaggerated the degree of "blight" in order to prove their case.)

As for the substandard rents paid by slum-dwellers, this is true in only a small proportion of cases, and then mostly among whites. Real-estate economists argue that families should pay at least 20 per cent of their income for housing, but what is manageable for middle-income people is a burden to those with low incomes who pay a higher share of their earnings for food and other necessities. Yet even so, Negroes generally have to devote about 30 per cent of their income to housing, and a Chicago study cited by Hartman reports that among non-white families earning less than $3,000 a year, median rent rose from 35 per cent of income before relocation to 46 per cent afterward.

To compound the failure of urban renewal to help the poor, many clearance areas (Boston's West End is an example) were chosen, as Anderson points out, not because they had the worst slums, but because they offered the best sites for luxury housing—housing which would have been built whether the urban renewal program existed or not. Since public funds were used to clear the slums and to make the land available to private builders at reduced costs, the low-income population was in effect subsidizing its own removal for the benefit of the wealthy. What was done for the slum-dwellers in return is starkly suggested by the following statistic: *only one-half of one per cent* of all federal expenditures for urban renewal between 1949 and 1964 was spent on relocation of families and individuals; and 2 per cent if payments are included.

Finally, because the policy has been to clear a district of all slums at once in order to assemble large sites to attract private developers, entire neighborhoods have frequently been destroyed, uprooting people who had lived there for decades, closing down their institutions, ruining small businesses by the hundreds, and scattering families and friends all over the city. By removing the structure of social and emotional support provided by the neighborhood, and by forcing people to rebuild their lives separately and amid strangers elsewhere, slum clearance has often come at a serious psychological as well as financial cost to its supposed beneficiaries. Marc Fried, a clinical psychologist who studied the West Enders after relocation, reported that 46 per cent of the women and 38 per cent of the men "give evidence of a fairly severe grief reaction or worse" in response to questions about leaving their tight-knit community. Far from "adjusting" eventually to this trauma, 26 per cent of the women remained sad or depressed even two years after they had been pushed out of the West End.†

People like the Italians or the Puerto Ricans who live in an intensely group-centered way

*See the November 1964 issue of the *Journal of the American Institute of Planners*. The article also reviews all other relocation research and is a more reliable study of the consequences of renewal than Anderson's.

†See "Grieving for a Lost Home," in *The Urban Condition*, edited by Leonard Duhl.

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among three-generation "extended families" and ethnic peers have naturally suffered greatly from the clearance of entire neighborhoods. It may well be, however, that slum clearance has inflicted yet graver emotional burdens on Negroes, despite the fact that they generally live in less cohesive and often disorganized neighborhoods. In fact, I suspect that Negroes who lack a stable family life and have trouble finding neighbors, shopkeepers, and institutions they can trust may have been hurt even more by forcible removal to new areas. This suspicion is supported by another of Fried's findings—that the socially marginal West Enders were more injured by relocation than those who had been integral members of the old neighborhood. Admittedly, some Negroes move very often on their own, but then they at least do so voluntarily, and not in consequence of a public policy which is supposed to help them in the first place. Admittedly also, relocation has made it possible for social workers to help slum-dwellers whom they could not reach until renewal brought them out in the open, so to speak. But then only a few cities have so far used social workers to make relocation a more humane process.

These high financial, social, and emotional costs paid by the slum-dwellers have generally been written off as an unavoidable by-product of "progress," the price of helping cities to collect more taxes, bring back the middle class, make better use of downtown land, stimulate private investment, and restore civic pride. But as Anderson shows, urban renewal has hardly justified these claims either. For one thing, urban renewal is a slow process: the average project has taken twelve years to complete. Moreover, while the few areas suitable for luxury housing were quickly rebuilt, less desirable cleared land might lie vacant for many years because developers were—and are—unwilling to risk putting up high- and middle-income housing in areas still surrounded by slums. Frequently, they can be attracted only by promises of tax write-offs, which absorb the increased revenues that renewal is supposed to create for the city. Anderson reports that, instead of the anticipated four dollars for every public dollar, private investments have only just matched the public subsidies, and even the money for luxury housing has come forth largely because of federal subsidies. Thus, all too few of the new projects have produced tax gains and returned suburbanites, or generated the magic rebuilding boom.

Anderson goes on to argue that during the fifteen years of the federal urban renewal program, the private housing market has achieved what urban renewal has failed to do. Between 1950 and 1960, twelve million new dwelling units were built, and fully six million substandard ones disappeared—all without government action. The proportion of substandard housing in the total housing supply was reduced from 37 to 19 per cent, and even among the dwelling units occupied by non-whites, the proportion of substandard units has dropped from 72 to 44 per cent. This comparison leads Anderson to the conclusion that the private market is much more effective than government action in removing slums and supplying new housing, and that the urban renewal program ought to be repealed.

IT WOULD APPEAR that Anderson's findings and those of the other studies I have cited make an excellent case for doing so. However, a less biased analysis of the figures and a less tendentious mode of evaluating them than Anderson's leads to a different conclusion. To begin with, Anderson's use of nationwide statistics misses the few good renewal projects, those which have helped both the slum-dwellers and the cities, or those which brought in enough new taxes to finance other city services for the poor. Such projects can be found in small cities and especially in those where high vacancy rates assured sufficient relocation housing of standard quality. More important, all the studies I have mentioned deal with projects carried out during the 1950's, and fail to take account of the improvements in urban renewal practice under the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Although Anderson's study supposedly covers the period up to 1963, much of his data go no further than 1960. Since then, the federal bulldozer has moved into fewer neighborhoods, and the concept of rehabilitating rather than clearing blighted neighborhoods is more and more being underwritten by subsidized loans. A new housing subsidy program—known as 221(d) (3)—for families above the income ceiling for public housing has also been launched, and in 1964, Congress passed legislation for assistance to relocatees who cannot afford their new rents.

None of this is to say that Anderson would have had to revise his findings drastically if he had taken the pains to update them. These recent innovations have so far been small in scope—only 13,000 units were financed under 211 (d) (3) in the first two years—and they still do not provide subsidies sufficient to bring better housing within the price range of the slum residents. In addition, rehabilitation unaccompanied by new construction is nearly useless because it does not eliminate overcrowding. And finally, some cities are still scheduling projects to clear away the non-white poor who stand in the path of the progress of private enterprise. Unfortunately, many cities pay little attention to federal pleas to improve the program, using the local initiative granted them by urban renewal legislation to perpetuate the practices of the 1950's. Yet even with the legislation of the 1960's, the basic error in the original design of urban renewal remains: it is still a method for eliminating the slums in order to "renew" the city, rather than a program for properly rehousing slum-dwellers.

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Before going into this crucial distinction, we first need to be clear that private housing is not going to solve our slum problems. In the first place, Anderson conveniently ignores the fact that if urban renewal has benefited anyone, it is private enterprise. Bending to the pressure of the real-estate lobby, the legislation that launched urban renewal in effect required that private developers do the rebuilding, and most projects could therefore get off the drawing board only if they appeared to be financially attractive to a developer. Thus, his choice of a site and his rebuilding plans inevitably took priority over the needs of the slum-dwellers.

It is true that Anderson is not defending private enterprise *per se* but the free market, although he forgets that it only exists today as a concept in reactionary minds and dated economics texts. The costs of land, capital, and construction have long since made it impossible for private developers to build for anyone but the rich, and some form of subsidy is needed to house everyone else. The building boom of the 1950's which Anderson credits to the free market was subsidized by income-tax deductions to homeowners and by F.H.A. 2nd V.A. mortgage insurance, not to mention the federal highway programs that have made the suburbs possible.

To be sure, these supports enabled private builders to put up a great deal of housing for middle-class whites. This in turn permitted well-employed workers, including some non-whites, to improve their own situation by moving into the vacated neighborhoods. Anderson is quite right in arguing that if people earn good wages, they can obtain better housing more easily and cheaply in the not-quite-private market than through urban renewal. But this market is of little help to those employed at low or even factory wages, or the unemployed, or most Negroes who, whatever their earnings, cannot live in the suburbs. In consequence, 44 per cent of all housing occupied by non-whites in 1960 was still substandard, and even with present subsidies, private enterprise can do nothing for these people. As for laissez faire, it played a major role in creating the slums in the first place.

The solution, then, is not to repeal urban renewal, but to transform it from a program of slum clearance and rehabilitation into a program of urban rehousing. This means, first, building low- and moderate-cost housing on vacant land in cities, suburbs, and new towns beyond the suburbs, and also helping slum-dwellers to move into existing housing outside the slums; and then, *after* a portion of the urban low-income population has left the slums, clearing and rehabilitating them through urban renewal. This approach is commonplace in many European countries, which have long since realized that private enterprise can no more house the population and eliminate slums than it can run the post office.

Of course, governments in Europe have a much easier task than ours in developing decent low-income projects. Because they take it for granted that housing is a national rather than a local responsibility, the government agencies are not hampered by the kind of real-estate and construction lobbies which can defeat or subvert American programs by charges of socialism. Moreover, their municipalities own a great deal of the vacant land, and have greater control over the use of private land than do American cities. But perhaps their main advantage is the lack of popular opposition to moving the poor out of the slums and into the midst of the more affluent residents. Not only is housing desperately short for all income groups, but the European class structure, even in Western socialist countries, is still rigid enough so that low- and middle-income groups can live near each other if not next to each other, and still "know their place."

In America, on the other hand, one's house and address are major signs of social status, and no one who has any say in the matter wants people of lower income or status in his neighborhood. Middle-class homeowners use zoning as a way of keeping out cheaper or less prestigious housing, while working-class communities employ less subtle forms of exclusion. Consequently, low-income groups, whatever their creed or color, have been forced to live in slums or near-slums, and to wait until they could acquire the means to move as a group, taking over better neighborhoods when the older occupants were ready to move on themselves.

For many years now, the only source of new housing for such people, and their only hope of escaping the worst slums, has been public housing. But this is no longer a practical alternative. Initiated during the Depression, public housing has always been a politically embattled program; its opponents, among whom the real-estate lobby looms large, first saddled it with restrictions and then effectively crippled it. Congress now permits only 35,000 units a year to be built in the entire country.

The irony is that public housing has declined because, intended only for the poor, it faithfully carried out its mandate. Originally, sites were obtained by slum clearance; after the war, however, in order to increase the supply of low-cost housing, cities sought to build public housing on vacant land. But limited as it was to low-income tenants and thus labeled and stigmatized as an institution of the dependent poor, public housing was kept out of vacant land in the better neighborhoods. This, plus the high cost of land and construction, left housing officials with no other choice but to build high-rise projects on whatever vacant land they could obtain, often next to factories or along railroad yards. Because tenants of public housing are ruled by a set of strict regula-

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tions—sometimes necessary, sometimes politically inspired, but always degrading—anyone who could afford housing in the private market shunned the public projects. During the early years of the program, when fewer citizens had that choice, public housing became respectable shelter for the working class and even for the unemployed middle class. After the war, federal officials decided, and rightly so, that public housing ought to be reserved for those who had no other alternative, and therefore set income limits that admitted only the really poor. Today, public housing is home for the underclass—families who earn less than $3000-$4000 annually, many with unstable jobs or none at all, and most of them non-white.

Meanwhile the enthusiasm for public housing has been steadily dwindling and with it, badly needed political support. Newspaper reports reinforce the popular image of public-housing projects as huge nests of crime and delinquency —despite clear evidence to the contrary—and as the domicile of unregenerate and undeserving families whose children urinate only in the elevators. The position of public housing, particularly among liberal intellectuals, has also been weakened by the slurs of the social and architectural aesthetes who condemn the projects' poor exterior designs as "sterile," "monotonous," and "dehumanizing," often in ignorance of the fact that the tightly restricted funds have been allocated mainly to make the apartments themselves as spacious and livable as possible, and that the waiting lists among slum-dwellers who want these apartments remain long. Be that as it may, suburban communities and urban neighborhoods with vacant land are as hostile to public housing as ever, and their opposition is partly responsible for the program's having been cut down to its present minuscule size.

The net result is that low-income people today cannot get out of the slums, either because they cannot afford the subsidized private market, or because the project they could afford cannot be built on vacant land. There is only one way to break through this impasse, and that is to permit them equal access to new subsidized, privately built housing by adding another subsidy to make up the difference between the actual rent and what they can reasonably be expected to pay. Such a plan, giving them a chance to choose housing like all other citizens, would help to remove the stigma of poverty and inferiority placed on them by public housing. Many forms of rent subsidy have been proposed, but the best one, now being tried in New York, is to put low- and middle-income people in the same middle-income project with the former getting the same apartments at smaller rentals.

Admittedly, this approach assumes that the poor can live with the middle class and that their presence and behavior will not threaten their neighbors' security or status. No one knows whether this is really possible, but experiments in education, job training, and social-welfare programs do show that many low-income people, when once offered *genuine* opportunities to improve their lives and given help in making use of them, are able to shake off the hold of the culture of poverty. Despite the popular stereotype, the proportion of those whom Hylan Lewis calls the clinical poor, too ravaged emotionally by poverty and deprivation to adapt to new opportunities, seems to be small. As for the rest, they only reject programs offering spurious opportunities, like job-training schemes for non-existent jobs. Further, anyone who has lived in a slum neighborhood can testify that whatever the condition of the building, most women keep their apartments clean by expenditures of time and effort inconceivable to the middle-class housewife. Moving to a better apartment would require little basic cultural change from these women, and rehousing is thus a type of new opportunity that stands a better chance of succeeding than, say, a program to inculcate new child-rearing techniques.

We have no way of telling how many slum-dwellers would be willing to participate in such a plan. However poor the condition of the flat, the slum is home, and for many it provides the support of neighboring relatives and friends, and a cultural milieu in which everyone has the same problems and is therefore willing to overlook occasional disreputable behavior. A middle-income project cannot help but have a middle-class ethos, and some lower-class people may be fearful of risking what little stability they have achieved where they are now in exchange for something new, strange, demanding, and potentially hostile. It would be hard to imagine an unwed Negro mother moving her household to a middle-income project full of married couples and far removed from the mother, sisters, and aunts who play such an important role in the female-centered life of lower-class Negroes. However, there are today a large number of stable two-parent families who live in the slums only because income and race exclude them from the better housing that is available. Families like these would surely be only too willing to leave the Harlems and Black Belts. They would have to be helped with loans to make the move, and perhaps even with grants to buy new furniture so as not to feel ashamed in their new surroundings. They might be further encouraged by being offered income-tax relief for giving up the slums, just as we now offer such relief to people who give up being renters to become homeowners.

Undoubtedly there would be friction between the classes, and the more affluent residents would likely want to segregate themselves and their children from neighbors who did not toe the middle-class line, especially with respect to child-rearing. The new housing would therefore have to be

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planned to allow some voluntary social segregation for both groups, if only to make sure that enough middle-income families would move in (especially in cities where there was no shortage of housing for them). The proportion of middle- and low-income tenants would have to be regulated not only to minimize the status fears of the former, but also to give the latter enough peers to keep them from feeling socially isolated and without emotional support when problems arise. Fortunately, non-profit and limited dividend institutions, which do not have to worry about showing an immediate profit, are now being encouraged to build moderate-income housing; they can do a more careful job of planning the physical and social details of this approach than speculative private builders.

If the slums are really to be emptied and their residents properly housed elsewhere, the rehousing program will have to be extended beyond the city limits, for the simple reason that that is where most of the vacant land is located. This means admitting the low-income population to the suburbs; it also means creating new towns—self-contained communities with their own industry which would not, like the suburbs, be dependent on the city for employment opportunities, and could therefore be situated in presently rural areas. Federal support for the construction of new towns was requested as part of the 1964 Housing Act, and although Congress refused to pass it, the legislation will come up again in 1965*

To be sure, white middle-class surburbanites and rural residents are not likely to welcome non-white low-income people into their communities even if the latter are no longer clearly labeled as poor. The opposition to be expected in city neighborhoods chosen for mixed-income projects would be multiplied a hundredfold in outlying areas. Being politically autonomous, and having constituencies who are not about to support measures that will threaten their security or status in the slightest, the suburbs possess the political power to keep the rehousing program out of their own vacant lots, even if they cannot stop the federal legislation that would initiate it. On the other hand, experience with the federal highway program and with urban renewal itself has demonstrated that few communities can afford to turn down large amounts of federal money. For instance, New York City is likely to build a Lower Manhattan Expressway in the teeth of considerable local opposition, if only because the federal government will pay 90 per cent of the cost and thus bring a huge sum into the city coffers. If the rehousing program were sufficiently large to put a sizable mixed-income project in every community, and if the federal government were to pick up at least 90 per cent of the tab, while also strengthening the appeal of the program by helping to solve present transportation, school, and tax problems in the suburbs, enough political support might be generated to overcome the objections of segregationist and class-conscious whites.

Yet even if the outlying areas could be persuaded to cooperate, it is not at all certain that slum-dwellers would leave the city. Urban renewal experience has shown that for many slum-dwellers, there are more urgent needs than good housing. One is employment, and most of the opportunities for unskilled or semi-skilled work are in the city. Another is money, and some New York City slum residents recently refused to let the government inspect—much less repair their buildings because they would lose the rent reductions they had received previously. If leaving the city meant higher rents, more limited access to job possibilities, and also separation from people and institutions which give them stability, some slum residents might very well choose overcrowding and dilapidation as the lesser of two evils.

THESE problems would have to be considered in planning a rehousing program beyond the city limits. The current exodus of industry from the city would of course make jobs available to the new suburbanites. The trouble is that the industries now going into the suburbs, or those that would probably be attracted to the new towns, are often precisely the ones which use the most modern machinery and the fewest unskilled workers. Thus, our rehousing plan comes up against the same obstacle—the shortage of jobs—that has frustrated other programs to help the low-income population and that will surely defeat the War on Poverty in its present form. Like so many other programs, rehousing is finally seen to depend on a step that American society is as yet unwilling to take: the deliberate creation of new jobs by government action. The building of new towns especially would have to be coordinated with measures aimed at attracting private industry to employ the prospective residents, at creating other job opportunities, and at offering intensive training for the unskilled after they have been hired. If they are not sure of a job before they leave the city, they simply will not leave.

The same social and cultural inhibitions that make slum residents hesitant to move into a mixed-income project in the city would, of course, be even stronger when it came to moving out of the city. These inhibitions might be relaxed by moving small groups of slum residents en masse, or by getting those who move first to encourage their neighbors to follow. In any case, new social institutions and community facilities would have to be developed to help the erstwhile slum-dweller feel comfortable in his new community, yet without labeling him as poor.

*Meanwhile, several private developers are planning new towns (for example, James Rouse who is building Columbia near Baltimore, and Robert Simon who has already begun Reston, outside Washington) in which they propose to house some low-income people.

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Despite its many virtues, a rehousing program based on the use of vacant land on either side of the city limits would not immediately clear the slums. Given suburban opposition and the occupational and social restraints on the slum-dwellers themselves, it can be predicted that if such a program were set into motion it would be small in size, and that it would pull out only the upwardly mobile—particularly the young people with stable families and incomes—who are at best a sizable minority among the poor. What can be done now to help the rest leave the slums?

The best solution is a public effort to encourage their moving into existing neighborhoods within the city and in older suburbs just beyond the city limits. Indeed, a direct rent subsidy like that now given to relocatees could enable people to obtain decent housing in these areas. This approach has several advantages. It would allow low-income people to be close to jobs and to move in groups, and it would probably attract the unwed mother who wanted to give her children a better chance in life. It would also be cheaper than building new housing, although the subsidies would have to be large enough to discourage low-income families from overcrowding—and thus deteriorating—the units in order to save on rent.

THERE are, however, some obvious disadvantages as well. For one thing, because non-white low-income people would be moving into presently white or partially integrated areas, the government would in effect be encouraging racial invasion. This approach would thus have the effect of pushing the white and middle-income people further toward the outer edge of the city or into the suburbs. Although some whites might decide to stay, many would surely want to move, and not all would be able to afford to do so. It would be necessary to help them with rent subsidies as well; indeed, they might become prospective middle-income tenants for rehousing projects on vacant land.

Undoubtedly, all this would bring us closer to the all-black city that has already been predicted. For this reason alone, a scheme that pushes the whites further out can only be justified when combined with a rehousing program on vacant land that would begin to integrate the suburbs. But even that could not prevent a further racial imbalance between cities and suburbs.

Yet would the predominantly non-white city really be so bad? It might be for the middle class which needs the jobs, shops, and culture that the city provides. Of course, the greater the suburban exodus, the more likely it would become that middle-class culture would also move to the suburbs. This is already happening in most American cities—obvious testimony to the fact that culture (at least of the middlebrow kind represented by tent theaters and art movie-houses) does not need the city in order to flourish; and the artists who create high culture seem not to mind living among the poor even now.

Non-white low-income people might feel more positive about a city in which they were the majority, for if they had the votes, municipal services would be more attuned to their priorities than is now the case. To be sure, if poor people (of any color) were to dominate the city, its tax revenues would decrease even further, and cities would be less able than ever to supply the high quality public services that the low-income population needs so much more urgently than the middle class. Consequently, new sources of municipal income not dependent on the property tax would have to be found; federal and state grants to cities (like those already paying half the public-school costs in several states) would probably be the principal form. Even under present conditions, in fact, new sources of municipal income must soon be located if the cities are not to collapse financially.

If non-whites were to leave the slums en masse, new ghettos would eventually form in the areas to which they would move. Although this is undesirable by conventional liberal standards, the fact is that many low-income Negroes are not yet very enthusiastic about living among white neighbors. They do not favor segregation, of course; what they want is a free choice and then the ability to select predominantly non-white areas that are in better shape than the ones they live in now. If the suburbs were opened to non-whites —to the upwardly mobile ones who want integration now—free choice would become available. If the new ghettos were decent neighborhoods with good schools, and if their occupants had jobs and other opportunities to bring stability into their lives, they would be training their children to want integration a generation hence.

In short, then, a workable rehousing scheme must provide new housing on both sides of the city limits for the upwardly mobile minority, and encouragement to move into older areas for the remainder. If, in these ways, enough slum-dwellers could be enabled and induced to leave the slums, it would then be possible to clear or rehabilitate the remaining slums. Once slum areas were less crowded, and empty apartments were going begging, their profitability and market value would be reduced, and urban renewal could take place far more cheaply, and far more quickly. Relocation would be less of a problem, and with land values down, rebuilding and rehabilitation could be carried out to fit the resources of the low-income people who needed or wanted to remain in the city. A semi-suburban style of living that would be attractive to the upper-middle class could also be provided.

At this point, it would be possible to begin to remake the inner city into what it must eventually become—the hub of a vast metropolitan complex of urban neighborhoods, suburbs, and new towns,

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in which those institutions and functions that have to be at the center—the specialized business districts, the civil and cultural facilities, and the great hospital complexes and university campuses —would be located.

Even in such a city, there would be slums—for people who wanted to live in them, for the clinical poor who would be unable to make it elsewhere, and for rural newcomers who would become urbanized in them before moving on. But it might also be possible to relocate many of these in a new kind of public housing in which quasi-communities would be established to help those whose problems were soluble and to provide at least decent shelter for those who cannot be helped except by letting them live without harassment until we learn how to cure mental illness, addiction, and other forms of self-destructive behavior.

THIS MASSIVE program has much to recommend it, but we must clearly understand that moving the low-income population out of the slums would not eliminate poverty or the other problems that stem from it. A standard dwelling unit can make life more comfortable, and a decent neighborhood can discourage some anti-social behavior, but by themselves, neither can effect radical transformations. What poor people need most are decent incomes, proper jobs, better schools, and freedom from racial and class discrimination. Indeed, if the choice were between a program solely dedicated to rehousing, and a program that kept the low-income population in the city slums for another generation but provided for these needs, the latter would be preferable, for it would produce people who were able to leave the slums under their own steam. Obviously, the ideal approach is one that coordinates the elimination of slums with the reduction of poverty.

As I have been indicating, an adequate rehousing program would be extremely costly and very difficult to carry out. Both its complexity and expense can be justified, however, on several grounds. Morally, it can be argued that no one in the Great Society should have to live in a slum, at least not involuntarily.

From a political point of view, it is urgently necessary to begin integrating the suburbs and to improve housing conditions in the city before the latter becomes an ominous ghetto of poor and increasingly angry Negroes and Puerto Ricans, and the suburbs become enclaves of affluent whites who commute fearfully to a downtown bastion of stores and offices. If the visible group tensions of recent years are allowed to expand and sharpen, another decade may very well see the beginning of open and often violent class and race warfare.

But the most persuasive argument for a rehousing program is economic. Between 50 and 60 per cent of building costs go into wages and create work for the unskilled who are now increasingly unemployable elsewhere. A dwelling unit that costs $15,000 would thus provide as much as $9000 in wages—one-and-a-half years of respectably paid employment for a single worker. Adding four-and-a-half million new low-cost housing units to rehouse half of those in substandard units in 1960 would provide almost seven million man-years of work, and the subsequent renewal of these and other substandard units yet more. Many additional jobs would also be created by the construction and operation of new shopping centers, schools, and other community facilities, as well as the highways and public transit systems that would be needed to serve the new suburbs and towns. If precedent must be cited for using a housing program to create jobs, it should be recalled that public housing was started in the Depression for precisely this reason.

The residential building industry (and the real-estate lobby) would have to be persuaded to give up their stubborn resistance to government housing programs, but the danger of future underemployment, and the opportunity of participating profitably in the rehousing scheme, should either convert present builders or attract new ones into the industry. As for the building trades unions, they have always supported government housing programs, but they have been unwilling to admit non-whites to membership. If, however, the rehousing effort were sizable enough to require many more workers than are now in the unions, the sheer demand for labor—and the enforcement of federal non-discriminatory hiring policies for public works—would probably break down the color barriers without much difficulty.

While the federal government is tooling up to change the urban renewal program into a rehousing scheme, it should also make immediate changes in current renewal practices to remove their economic and social cost from the shoulders of the slum-dwellers. Future projects should be directed at the clearance of *really harmful* slums, instead of taking units that are *run down but not demonstrably harmful* out of the supply of low-cost housing, especially for downtown revitalization and other less pressing community improvement schemes. Occupants of harmful slums, moreover, ought to be rehoused in decent units they can afford. For this purpose, more public housing and 221 (d) (3) projects must be built, and relocation and rent assistance payments should be increased to eliminate the expense of moving for the slum-dweller. Indeed, the simplest way out of the relocation impasse is to give every relocatee a sizable grant, like the five-hundred dollars to one thousand dollars paid by private builders in New York City to get tenants out of existing structures quickly and painlessly. Such a grant is not only a real incentive to relocatees but a means of reducing opposition to urban renewal. By itself, however, it cannot reduce the shortage of relocation housing. Where such housing now exists in plentiful supply, renewal ought to move ahead

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more quickly, but where there is a shortage that cannot be appreciably reduced, it would be wise to eliminate or postpone clearance and rehabilitation projects that require a large amount of relocation.

NOTHING IS EASIER than to suggest radical new programs to the overworked and relatively powerless officials of federal and local renewal agencies who must carry out the present law, badly written or not, and who are constantly pressured by influential private interests to make decisions in their favor. Many of these officials are as unhappy with what urban renewal has wrought as their armchair critics and would change the program if they could—that is, if they received encouragement from the White House, effective support in getting new legislation through Congress, and, equally important, political help at city halls to incorporate these innovations into local programs. But it should be noted that little of what I have suggested is very radical, for none of the proposals involves conflict with the entrenched American practice of subsidizing private enterprise to carry out public works at a reasonable profit. The proposals are radical only in demanding an end to our no less entrenched practice of punishing the poor. Yet they also make sure that middle-class communities are rewarded financially for whatever discomfort they may have to endure.

Nor are these suggestions very new. Indeed, only last month President Johnson sent a housing message to Congress which proposes the payment of rent subsidies as the principal method for improving housing conditions. It also requests federal financing of municipal services for tax-starved communities, and aid toward the building of new towns. These represent bold and desirable steps toward the evolution of a federal rehousing program. Unfortunately, however, the message offers little help to those who need it most. Slum-dwellers may be pleased that there will be no increase in urban renewal activity, and that relocation housing subsidies and other grants are being stepped up. But no expansion of public housing is being requested, and to make matters worse, the new rent subsidies will be available only to households above the income limits for public housing. Thus, the President's message offers no escape for the mass of the non-white low-income population from the ghetto slums; in fact it threatens to widen the gap between such people and the lower-middle-income population which will be eligible for rent subsidies.

On the other hand, as in the case of the War on Poverty, a new principle of government responsibility in housing is being established, and evidently the President's strategy is to obtain legislative approval for the principle by combining it with a minimal and a minimally controversial program for the first year. Once the principle has been accepted, however, the program must change quickly. It may have taken fifteen years for urban renewal even to begin providing some relief to the mass of slum-dwellers, but it cannot take that long again to become a rehousing scheme that will give them significant help. The evolution of federal policies can no longer proceed in the leisurely fashion to which politicians, bureaucrats, and middle-class voters have become accustomed, for unemployment, racial discrimination, and the condition of our cities are becoming ever more critical problems, and those who suffer from them are now considerably less patient than they have been in the past.

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ROBERT PENN WARREN

TWO FOR SNCC*

NUMBER 1017 Lynch Street, in Jackson, Mississippi, the headquarters of SNCC, is a clean, white, rather new store-front, a big glass window, as for display, on each side, a door in the middle. Inside there is an empty space, then a third of the way down, an office has been boxed off, leaving a wide passage to the right. Toward the back is a much larger space, with another office boxed off at the rear. It is February 12, 1964, and I have come to keep a 9 A.M. appointment with Robert Moses, the pioneer SNCC field worker in Mississippi. He is not here.

Notebook:

Cement floor, big battered picnic table with empty coke bottles and piles of papers, desk across from it, totally cluttered—floor with cigarette butts and trash, and brisk young woman (white, lanky, spinsterish) sweeping floor (charwoman-secretary), young colored man, student type, who walks about, muttering histrionically (for my benefit?), "Oh, America, land of the free," then sighs—now and then an appreciative sound from the lanky girl.

He: "I'd help out if things weren't so chaotic. I don't know what to do." Does begin to help, collecting her sweepings in big cardboard box.

Girl turns to me: "Mr. Moses used to be on time, but not since he got married." I sit on a folding metal chair that has been mashed forward by violence or a too heavy load, and it slowly spills me forward if I don't brace my feet as I write. A large dog, rather like an Irish setter, comes out of rear office, retires. Sound of crunching bone in office. Negro boy goes into rear office, softly picks guitar in that privacy.

Along the wall are stacks of cartons of books (usually half burst open), contributions to library for Negro children (not permitted to use Public Library). On walls two large tacked-up maps, one USA, other Miss., posters for registration, one a picture of two children sitting forlornly on steps of shack, and words: GIVE THEM A FUTURE IN MISSISSIPPI; other poster full of upward-stretched arms, and the big word: NOW.

Girl on phone, calls out to boy: "You know where Doug is?"

Boy from office: "He's off sleeping in my sleeping bag." Picks at guitar back there.

Telephone rings in office. Boy picks up phone: "Listen, we need a $500 peace bond—two situations—can put up property for one, but need peace bond—yes, you sent a $1,600 bond, but that's not enough."

Now 9:20. Two very young boys—sixteen?—come in, wander about, as on a stage—one pats the dog that is now out of back office, they go out.

One of the young boys re-enters blankly, picks up a book, reads. I see another copy, pick up, *Living In Our Democracy,* by Deveroux and Aker, about sixth- or seventh-grade level, a gift from California. Boy pores over it, sucking cigarette.

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Moses comes, a well set-up young man of medium size, light brown in color, preoccupied, unsmiling behind his big glasses: blue denim trousers, white shirt, open collar, dark denim jacket; greets me, offers aimless abstract handshake.

Moses decides the office is too confused for an interview, and we go up the street to Number 1072, where the NAACP headquarters are, back into an empty auditorium. We set up the tape recorder on a small table in the rear.

WARREN: Where were you born, Mr. Moses?

MOSES: In Harlem, raised in upper Harlem, went to school in Harlem until high school, and then I went to Stuyvesant High School, downtown. We took an exam, a city-wide exam to get in.

WARREN: What was the ratio of Negroes?

MOSES: Out of a graduating class of a few thousand, not more than a handful were Negroes.

WARREN: Did Negroes try for it?

MOSES: Over a city-wide basis my impression would be that there was usually no effort, really,

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ROBERT PENN WARREN, the eminent novelist, poet, and critic last appeared in COMMENTARY with an essay on Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore* (August 1962). The present piece will form a section of Mr. Warren's new book, *Who Speaks for the Negro?*, which is to be published later this spring by Random House.

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in the Negro junior high schools to prepare people for the tests and encourage them to take it.

WARREN: Was there apathy among the students—the kids?

MOSES: They'd have the feeling it was something out of their range.

WARREN: I hear it said that part of the problem of voter registration is the fear of not passing.

MOSES: The fear of being embarrassed.

WARREN: Let's cut back to your career.

MOSES: I graduated from Stuyvesant in '52, then I went to Hamilton College. I graduated in '56, and went to graduate school, at Harvard, in philosophy, and stayed a year and a half. I picked up an M.A. at the end of my first year, then we had family trouble—my mother died the next year, my father was hospitalized, and I dropped out. Then I got a job teaching at Horace Mann*—that was '58—and stayed there three years. Then came down here.

WARREN: Were you ambitious for an academic career when you went to Harvard?

MOSES: Well, I wanted to get the doctorate. I liked philosophy, I wanted to study. I wasn't sure I would teach—but there wasn't anything else at the time I wanted to do.

WARREN: How did you make the shift to active participation in the civil rights movement?

MOSES: It was really a big break. I wasn't active at all until 1960, when the sit-ins broke out. It seemed to me something different, something new—and if—I had a feeling for a long time—

WARREN: Before this you had a feeling?

MOSES: Yes. There was a continual build-up and frustration—back, I guess, as early as high school. And then in the teaching—confronting at every point the fact that as a Negro—I mean, first that you had to be treated as a Negro and you couldn't really be accepted as an individual yet—even at any level of the society you happened to penetrate.

WARREN: You wouldn't have felt it, you think, if you had taken your doctorate, then gone to a good college to teach?

MOSES: I don't know. But the fact was I gradually got the feeling that no matter what I did it would always be there, even though things were better and different than, say, in my father's time.

WARREN: Had your father had ambitions like your own?

MOSES: Probably yes. But he was caught in the Depression, with two families to support. He had finished high school but he hadn't gone to college—there was no money. Then he got a job in the armory and decided to keep that. I don't know, we had long talks about it, talks which I can now see were really about the question of opportunity, about whether he was satisfied or not—you know, his whole purpose in life. Anyway, he had decided to put his energies into his personal family. There were three of us and he wanted to see us all through school and college.

WARREN: It sounds as though you were very close to him.

MOSES: Yes.

WARREN: How do you respond to Martin Luther King's philosophy?

MOSES: We don't agree with it, in a sense. The majority of the students are not sympathetic to the idea that they have to love the white people that they are struggling against. But there are a few who have a very religious orientation. And there's a constant dialogue at meetings about non-violence and the meaning of non-violence.

WARREN: Non-violence for SNCC is tactical, is that it?

MOSES: For most of the members it is tactical, it's a question of being able to have a method of attack rather than to be always on the defensive.

WARREN: What about the effect King had at moments of crisis in Birmingham?

MOSES: There's no question that he had a great deal of influence with the masses. But I don't think it's in the direction of love. It's in a practical direction—that is, whatever you believe, you simply can't afford to have a general breakdown of law and order. And in the end everybody has to live together, Negroes understand this very well, but they put it in terms of "When they're all gone we'll still be here, and we have to live with the people here."

WARREN: "They all" being the workers who come in and then go away next week?

MOSES: Yes—but we try to send workers to communities where they can stay and live.

WARREN: The objection of the local Negro might have either of two meanings—a positive one, a vision of a society of men living together under law, and a negative one, a fear of reprisal after the outside workers have left.

MOSES: Exactly. They mean it largely in the negative sense. But in the end there can be an appeal they understand—that is, in the end the Negroes and the whites are going to have to share the land, and the less overlay of bitterness, the more possible to work out a reconciliation.

WARREN: Some Negroes say that such a reconciliation may come more easily in the South, because of a common background and a shared history, than in the great anonymous Northern cities.

MOSES: Well—I really don't know. The country has such tremendous problems—I mean, every

* A private school in New York.

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time you try and get a breakthrough in, say, the Negro problem, you run into a deeper, tremendous problem that the whole country has to face. Jobs, the question of education—these things are tied so deeply into problems that run deep into the major institutions of the country. And then there is the whole question of automation, and armament.

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We talk a little about more specific issues. I ask him about busing to balance schools racially in great cities like New York and Washington. He has been far removed from the issue, he says, down here in Mississippi—and if you go to a little town like Glendora or Liberty or Greenwood, it is another world. But he thinks that the whole school system, everywhere, aside from the question of race, is failing to meet the needs of the times, that the level of education is the immediate key, not integration as such. But both education and integration are tied together with housing and employment in a vicious circle, with only some 10 or 15 per cent—the rising Negro middle class—able to break out and with the lag in the Negroes' earnings, on the national percentage, becoming more and more marked. But the poor white man, the unskilled man, is caught, too, in the same process: "They're the people who don't have a real voice in Congress"—who are outside the umbrella of organized labor, with the Negro.

WARREN: Do you see any possibility in the South for cooperation between the poor white and the Negro?

MOSES: I don't know. White men move to town and get jobs in industry, but they would want to hold onto them. And if you tell him there's this big industry that will move in if he will drop this race thing—but I don't see that kind of breakthrough.

WARREN: Have you suffered violence?

MOSES: Once I was attacked on the way to the courthouse—two Negro farmers and myself. Going to register, and walking down the main street, three young fellows came up and began to pick an argument—they singled me out and began to beat on me. I had about eight stitches on the top of my head.

WARREN: With their fists?

MOSES: Well, apparently—but it turned out after, he* had a knife, which was closed. We went to trial, and a couple of days later he was acquitted. We came back to town—this little town, Liberty, a town of maybe a thousand people. It has a long and vicious history. Just last week one of the farmers down there was killed and—

WARREN: He had consented to be a witness in a murder trial, hadn't he?

MOSES: He told the truth to the FBI, but the local authorities, he had told them what they wanted to hear.

WARREN: Then told the FBI the truth and was willing to testify if given protection?

MOSES: Yes, and we believe that the FBI leaked this to the local authorities, and the Sheriff and the Deputy Sheriff came out, you know, and told him—the farmer—what they had learned.† And they had been picking on him ever since—that was in September '61. At one point a deputy sheriff broke his jaw—and then they killed him. With a shotgun.

WARREN: Have there been any arrests on that?

MOSES: I doubt that there will be.

WARREN: Do you believe that the leak was intentional?

MOSES: I believe that, and we said as much to the Justice Department.

WARREN: Back to you, you've had other attacks?

MOSES: Last year in Greenwood we were driving along. Some white people had been circling the town—about three or four carloads. One followed us out of town—there were three of us in the car—and they opened up about seven miles out of town. Bullets rained all through the car—the driver had a bullet in his neck, and he was slumped over in my lap, and he went off the road. We had to grab the wheel and stop the car. He had a .45 slug lodged about an inch from his spine. None of the rest of us was hit—just shattered with glass. This is all interesting because Beckwith—the fellow who was tried for killing Medgar [Evers]—well, the people who shot us that the police arrested—there were some arrests on that—they answered to the same general

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* The assailant was Billy Jack Caston, a cousin of the local Sheriff and son-in-law of a State Representative, E. H. Hurst. See Howard Zinn, *SNCC—The New Abolitionists*, p. 68.

† The charge that in the South the FBI is packed with Southern-born agents and is racist is not uncommonly made by Negroes. It is alleged, for example, that Dr. King advised civil rights workers not to report acts of violence to the FBI in Albany, Georgia, because the agents were Southern. To this, Hoover replied that King is "the most notorious liar in the country," and asserted that four out of the five agents in Albany were Northern and "that 70 per cent of the agents in the South were born in the North" (The New York *Times*, November 19, 1964).

Since that time Dr. King and Mr. Hoover have met for an "amicable discussion" of their differences. "I sincerely hope," King said, "we can forget the confusions of the past and get on with the job . . . of providing freedom and justice for all citizens of this nation." The issue, of course, is not really the percentage of Southern-born agents of the FBI working in the South, the question that provoked the outburst of rancor between Dr. King and Mr. Hoover. Negroes have not been alone in protesting against what the American Civil Liberties Union has called "the absence of a psychology of commitment [in the FBI] to enforcing laws which guarantee Negroes equal rights." The ACLU has suggested a separate unit in the FBI to investigate civil rights violations (see the New York *Times* December 2, 1964).

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description as Beckwith—middle-aged, middle-class people. They've never been brought to trial.

WARREN: The same type as Beckwith?

MOSES: I think there was a conspiracy up there—and we wrote letters and sent telegrams to the Civil Rights Commission asking for an investigation. Of course, they say there're no grounds justifying—no grounds.

WARREN: You are just married, aren't you?

MOSES: Yes.

WARREN: What view does your wife take of your hazardous occupation?

MOSES: Well—that's hard to say because she doesn't—I mean you don't really confront her. I mean, you just go on living.

WARREN: You take it day by day?

MOSES: Otherwise, there's no real way to confront that except to—within yourself, try to—you have to overcome the fear. And that took me quite a while, you know—quite a while.

WARREN: Can you put your philosophy to work on that?

MOSES: Not the Harvard seminar. It goes back to when I was in college and I had a French professor who did a lot of work in 20th-century literature, and I read a lot of Camus. And I've picked it up again. When I was in jail this last time I read through *The Rebel* and *The Plague* again. The main essence of what he says is what I feel real close to—closest to.

WARREN: Will you state that?

MOSES: It's the importance to struggle, importance to recognize in the struggle certain humanitarian values, and to recognize that you have to struggle for people, in that sense, and at the same time if it's possible, you try to eke out some corner of love or some glimpse of happiness within. And that's what I think more than anything else conquers the bitterness, let's say. But there's something else.

WARREN: What?

MOSES: Camus talks a lot about the Russian terrorists—around 1905. What he finds in them is that they accepted that if they took a life they offered their own in exchange. He moves from there into the whole question of violence and non-violence and comes out with something which I think is relevant in this struggle. It's not a question that you just subjugate yourself to the conditions that are and don't try to change them. The problem is to go on from there, into something which is active, and yet the dichotomy is whether you can cease to be a victim any more and also not be what he calls an executioner. The ideal lies between these two extremes—victim and executioner. For when people rise up and change their status, usually somewhere along the line they become executioners and they get involved in subjugating, you know, other people. Of course, this doesn't apply for us Negroes on any grand scale in the sense that we're going to have a political overthrow in which we are going to become political executioners.

WARREN: But it does apply in terms of inside attitudes?

MOSES: It applies very much, I think. We're going through a big thing right now even in terms of attitudes of the Negro staff toward the white staff, and it's very hard for some of the students who have been brought up in Mississippi and are the victims of this kind of race hatred not to begin to let all of that out on the white staff. And we just had a tirade—one staff person a few days ago just, you know, for about fifteen minutes, just letting out what really was a whole series of really racial statements of hatred. And we sort of all just sat there. The white students were, in this case, now made the victims. You know it's a process mainly of cleansing, but the problem is whether you can move from one to the other—that is, whether you can move Negro people from the place where they are now the victims of this kind of hatred, to a place where they don't in turn perpetuate this hatred.

WARREN: What are the actual criticisms—I don't mean necessarily valid criticisms—of the white participants in this movement?

MOSES: Well, first the white people come down and have better skills and have better training. The tendency always is for them to gravitate to command posts. But Negro students, you know, actually feel this is their own movement. This is the strongest feeling among the Negro students—that this is the one thing that belongs to them in the whole country; and I think this causes the emotional reaction toward the white people coming in and participating.

WARREN: What about the resentment against young white persons who come into such an environment as this, and then try to enter romantically into Negro taste in music, Negro tastes in this, that and the other—who want to enter, to join, to become more Negro than Negroes?

MOSES: Well, it depends. The distinction that the students themselves use is where a person is white—that is, they make the distinction between white people who somehow carry their whiteness with them, and some white people who somehow don't.

WARREN: But this difference remains?

MOSES: Yes, well, the Negroes say that they're not really *white* white people. Some people transcend that distinction and move on a plane where people are human beings.

WARREN: I was referring to the sense of amusement, and perhaps even resentment, at the white man who tries to be Negro—

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MOSES: The white person who carries his whiteness and who, in addition, may be trying to move into this area—that person becomes an object of amusement.

WARREN: Speaking of splits in identity, what of that split DuBois speaks of—the tension between the impulse to Negro-ness, the *mystique-noire,* and the impulse to be absorbed into the white West European-American culture—and perhaps bloodstream?

MOSES: For myself I don't think the problem has been this kind of identity. It's not a problem of identifying with "Negro-ness." But neither do you want to integrate into the middle-class white culture, since that seems to be at this point in vital need of some kind of renewal. But in the struggle you find a broader identification, identification with individuals who are going through the same kind of struggle, so that the struggle doesn't remain just a question of race. Then you get a picture of yourself as a person, caught up historically in these circumstances, and that whole problem of identifying yourself in Negro culture—or of integrating into the white society—that disappears.

WARREN: What relation, if any, do you see between your student movement and the Beats?

MOSES: One thing, the Beats were left without a people—without anybody they might identify with.

WARREN: Anti-social?

MOSES: Yes. Reacting against everything, they closed in on themselves—for their own values and things like that. What happens with students in our movement is that they are identifying with these people—people who come off the land, who are unsophisticated, and simply voice, time and time again, the simple truths you can't ignore because they speak from their own lives. It's this the students are rooted in, and this is what keeps them from going off at some tangent. It's this that is put into opposition to what life is now. We had this meeting last Sunday—

WARREN Yes, I was there.

MOSES: There are some in leadership who are against this kind of meeting.

WARREN: Why?

MOSES: They're for the kind of meeting where you get well-dressed, cleaned-up Negroes. They don't want the other people. They're embarrassed. Those people don't speak English well. They grope for words.

WARREN: "Red-ish" for "register."

MOSES: Right—they can't say that word. But it's that embarrassment the students are really battling against. For society needs to hear them, and as long as the students are tied in with these, their revolt is well-based. Not like the Beatnik revolt.

WARREN: Has there been a change in the climate of opinion—the white attitude toward the Negro, or toward the Negro problem?

MOSES: When I was at Hamilton the white attitude was: "Well, we have to do our part—the society has the over-all problem, and our part as an educational institution is to try and open a door for two or three Negroes, and let's see what happens." The difference from the period before is simply that earlier they weren't interested in even opening a door. Well, while I was there I was glad to have the opportunity, but still I was deeply bitter about some of the realities of the campus and of the white attitude. You're getting another change now.

WARREN: Has the white man's picture of the Negro changed here?

MOSES: I'm sure it has. The Sheriff in Canton told some of our fellows, he told them, "Well, you all are fighting for what you believe is right, and we're fighting for what we believe is right." Now that seems to me to be a tremendous change.

WARREN: It surprises me, to tell the truth.

MOSES: That is the recognition of an equal status—that is, you're a person. Now these guys at Canton, they're not well educated or anything like that. Just from the South—Negroes born right here—but here the Sheriff is saying to them, "You have something you believe in. So we both have sides—two sides of the same fence." That's a tremendous change.

WARREN: How do you give flesh in history to the concept Freedom Now?

MOSES: I don't know that that's a concept. It's an emotional expression, an attempt to communicate—We have a poster in our office and all it says is *"Now!"*

WARREN: I saw it.

MOSES: That's to say how we feel. This is the urgency.

WARREN: It's a poetic statement?

MOSES: Right.

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I COME OUT of number 1072 Lynch Street and go toward town. I have an engagement for lunch, miles away at Tougaloo College. I swing left off Lynch, opposite the white store-front of 1017, which houses SNCC. There, facing 1017, is a vacant lot, and on the lot is a very big billboard with the picture of the Statue of Liberty, lifting high the torch. The bold letters read:

Think *Speak* *Register* *Vote*

PROTECT YOUR FREEDOM

Contact your Civilian Club

It does not say Contact SNCC.

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II

I HAD FIRST met Stokely Carmichael in November 1963, at Howard University, in Washington, where he spoke at a Conference on non-violence. In the winter I wrote him to ask for a conversation. We met in his apartment, in a district not far from Howard, where he was a senior, in a basement room, disheveled and not too clean, with scaling walls calsomined a bilious green. The air was hot and sticky from the bare steam pipes in the ceiling.

Carmichael, then twenty-two, is of fine athletic build, quite dark, with well-modeled features. His manner is calm, with occasional streaks of ironic humor, often at his own expense. That afternoon he sat on the edge of a couch, or cot, and leaned forward with his hands hanging off his knees, at first speaking slowly and diffidently, then becoming more fluent and positive as he seemed to withdraw from the immediate scene into his recollections.

Since that time, he has graduated from Howard, with a major in philosophy. He received the offer of a full scholarship at one of the best colleges, for supervised reading and study in whatever field might interest him, but he has continued, and will continue for at least a year, as an activist in SNCC, for he feels that he is needed. In 1964 he was prominent in the Summer Project in Mississippi, and was newsworthy at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City, with the Freedom Democratic Party group that held vigil outside the hall. Most recently he has been at Selma.

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STOKELY CARMICHAEL was brought by his family from Trinidad to Harlem in 1952, when he was eleven years old. In Trinidad, some 96 per cent of the population had been Negro; all immediate authority—police, teachers, ministers, civil servants—and the storekeepers and entrepreneurs in general were Negro. The 4 per cent of whites lived in "mansions," but then many Negroes lived in "mansions" too, and the question of exploitation of the black by the white had not occurred to the boy. In America all was different. Immediate authority was white, and the storekeeper was white. His parents, who had no friends among the Negro Americans and saw only West Indians, said that in America Negroes were "unambitious" and pointed to the number of West Indians in Harlem and Brooklyn who owned their own homes, while American Negroes "do not own anything except a Cadillac."

They had a profound distrust of all white people, too. But, in the complexity of things, the father aspired to escape from the ghetto into "a good neighborhood"—which meant white. They finally succeeded in moving to the East Bronx, "an old Italian neighborhood balanced by a Jewish neighborhood and an Irish neighborhood." Here they were the only Negroes. The first week the boy had a fight: "Everybody had heard Negroes were tough and they wanted to see how tough I was."

Now in the nice neighborhood, he had to do "all the bad things" to prove his point:

> By the time I was in the eighth grade I knew all about marijuana—pot—had heard from my cousin but never touched the stuff, but now some friends from school wanted to show me how to do it. Before I knew it, I was putting on a demonstration for about thirty people in the bathroom—how to blow up.

The white friends of the new neighborhood had long since taught him "the tricks, how to break into stores, how to steal cars," but his parents still touchingly held to the belief that they were, at last, in a "good neighborhood," and the son did not disillusion them.

In the good neighborhood they owned their own house—"a shack," but the father spent long hours after work remodeling it. He was a man of prodigious energy and honesty, a carpenter who was "always being screwed by the union" because he didn't believe in giving a bribe to the union representative to get assigned to work. He was ambitious and after regular hours was moonlighting as a taxi driver or at other jobs. In the winter when carpentry was slack he was a seaman. He apparently aspired, in some devious way, to white middle-class standards. At the same time he kept the old distrust of whites, and when the son brought white friends home, the parents would ask: "What's your social life going to be, they don't really accept you." In the old tension of values, the father wanted the son "to be respectable, speak, do all the things the white kids were doing." But the son, who was keeping ties in Harlem as well as with the local white kids, had his own tensions; as for doing what the white kids did, and talking like them: "I wasn't sure I wanted to do all that." For one thing, at this stage anyway, the boy never dated but two white girls: "It seemed that there were too many barriers and too much conflict to be bothered with."

By 1956 he was in the elite Bronx High School of Science. Here he found out that "people do more than fight each other, they didn't swear, and were respectable, and read a lot, good books, and discussed these things at the lunch table." It was hard, he says, for him to adjust; but even though he still went out to do a little gang fighting, he worked hard, because his mother kept saying: "Remember one thing, those guys are white, they'll all make it, and you won't unless you're on the top rung." So he read—"to get her off my back"—and she "didn't care what I read as long as my grades were good."

At the same time, he was discovering how inadequate his "intellectual background was." He didn't know who Marx was or about dialectical

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materialism, and his fellow students told him about relativity and Einstein, who, he thought, was only an old nut who went out in the sun with an umbrella:

> My parents never finished school, we had no intellectual background. All these students' fathers had been Harvard, Yale, doctors, dentists, PHDs. They had what I didn't have, but I tried to develop my own—just beginning to read as quickly as I could, anything that anybody mentioned. It was naïve at the time, but it was sincere.

He was repairing the deficiencies in his background, and one way was to associate with a "lot of people on the Left, young Socialists." He began reading "on the Left," too, studying social problems. His parents had always wanted him to be a doctor, but he had no inclination for that, and "just let them assume." He was being told at school that he would be "a brilliant Negro leader," and he says: "I thought I was going to be brilliant, I was going to solve the race problem."

At Bronx Science there were only some 50 Negroes out of 2,000 pupils. But, he says, everybody was his "best friend," and he was always invited to parties; they leaned over backward because he was a Negro. As for one party . . .

> on Park Avenue with a friend of mine, I think he's in Yale now, he invited me, he kept asking me. So I went to the party, and was very impressed with the place, doorman at the door, and the elevator went up and opened on the living room, sunken living room, open fire, stereo all over the place, rugs about that thick. Never seen this before, only in the movies.

When the friend's mother came in, he insisted that everybody meet her, especially Carmichael.

> I didn't particularly care to meet his mother, I was so fascinated with the place. He was living on about the fifteenth floor, and I was looking out the window, just enjoying myself just being there. But he insisted and I thought I would appease him. Well, his mother had a group of ladies there, and it was like I hit it off right away—she said: "Oh, I've heard so much about you, you've got such a sense of humor, Jimmy is always talking about you, you're such a good-looking boy, what features you have," and on and on. Finally when I was leaving, the door was just about closed, his mother turned to the other ladies and said, "Oh, yes, we let Jimmy hang around with Negroes." I didn't like that.

Nor did he like a lot of other things:

> It was a continual thing, everybody would ask me, "Whose party are you going to? We'll be there." And "Oh, you dance so well"—when I can't dance. All the stereotypes were carried over leaning backward. Everyone telling me how well I could sing—when I can't carry a tune. All the stereotypes, and what a good sense of humor.

But he is inclined to think that there was some sincerity mixed, maybe they really wanted to be his friend, and not merely the friend of "the Negro." But he resented being taken as a type and not a person.

Meanwhile he had his own way of exploiting the white condescension. For instance, whenever there was a racial conference, he was "always consulted as the spokesman"—the "brilliant Negro leader," as he ironically describes himself:

> I went out to the NSA conference. I took the floor and said just any ridiculous thing, you know, about Negroes, about the race conference. Here were students from all over the country, and they would never have attacked me no matter what I said, because I was a Negro. The whole thing is shifted so much, if you're a Negro and among a white group, you're good, you're great, you're—but I am sure you know Negroes are bastards too. But you know, I was good no matter what I did.

But a crisis had come as early as the summer after freshman year at Bronx Science. That year he had been trying to cut himself off from his old associations, both those of the tough white neighborhood and those of Harlem, but in the summer he slipped back into the old pattern:

> I stayed in New York City and hung around with all the fellows, the gang, stole cars, gang fighting, and all that nonsense. By about the middle of the summer, I kept thinking, I'm going to get into real trouble if I keep this up. So I started alienating myself from them. And I started calling up people from Science, started to hang around with them more, and go swimming, play tennis. Of course, all my old friends would call me fag. By about the middle of the sophomore year I had completely broken all the old ties.

All in all, there was a deep conflict of loyalties, one that was, in various forms, to continue. Here is a passage on "integrity," "identity," the "psychic split":

> CARMICHAEL: I used to hang out down in the Village, because that's where everything is happening. I used to see a complete reverse of the usual—white kids jumping into Negro neighborhoods, becoming Negro-fied. "Yeah, man—yeah, baby," you know, everything out of context, just dropping words that come from Negro neighborhoods. I always thought, "This isn't right," and I wondered if I went into the white world, wouldn't I do the same thing? That bothered me quite a bit, because I didn't want to do that.
>
> WARREN: You thought you would lose integrity, is that it?
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> CARMICHAEL: I wasn't sure if it was a loss of integrity, it was a loss of being yourself.
>
> WARREN: Your identity being betrayed?
>
> CARMICHAEL: Yes—like Negroes and whites, teenagers dance entirely differently. Now I've danced

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both ways, and I find myself, at a party, for instance, beginning to Lindy—now the Lindy, I don't know if it's still around, is probably a white dance. Negroes slop. And when everybody would start looking at me, they'd say, "You dance just like a white boy." And then I'd stop, and catch myself, and I'd say, "Yeah, I do." And they'd say, "You hang around with them white kids there?" And I said, "Yeah, I hang around with white kids." And they said, "Man, you ought to be square, don't know what's happening." Then I'd go to a white dance, and do a slop, and, "Oh, man, that's cool! That's real cool, show me how to dance!" You know, leaning over backward. Then I wondered whether or not, in Harlem, they were being completely fair when they said I was square when I was hanging around with white kids. That was an internal conflict. I resolved the problem with myself just going wherever I wanted to go. If I felt like going to Harlem, if I felt like going down to the Village, I'd do what I wanted to do. But there certainly was a cutting off of culture.

WARREN: Several Negroes have told me that white students coming into Mississippi to work in voter registration sometimes try to assume vocabulary and stances that are Negro, and that this is resented, or if not resented, it becomes a matter of satire. Have you encountered this?

CARMICHAEL: Quite a bit. There are a few white people in the Movement who are what we call completely Negrotized. But there's still a difference; you can tell people who come into the Movement and try and say there is no difference. Also, the other conflict, you get Northern whites, all committed to equality, on a humanitarian and intellectual level, but they themselves don't know a Negro, they don't even have Negroes in their own neighborhoods, have never known a Negro. They don't know a Negro is really different. When they come South and find out that it's different, they jump right in, to accept it.

WARREN: To assume the culture without understanding the experience behind it?

CARMICHAEL: Right. Then they say things without realizing what they're saying. You know—"Yeah, man, I really dig that," and *dig* can be used in two ways, sarcastically a lot of times. They use words out of context. They want to be accepted right away, without being accepted for their work.

WARREN: Social climbing?

CARMICHAEL: That is it. They want to be accepted as a Negro, not as an individual. "Look, I'm not like the other whites you know, I dig you." Snap their fingers out of tune: "I dig Ray Charles." Once a white fellow came in and started playing Ray Charles. "Ray Charles," he said, "he's swell, man, too much!" And after he walked out, one of the Negroes, out loud, said, "You know that white boy don't even understand, 'cause Ray Charles play like white boy don't even think." And everybody laughed. The white boy putting on a show was resented. As much as it would be resented if I put on a show to show how white I was. How much I had absorbed the culture.

WARREN: How commonly do you think the Negro may accept some derogatory stereotype of himself?

CARMICHAEL: At one point, I was about a sophomore in high school, I realized that I was really ashamed of being a Negro. I was really ashamed of it, and would stop saying things that I would say in the Negro neighborhood, and I was afraid of Gospel music, which I had always liked. I remember thinking about that for two weeks, and then I decided to go back to my Gospel music.

WARREN: How common do you think this is?

CARMICHAEL: It's very common, because whether Negroes admit it or not, they are 150 per cent American. They think, they act, they accept American without even questioning it.

WARREN: Including the white man's version of himself—the Negro?

CARMICHAEL: Including that, I'm afraid. Because you're not sure how much truth there is in it, if you really want to be honest. You have to admit if you walk through Harlem, it is about the dirtiest place, there're always drunks on the street, people are always cutting each other, there are prostitutes on every corner, bars on every corner, and you want to be careful that you're not just rationalizing. You start off with the basic premise that Negroes aren't really inferior, and you wonder, have the conditions really been thrust upon them, or are they—the Negroes—really lazy? This bothered me for a time too. But you do accept it unconsciously.

WARREN: What is the psychological solution?

CARMICHAEL: For me it was to read as much as I could to show—maybe I do it even now, I think I still do it—as soon as I meet a white student I want to prove to him that he isn't any smarter than I am. This is what Baldwin talks about in the black-boy-meets-white-boy, play a game of cat-and-mouse, let's see how much you know, because I know you think that because I'm a Negro I don't know very much, and I'm going to prove to you that's not true. You see, I even caught myself playing this last September. I met a white boy from Yale, and kept playing the game. Then I caught myself: "What do I have to prove to him? Why am I doing it?"

WARREN: In other words, you were acting like the Yale boy who goes to Mississippi?

CARMICHAEL.: Yah, yah—in the reverse.

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Carmichael's original involvement with the Movement was not immediate. It did not come

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out of the ineffable force that later put him in the Freedom Ride.

In 1960, he happened to pick up the paper and read about "Izell Blair's Four Companions."* His first reaction was that the sit-in was the wrong way. He threw the paper down.

WARREN: Why this reaction?

CARMICHAEL: Actually what I said was, "Niggers always looking to get themselves in the paper, no matter how they do it." My opinion was that they didn't know what they were doing, and I'm convinced now that they didn't know what they were doing.

WARREN: You mean they stumbled on it?

CARMICHAEL: Yeah. About three weeks later, the New York *Times* documented that the sit-ins had spread all over the South. My reaction was: "Niggers are just like monkeys—one do, all do." Threw the paper down again. About a month later TV interviews began to appear. I'd heard students from A and T, students from Greensboro, and I was distressed about this—you know, you don't want a revolution, you want to be intelligent. At the same time you can't just talk about how badly you've been treated; I get tired of seeing that stuff all the time. By mid-April I thought there were possibilities.

In May, 1960 I met a number of people who were involved in the sit-ins.

WARREN: You were still in high school then?

CARMICHAEL: Right. I went on a sit-in in Virginia. Very impressed with the kids, their courage. I had always been oriented to the Left, from an economic point of view—not an economic determinist but certainly a great proclivity for that sort of thing. And now I realized that a lot of the kids weren't talking about what I thought they would be talking about. They said—"We have the right to human dignity."

WARREN: This, as opposed to an economic approach?

CARMICHAEL: Right.

WARREN: You mean a human approach, a moral approach?

CARMICHAEL: It seemed to me this was euphemistic—I think men always cover up their actions with moral issues. So I began to think seriously whether this was an economic problem or whether these students were right, whether non-violence and love was the thing. I never took the approach we've got to teach them to love us. I thought that was nonsense, from the start. But I was impressed by the way they conducted themselves, the way they sat there and took the punishment.

WARREN: You mean not just by their fortitude, but by self-discipline and personal power, inner power?

CARMICHAEL: Right. I was really impressed, because when I lived up in Harlem, I learned, you know, that you don't get tapped on the shoulder without turning around.

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Carmichael had already begun, in any case, to drift from the Left. He had begun to feel that the Communists who expected the Negroes to start a civil rights revolution which could be developed into "The Revolution" weren't really sincere about Negroes, "were just trying to use Negroes." And he made no sense out of any Communist attempt to outline a program. The first dip into the sit-ins had shaken his economic theories; and now he elected Howard University, even though he didn't want to go to a Negro university and "wasn't sure that Howard could give me a good education," because there he could keep working in the Movement.

In December 1960, he went, in fact, to Fayette County, Tennessee (where James Forman† was also working), and there received further confirmation of the courage and moral force of the people involved.

> I was cold, hungry, and freezing, the ground was hard, when it wasn't hard it was muddy, ankle-deep. And the kids would go out and chop firewood, then come back and sit around and sing songs in the evening—a very, very moving thing.

Then came the Freedom Ride. He knew that this was serious. He had seen violence, had seen "what people can do to people." In his old neighborhood in New York, "five guys could jump on someone and beat him up, and I was sometimes the victim of that." So he knew that the Ride was serious: "Do I really want to put myself in a position where I can die?" He got rid of that by saying: "Well, somebody will die, but it won't be me, it will be the guy next to me."

So he went. He saw a mob. He was arrested. He heard a Chief of Police tell him: "You're not going to change anything, we'll keep throwing you in jail, we'll beat you, and furthermore, those people will kill you." He was released, made it to Jackson, and confronted the mob there:

> One old lady in particular, she was about 70 years old, shaking a cane viciously, just trembling all over, and I just kept looking at her, not because I wanted to antagonize her, but because I really couldn't believe this.

People in the mob yelled, "I'll kill you, I'll kill you!" Carmichael had been threatened before, but for once he really believed it. "I wondered

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* On February 1, 1960, Izell Blair, with three other freshmen at the Agricultural and Technical College, at Greensboro, North Carolina, initiated the wave of sit-ins that spread from that city over the South.

† Since 1961, Executive Secretary of SNCC.

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whether I really thought these people meant it or whether I was scared because I was in the South." He stared at the faces, holding his hands up to keep from getting cigarette butts in his own face:

> And I kept thinking, why, why, why. A naïve question, but it's something that still comes back, because you can't find the answer to questions that bother you—really a problem.

He, with his group, was in the City Jail of Jackson. There the other Negro prisoners thought the Riders were "great, you know—heroes." On the night before they were to be removed to Parchman, the penitentiary, the jailer came and held the bars, to talk:

WARREN: What kind of a man was he?

CARMICHAEL: An old man, early fifties, believed in the Southern way of life, whatever connotation that brought him, but he was an honest man, and he thought at first that we were just a bunch of troublemakers, we were Communists, and so forth, and he was going to rule with a ruthless hand. We'd still keep singing, when he'd say not to sing. And after a while, it became a little petty game, you know. He'd do certain tricks to try to keep us in line, and there'd be soup for a meal one day, and let's say there were about thirty of us in there. He would pass thirty hot bowls of soup, with about three spoons, you know. So if you were at the end of the line, you'd just have cold soup. All these simple little things.

But he found out that we wouldn't break. Then he got so that he'd even joke a little, and laugh, and he'd say, "You gonna be here for a long time." And then we'd say, "Yeah, but you gotta be here with us, don't forget that."

But I think we got to respect each other. Anyway, I got to respect him. After a while, the respect grew. And we got to respect each other very well, sort of. It grew because I respected him as a man, you know, forgot that he was a white Southerner, that he was my jailer.

Well, it came that we could really talk—you know, about issues—and then he'd tell us about what we didn't understand about the Southern way of life. Of course, he'd say the same stereotypes, of Negroes being treated well, and so forth. We finally came to some understanding, I guess a sort of unspoken understanding. I found out a lot from him, about Mississippi and the way of life, you know, how he used to go fishing with Negroes, and so forth. He thought it was on an equal footing. I didn't think it was an equal footing. I don't know, it might have been, it's something that bothered me.

But anyway, the night we were leaving, he came to the bars, and he held on, very, very tightly, you know, and all of a sudden he started talking, about his life, and started talking about his maid. "Annie was good," he said, "she brought up and raised all my five kids, and we loved Annie dearly." A deep introspective thing, about how, "when Annie died, the whole family cried, how they went to Annie's funeral." Every year he places a wreath on Annie's grave. And he wanted us to understand that we were all wrong about race relations in the South. That they were really very good, and gonna be better, you know, and the Negroes really liked it that way.

But he was shaking, visibly shaking, and he said that we had our points of view as far as he was concerned, and he had his. He didn't want us to try and change them, he was gonna keep his way of life, he believed in God, and he believed in the way of the life of the South, he believed in human beings for what they were worth. He started crying. Tears dropped. And finally he said: "I want you to know that whatever happened to you, you know that you caused me a lot of trouble." He said, "I can't go along with the trouble you caused me, but you're still human beings, you have your beliefs, and I have mine." And he left. I thought about that for a long time. Everybody else felt that he was just putting on a show.

WARREN: I doubt it.

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On Black Nationalism

I knew Malcolm X and I told him: "You keep your talk, and you can say what you want, I don't even think you put me in a better bargaining position. You know, because you don't say anything."

On Goodbye to Liberals

Everybody is afraid to attack him [Malcolm X]. The funniest thing was an article by Loren Miller on the West Coast, Vice President of the NAACP. An article in the *Nation* called "A Farewell to White Liberals," which was a ridiculous article. He got hopped up with this Black Nationalism, and said goodbye to white liberals—"We don't need you—you don't do anything for us." The NAACP put out reprints, and passed them all over the country. Ridiculous. When they were attacked by Malcolm X, instead of standing their ground, they absolved him, and said, "We're friends." You know, people just jump on bandwagons.

On Being an Opportunist:

I don't think he [Reverend Milton Galamison] is a very intelligent leader. If you're really serious about it, it seems to me you've got to think about whether or not you're opportunistic. It bothers me a lot. If I see my name in the paper;

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I'm not sorry it's there. When you write and say you want to interview me, I'm not sorry, I sort of feel good. That's one of the things you have to be worried about. The trouble is that you get an opportunist, and he becomes a rhetorician, he says things that are going to appease people, he's not going to really look for solutions.

On Busing into Harlem:

I've worked in Harlem, and I know the schools, how the schools are. We have the poorest teachers, the schools are run down, and so forth. I'd agree [with protesting] if you were to dramatize that [situation]. But now when you bring in the question of busing kids, it seems to me that you're being unfair, because I think—let's face it—Harlem is no picnic ground, you know. It's not a bad neighborhood just because white folks get beat up—because Negroes get beat up in the neighborhood, too. Negroes get beat up in Harlem all the time, so just because you're white and get beat up, it doesn't mean that all the Negroes are beating up white people. But it's a bad neighborhood—let's face it—whatever conditions produce it. And you can't really and truly ask anybody to send their kids in there.

On Non-violence and Conversion:

I think the issue of non-violence is very important in the question of solving certain things, but it's not true that it necessarily brings us closer together and makes us love each other. It does in certain cases, I'm not going to deny this.

Eddie Dickerson, from Cambridge, Maryland, a white fellow, two years ago, dragged me off a stool, and kicked me in the stomach about seven, eight, nine times. Really gave me a good roughing up, one of the roughest times I've ever spent was at the mercy of his hand. The same night he came back to church, apologized, said he was sorry, and started working in the Movement. Last summer, he was the fellow a white owner was smashing the eggs over his head, the white restaurant owner, and kicking—he was the same fellow. He joined. We sent him to New York to CORE, and CORE gave him some sort of non-violent training.

On Bob Moses and a Mississippi Episode

There were three cars, the men in the cars had guns hanging out of the windows. George started off driving. Bob asked why he was driving so fast. George said: "Goddammit, Moses, we're being chased." Bob looked back and could see the headlights. He said: "Well, they won't bother us." And Bob turned over and went to sleep. James and I were scared, and Bob went to sleep.

On the Debt to the Negro and Communal Guilt

It's a drip from the Muslims, you know—you owe us dues. I don't know that anybody owes me anything. I can't hold you guilty. And I don't want you to hold me guilty. For what my father did.

On Freedom Now;

It's a funny thing—if you just ask somebody what they mean by Freedom Now.

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Stokely Carmichael is now a veteran of many campaigns. He has spent the crucial summer of 1964 in Mississippi. But he remembers his first visit to Mississippi. He remembers Parchman, which was tougher than the Jackson jail, and remembers Sheriff Tyson, who made it tougher. He remembers, in fact, a number of things:

> I can go on Freedom Rides, with people around me, and I can say, "Oh, yes, nothing is going to happen to me, it will be the guy next to me." But when you get alone, and you're sitting on that stool by yourself, and somebody's behind you, and you hear the knife clicking, hot coffee being poured down your back, and you're alone, you really begin to feel, "Why am I here, when is it going to end?" But just before that first punch, just before you get hit, that little period there just before, when tensions are building and you can't control your stomach, and it's jumping, you start thinking over and over again, "You know, maybe that's the way it is, when you're really alone." When you really want to sit down and talk to people, when you really got to say, "Let's just sit down and talk this out, Sheriff Tyson, just me and you, and let's see, you know, where we go from here." And you say, "Why can't I sit down and talk with Sheriff Tyson?"

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EMIL L. FACKENHEIM

JUDAISM & THE MEANING OF LIFE

I

RELIGIONS—which differ in much else—differ in substance according to their experience and understanding of the meeting between the Divine and the human: whether, when, and how it occurs, and what happens in and through it. In Judaism, the fundamental and all-penetrating occurrence is a primordial mystery, and a miracle of miracles: the Divine, though dwelling on high and infinitely above man, yet bends down low so as to accept and confirm man in his finite humanity; and man, though met by Divine Infinity, yet may and must respond to this meeting in and through his finitude.

Some scholars attribute to the God of early Jewish faith mythological finitude. But this reflects blindness to the religious realities of Judaism—a blindness arising out of modern prejudice. In the very beginnings of Jewish faith, God is experienced and conceived as the all-demanding God; and it is only a question of time until the one-important God becomes the one-existing God. Hence even His earliest followers smash the idols: Judaism is anti-mythological from the start.

Just as the God even of "primitive" Judaism is infinite, so the man even of "advanced' Judaism remains finite. Man, though created in the Divine image, is still a creature; he is neither a fragment of Divinity nor potentially Divine. Such notions—the product of modern humanism—remain unassimilable to the Jewish faith.

As a consequence of the miracle of miracles which lies at the core of Judaism, Jewish life and thought are marked by a fundamental tension. This tension might have been evaded in either of two ways. It might have been held—as ancient Epicureanism and modern Deism, for example, do in fact hold—that the Divine and the human are after all incapable of meeting. But this view is consistently rejected in Jewish tradition, which considers Epicureanism tantamount to atheism. Or, on the other side, it might have been held that the meeting is a mystical conflux, in which the finite dissolves into the Infinite and man suffers the loss of his very humanity. But this view, too, although a profound religious possibility and a serious challenge, is rejected in Jewish tradition. Such thinkers as Maimonides, Isaac Luria, and the Baal Shem-Tov all stop short—on occasion, to be sure, only barely—of embracing mysticism. And those who do not—such as Spinoza—pass beyond the bounds of Judaism. The Infinity of the Divine, the finitude of the human, and the meeting between them: these all remain, then, wherever Judaism preserves its substance; and the mystery and tension of this meeting permeate all else.

In the eyes of Judaism, whatever meaning life acquires derives from this encounter: the Divine accepts and confirms the human in the moment of meeting. But the meaning conferred upon human life by the Divine-human encounter cannot be understood in terms of some finite human purpose, supposedly more ultimate than the meeting itself. For what could be more ultimate than the Presence of God? The Presence of God, then, as Martin Buber puts it, is an *"inexpressible* confirmation of meaning. . . . The question of the meaning of life is no longer there. But were it there, it would not have to be answered."

II

IN Judaism, however, this "inexpressible confirmation of meaning" *does,* after all, assume expression; and this is because the Divine-human meeting assumes structure and content.

First, it is a universal human experience that times of Divine Presence do not last forever. But this experience does not everywhere have the same significance or even reality. Conceivably mythological religions—for which the world is "full of gods" (Thales)—may find divinity even in the most worldly preoccupation with the most finite ends: this is not possible if the Divine is an Infinity and radically other than all things finite. Mystical religions, for their part, may dismiss all

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such worldly preoccupations as mere appearance, and confine reality to the moment in which the human dissolves into the Divine: this is not possible if the moment of Divine-human encounter itself confirms man in his human finitude. In Judaism, man is real at every moment of his finite existence—including those moments when he is divorced from the Divine. The God of Judaism, while "near" at times, is—for whatever reason—"far" at other times. But times of Divine farness must also have meaning; for the far God remains an existing God, and nearness remains an ever-live possibility. These times of Divine farness, however, derive their meaning from times of Divine nearness. The dialectic between Divine nearness and Divine farness is all-pervasive in Jewish experience; and it points to an eschatological future in which it is overcome.

Secondly, the Divine-human meeting assumes structure and content in Judaism through the way man is accepted and confirmed as a consequence of this meeting. In Judaism God accepts and confirms man by *commanding* him in his humanity; and the response called for is *obedience* to God—an obedience to be expressed in finite human form. Here lies the ground for the Jewish rejection of the mystic surrender. Man *must* remain human because in commanding him *as* human, God accepts him in his humanity and makes him responsible in His very presence. In Judaism, Divine Grace is not superadded and subservient to Divine Commandment. Divine Grace already is, primordially, *in* the commandment; and were it not so, the commandment would be radically incapable of human performance. It is in the Divine Law itself that the Psalmist finds his delight, not only in a Divine action subsequent to observance of the Law; and if the Law saves him from perishing in his affliction, it is because Divine Love has handed it over to humans—not to angels—thereby making it in principle capable of human fulfillment.

Because the Divine acceptance of the human is a commanding acceptance, the inexpressible meaning of the Divine-human encounter assumes four interrelated expressions of which two are immediately contained within the commandment itself. First, there is a dimension of meaning in the very fact of being commanded as a human by the Divine: to be thus commanded is to be accepted as humanly responsible. And before long the undifferentiated commanding Presence will give utterance to many specific commandments, which particularize Divine acceptance and human responsibility according to the exigencies of a finite human existence on earth.

Secondly, if to be commanded by God is to be both obligated and enabled to obey, then meaning must be capable of human realization, and this meaning must be real even in the sight of Divinity. The fear induced in the finite human by the Infinite Divine Presence may seem to destroy any such presumption. Yet the acceptance of the human by the commanding Love makes possible, and indeed mandatory, human self-acceptance.

A third aspect of meaning comes into view because the Divine commandment initiates a relation of *mutuality* between God and man. The God of Judaism is no Deistic First Cause which, having caused the world, goes into perpetual retirement. Neither is He a Law-giver who, having given laws, leaves man to respond in human solitariness. Along with the commandment, handed over for human action, goes the promise of *Divine* action. And because Divine action makes itself contingent upon human action, a relationship of mutuality is established. God gives to man a *covenant*—that is, a contract; He binds Himself by its terms and becomes a partner.

The meaning of the Divine-human encounter, however, has yet a fourth expression; and if this had not gradually emerged, the Jewish faith could hardly have survived through the centuries. Because a pristine Divine Love accepted the human, a relation of mutuality between an Infinite Divinity and a finite humanity—something that would seem to be impossible—nevertheless became possible. Yet that relation remains destructible at finite hands; indeed, were it *simply* mutual, it would be destroyed by man almost the moment it was established. Even in earlier forms of Jewish faith God is long-suffering enough to put up with persistent human failures; and at length it becomes clear that the covenant can survive only if God's patience is absolute. The covenant, to be sure, *remains* mutual; and Divine action remains part of this mutuality, as a response to human deeds. But Divine action also breaks through this limitation and maintains the covenant in *unilateral* love. The human race after Noah, and Israel at least since the time of Jeremiah, still can—and do—rebel against their respective covenants with God. But they can no longer destroy them. Sin still causes God to punish Israel; but no conceivable sin on Israel's part can cause Him to forsake her. Divine Love has made the covenant indestructible.

In Judaism, covenantal existence becomes a continuous, uninterrupted way of life. A Divine-human relation unstructured by commandment would alternate between times of inexpressible meaning and times of sheer waiting for such meaning. A relationship so structured by commandment, yet failing to encompass both Divine nearness and farness, could not extend its scope over the whole of human life. For if it were confined to times of Divine nearness, covenantal existence would be shattered into as many fragments as there are moments of Divine nearness, with empty spaces between them. If, on the other hand, it were confined to Divine farness, it would degenerate, on the Divine side, into an external law sanctioned by an absent God and,

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on the human side, into legalistic exercises practiced in His absence. But as understood and lived in Judaism, covenantal existence persists in times of Divine farness. The commandment is still present, as is the Divine promise, however obscured for the moment. The human power to perform the commandment, while impaired, is not destroyed; and he who cannot perform the commandment for the sake of God, as he is supposed to do, is bidden to perform it anyway—for performance which is not for His sake will lead to performance which *is* for His sake. Times of Divine nearness, then, do not light up themselves alone. Their meaning extends over all of life.

III

So much for the general characteristics of the Divine-human relationship according to Judaism. What humans partake of this relationship? Individuals or communities? And some individuals and communities only, or potentially the whole of the human race? It will become evident that in Judaism these are not mutually exclusive alternatives, and indeed, that those modern conceptions which would make them so—"individualism" versus "collectivism," and "particularism" versus "universalism"—are alien to the dynamic of the Jewish faith.

Consider, first, "universalism" and "particularism." Because the God of the Divine-human encounter is Infinite, each meeting discloses Him—potentially at least—as the One of every meeting. Because the man of this encounter is finite, and accepted in his finitude, each meeting singles him out—potentially at least—as a unique individual or a unique group. Mythological deities may remain "particularistic"—i.e., confined to limits of time and space: the Jewish God who smashes the idols breaks through such limits. The mystical conflux may dissolve the here-and-now into a "universalistic" eternity; the Jewish encounter with God accentuates the here-and-now in which it occurs. If He did not from the start transcend the here-and-now of the encounter, the Jewish God would fragment himself (in Buber's phrase) into "moment-gods" according to the moments of meeting; and if He did not in every encounter single out *this* individual, *this* people, in the here-and-now, He would accept not existing humans but only unreal abstractions. The Biblical God is indeed the God of all the nations; but there is no word for the abstraction "mankind" in the Hebrew scriptures.

To be singled out by the Divine is a crucial and persisting Jewish experience. The first commandment given to the first Jew—that Abraham leave his country—is addressed to him only; it does not call for a universal migration of peoples. The commandment to become a holy people unto God constitutes Israel as a unique people; it does not enunciate a universal principle. The Talmud teaches that God has made each man unique and speaks to him in his uniqueness, and this teaching is powerfully reaffirmed in modern Hasidism. Even today, Jewish existence cannot be understood without reference to such singling out. To be sure, some modern Jewish thinkers (Mordecai Kaplan, for example) have identified the "essence" of Judaism with universal moral and religious principles shared by all higher religions, but though they take great pains to connect this "universal" essence with the "particular" existence of the Jewish people, their efforts always end in failure.

Just as the human remains singled out even in the most "advanced" Jewish experience, so God transcends, even in the most "primitive" Jewish experience, the here-and-now in which such acts of singling-out occur. The significance of the commandment addressed to Abraham is realized only in future generations. The covenant between God and Israel has from the outset a scope which transcends Israel; in time it will encompass the whole of the human race.

"Universalism" and "particularism," then, are not only both present throughout Jewish religious experience; they are also internally united, and their union is manifest in *history*. History is not history unless each of the events that makes it up is unique; and it remains fragmented into many histories unless these unique events nevertheless constitute one "universal" whole. In Judaism, the events of history become one through the *direction* it assumes as a result of Divine incursions into it. The Jewish God is from the start a God of history; eventually He will become the Lord of *all* history.

A crucial dimension of meaning in Judaism is therefore historical. The Hebrew prophets do not only proclaim a universally applicable Divine Will; it is their inescapable agony to be men of their own day. Jeremiah demands passive submission to the enemy, well aware that armed resistance has been the Divine Will at other times. And when he is confronted by another would-be prophet offering the opposite counsel, he suffers—and the people suffer—because no resort to general principles can settle the issue between them. This issue may indeed be settled by the future. But by then it will be too late for an action which is needed now: so radically singled-out and singling-out can a prophetic message be, so wholly historical can a commandment be. And yet, though a man of his time, the prophet is not for his time alone. His moment is an epoch-making moment significant for all of history.

In addition to becoming historical in this way, the Divine commandment also establishes the historical meaning of human action. A Providence which in pursuit of its historical purpose reduced man to a will-less automaton would not be a Providence which governed history, but

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rather a blind Fate which destroyed it. The prophets do not predict an inescapable future. Their predictions—such as they are—are contingent upon human action. Human action, therefore, assumes a decisive historical meaning; and this action is no less epoch-making than the prophetic message which demands it. For it leaves an indelible mark on all future history.

This would, however, be impossible if history were composed of human action only, albeit responding to Divine command. Human action is finite: how can it give direction to history, or leave indelible marks upon it? The answer is that it can do so only if it is not left to itself, only if it works in persistent mutuality with a Divine action which responds to it. Thus, in Judaism, the relation of mutuality between the Divine and the human becomes manifest in history. Such early Jewish documents as the Book of Judges can see an exact correlation between Israel's obedience and national victories, and between Israel's defiance and national defeats: the victories are given by God and the defeats are sent by Him. And naïve though this view may seem, *some* degree of belief in such a correlation remains an element of all subsequent forms of the Jewish faith. For a history dependent for meaning on human action alone would lead to despair, while Divine incursions into history that were devoid of all reference to human action would deprive human action of meaning.

Later stages of Jewish faith, however, modify the naïve view of history reflected in the Book of Judges in three main respects. We have already noted how in Judaism Divine action, mutually related to the human and contingent upon it, is gradually seen to have a unilateral aspect as well. Such unilateral Divine action comes to be part of the Jewish understanding of history, and traces of it are already present in the Book of Judges itself: behind the Divine punishment which is a reaction to man's sinfulness is a Love which seeks to produce repentance. This Love, to be sure, was not conceived as wholly unilateral so long as it was considered possible that sufficiently grave sins on Israel's part might cause God to abandon or destroy His covenant with her. But at least from Jeremiah on, Jewish faith rules this possibility out.

In rabbinic literature, the inextricable connection between Divine-human mutuality and Divine unilateralness becomes the object of explicit theological reflection. God is Judge, and God is Father; and unless He were both the world could not exist. God is Judge: love without judgment would destroy the distinction between the righteous and the wicked, and hence all human responsibility. God is Father: judgment without love would place on human responsibility a greater burden than it could bear.

The Book of Judges harmonizes with ease a Divine power encompassing all history with a human freedom to rebel against it. For its interest is confined to Israel, and it sees Divine power as responding to Israel's deeds. But later Biblical writings reflect the awareness that a Providence limited by human deeds would lose its providential character. Biblical thought is not philosophical thought, and therefore it does not confront the problem posed by the conflict between Divine omnipotence and human freedom. Neither, however, does it fall into the dilemma of having to choose between the two. Nebukhadnezzar is the instrument of a Divine Providence which uses him to punish Israel. Yet he remains a free and responsible agent, and hence is punished for his sins.

The rabbis of the Talmud recognize the paradox involved here, but being no more philosophical than the Bible itself, they agree with the Bible in rejecting the dilemma. Human action limits Divine power, which is why men "strengthen" it when they obey the Divine will and "weaken" it when they disobey. But human action limits Divine power only "as it were": finite man cannot literally either weaken or strengthen the Infinite God. And yet human thought must remain content with such paradoxical symbolic statements. It cannot rise to a literal truth which is free of paradox; it can only hold to the double truth that "everything is foreseen, yet freedom of choice is given."

The implication is that history is wholly in Divine hands even while man has a share in making it; that, whereas righteousness makes man a partner in the realization of the Divine plan, sin, for all its reality and power, is unable to disrupt or destroy it.

There is still a third respect in which the fully developed Jewish understanding of history departs from the naïve view of the Book of Judges. In opposition to this view, Jeremiah complains that the way of the wicked prospers, and the Book of Job is wholly devoted to refuting the belief—persisting elsewhere, and in secular form even in modern times—that prosperity and good fortune are a proof of virtue, adversity and disaster a proof of vice. Such complaints might have been belittled either by the admonition to worry about virtue only and not its reward, or by the restriction of meaning in history to a spiritual dimension, exclusive of all worldly fortune, good or ill. But while Jewish thought does occasionally give voice to such an admonition, it rejects any suggestion that history is not, after all, in Divine hands; and as for the restriction of significant history to the domain of pure spirit, Judaism always and wholly repudiates it. The complaint of Jeremiah and Job, then, cannot be evaded; and here, the Jewish quest for meaning in history runs into certain limitations.

We have already come upon the outlines of two such limitations. First, if Divine omnipo-

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tence co-exists with human freedom; if Divine power is manifest in what yet remains the criminal act of a Nebukhadnezzar (or, for that matter, the righteous act of an Abraham or Moses): then meaning in history, even if and when disclosed, is disclosed only within the confines of finite understanding. And this falls radically short of the understanding of God. Secondly, meaning is not everywhere disclosed in history. Nebukhadnezzar is seen as serving a Divine purpose; but not every tyrant is a Nebukhadnezzar. And while a prophet proclaims the will of God to one generation, most generations are lacking in prophets.

In such times, however, men are not left alone with their own wisdom when engaged in historical action; nor are they forced to deny meaning to history where none is disclosed. For even when God is far, His commandment is still near; it is not merely on his own counsel that man falls back in fathoming the task of the present hour. And the events of the present, although *disclosing* no meaning, nevertheless *possess* meaning. For history remains in God's hands even when all is dark.

THIS DISTINCTION between meaning and disclosed meaning in history is crucial in Judaism and has been among the most vital factors in its survival. Without it the Jews might have identified meaning in history with what history discloses, and celebrated naked success: but how could they have done so and yet resisted Babylonians and Romans in the name of their faith? Or they might have abandoned history as a sphere of religious meaning: but how could they have done so and yet carried forward a religious existence inextricably bound up with history? Finally, they might have distinguished between a sacred history in the keeping of God and a secular history outside the Divine concern: but how could they have done so and remained true to fundamental Jewish realities? The pristine Divine-human meeting in Judaism accepts man in his totality; and the Divine commandment specifies itself socially, politically, and economically, as well as individually and spiritually. A meaning at once manifest in history and yet indifferent to poverty, war, and tyranny is unthinkable to the Jewish mind.

But the Jewish search for meaning in history is bounded by yet a third limitation, and this only gradually emerges. Not only is the *disclosure* of meaning in history fragmentary; the meaning *itself* is fragmentary. Past and present point not only to a finite future but to one which is absolute and all-consummating as well. Not until an eschatological dimension, a messianic belief, comes into view is the Jewish understanding of meaning in history complete.

A Jeremiah sure of history, and ignorant only of a portion of its contents, would not contend with God but merely seek Divine enlightenment; a Job sure of history would begin where in fact he ends: with the incommensurability of the Divine dispensation with all things human. Both Jeremiah and Job, however, are forced to contend with God by the very nature of the primordial Jewish experience. Divine Love has singled out man so as to make him humanly responsible; is it not bound, then, to the consequences of its own action—to a Divine Justice not *wholly* incommensurate with responsible human action? Jews were thus forced to go beyond acceptance of an undisclosed meaning in history. They had to question meaning in history itself, in the light of historical realities. This questioning, to be sure, did not result in wholesale skepticism, or a despair of meaning in history. But it did result in the belief that meaning has remained incomplete in past history, and must remain so in any future that does not differ qualitatively from the past.

The question to be asked of Judaism, then, is not so much why the Messianic belief appeared on the scene as why it appeared so late. Is the prosperity of the wicked or the suffering of the righteous so rare a phenomenon, or one so difficult to perceive?

A partial answer may be that for early Biblical man the meaning of life, when that meaning remains incomplete, can find completion in the lives of others. If Abraham dies satisfied, it is because of a Divine promise extending to his descendants. If the Book of Judges perceives complete justice in history, it is at least to some extent because justice is due to the people only, not to the individual members of it. Early Biblical man takes no offense at a God who punishes the children for the sins of the fathers: and here lies one reason why for him a finite future can consummate the meaning of past and present.

But the God of Jeremiah and especially of Ezekiel will not tolerate the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children: for the God of Israel is God of each person as well. Once this becomes the explicit Jewish faith—after long being implicit—the contention of Jeremiah and Job becomes inescapable. Individuals *do* suffer unjustly, and their suffering cannot acquire meaning through historical events after they have died. Meaning in history, then, is fragmentary; and a merely historical future, no different in nature from the past, cannot complete it. Thus an eschatological future comes into view.

IV

WE HAVE ALREADY rejected the disjunction of "universalism" and "particularism" as alien to the dynamic and structure of the Jewish faith. We must now do the same with the disjunction of "collectivism"

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and "individualism." Jewish faith ends by repudiating any reduction of the individual to his communal or historical role, but this repudiation is implicit from the beginning. For the acceptance of man in the pristine Divine-human meeting would be incomplete if it did not encompass the individual in his own right as well as the community. There is Jewish authenticity in the rabbinic legend which makes the Sinaitic revelation address each individual Israelite.

Aspects of such "individualism" are present even where the emphasis is "collectivistic." In binding the community, the Mosaic code nevertheless recognizes the individual within the community, which is why its scope can also extend beyond the community, to strangers and slaves. This motif becomes still more radical in post-Biblical thought. In the view of the rabbis, the Divine spirit rests on all individuals according to their actions, whether they be Gentiles or Israelites, men or women, slaves or handmaidens; and the righteous among the Gentiles are priests of God.

The consequence of such "individualism" is that historical change can hold no total sway over the commandments. Orthodox belief, of course, considers the Mosaic Law to be exempt from historical change in any case, but all Jewish belief takes this view concerning those laws which state what is morally due to individuals: the wrongness of theft or murder does not depend on historical circumstances. The distinction between the historical and trans-historical commandments becomes fully explicit—and inescapable even for Orthodox belief—in the prophets. Jeremiah proclaims submission to the enemy as the task of the hour when armed resistance has been the task of another hour. But it is unimaginable that he should adopt a similar position regarding what is owed to widows and orphans.

"Individualism" is as much present in Divine promise and its fulfillment as it is in the commandment. It is the individual who in the Psalms comes upon Divine salvation—both that which rewards human faithfulness and that which is the sheer gift of a gratuitous Love. Nor does this reflect an "individualistic" piety unrelated to, let alone at odds with, the "collectivistic." Not a few Psalms were written in and for public worship, and they retain an essential place in public Jewish worship today. Indeed, the Jewish liturgy is so structured as to unite its communal and individual aspects into an organic whole. The God addressed as God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob by the whole community is also addressed as *his* God by each individual member. And the Jewish calendar which includes Passover, celebrating the origin of the community of Israel, also includes the Day of Atonement, on which the individual stands before God in radical solitariness—in the midst of the congregation.

But just as history comes at length to point to an eschatological dimension, so does the life of the individual. Early Biblical man may immediately rejoice in a commandment wholly fulfilled or in a salvation suddenly made manifest. In due course Jewish faith comes to accept that the saving moment does not vanquish evil permanently, nor absolutely even while the moment lasts; and that no man is free of sin. To be sure, there is forgiveness wherever there is repentance, and a man ought to repent a day before his death. Yet repentance itself remains fragmentary, and even the most righteous of men—such as Abraham and Moses—do not die sinless. The Pharisaic insistence on life after death is in the Jewish spirit; and there is poetic if not literal truth in the rabbinic view that this belief is present in the Bible itself.

V

SINCE PROPHETIC TIMES Jewish faith has looked to a Messianic future. The goals of this future are no longer limited—to a united people, a promised land, a central Sanctuary. They are, rather, all-encompassing: all nations flow to Jerusalem; the Kingdom of God is forever established; and it extends over the whole earth.

This is a hope for history. And it arises from a decisive historical experience: the land was given as promised to Abraham, and the central Sanctuary established, but the covenant still has at best only a precarious existence. Time and again Israel has returned to God only to forsake Him once more. And in the end the wearisome cycle is broken by catastrophe and exile.

It was doubtless the original Jewish belief that the Divine commandment is capable of total human performance, and that the Jewish commitment to the covenant, once made, might have been kept with total fidelity. Under the impact of historical experience, however, the prophets were led to qualify this belief, and Judaism acquired a new dimension through the qualification.

Israel has broken the covenant; so long as she can, she will always break it *sometimes*. Man will always sin so long as he is able: for sin, though not original, is nevertheless universal. The covenant, then, remains threatened, and from without as well as from within. For the nations not only tempt Israel to idolatry but also endanger her very survival. History, in short, seems to have lost the direction it once had; and it cannot re-acquire direction from a future which does not differ qualitatively from present and past.

In the teeth of these perceptions, the prophets nevertheless reaffirm the ancient faith in the direction of history. Revelation has initiated meaning in history: it points to a Redemption which will complete that meaning. The revealed commandment demands human performance; a Messianic Redemption will place the command-

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ment in man's inward parts. Man has been able to obey the Divine Will ever since the Divine commandment accepted him in his humanity; in the Messianic future he will be neither willing nor able to disobey it. For all Nature will have been cured of its anti-Divine potential: the wolf will lie down with the lamb. And since Redemption will extend to all nations, all history will be embraced in total consummation: the Kingdom of God on earth will be complete.

For such a future, incommensurate as it is with human historical action, men must wait, radically uncertain of the time of its arrival. Throughout Jewish history, there seemed to be moments of human righteousness ripe for Redemption in the sight of Divine Justice, and long periods of human suffering ripe for it in the sight of Divine Compassion. But even popular legend came to picture the Messiah as bound in fetters—anxious to come and yet held back by a God who alone knows the secret of the right time. And the rabbis prohibited all attempts to calculate the end.

And yet men must work for the Messianic end even as they wait for it. A Messianic future simply incommensurate with all historical human action would retroactively destroy the historical meaning which it was intended to consummate; yet if Jewish faith has come to expect this future at all, it is precisely because meaning, however fragmentary, is nevertheless actual in pre-Messianic history. Hence men must, here and now, "prepare the world for the Kingdom of God"; and it is to this goal that Jewish obedience to the commandments is in due course directed. And so aware does Jewish faith become of the weight of its Messianic obligation as to imagine that a single day of wholehearted obedience would cause the Messiah's immediate arrival.

But the incommensurability of human action with its Messianic goal remains. When, for one thing, is the individual or community capable of even a single day's total faithfulness? How, for another, would the righteousness of some cause all sinners (tyrannical rulers, for example) to repent? The Messianic future, then, is at once connected with human action in pre-Messianic history and yet incommensurate with it. The Messiah will arrive when the world has become good enough to make his coming possible; or evil enough to make it necessary. Men must act as though all depended on them; and wait and pray as though all depended on God.

Because the Messianic end is tied to present history, the prophetic expectation can even now imagine it; because it remains incommensurate with all pre-Messianic history, the prophetic imagination cannot make it literally intelligible. Thus, the Messianic peace is no unearthly mystery but one in which men beat their swords into plowshares. And the hunger stilled is not of the soul alone, but of the body as well. Yet such a peace and prosperity transcend all literal comprehension. What transfiguration will make the wolf lie down with the lamb—or men incapable of oppressing one another? Jewish thought moves between a "left-wing" view which sees the Messianic world as rid of tyrants but otherwise unchanged, and a "right-wing" view which sees an apocalyptic transfiguration. But the mainstream of Jewish thought flows between these extremes.

THE MESSIANIC future, while the earliest, is not the only eschatological expectation in Judaism. Beside and beyond it emerges the hope for a "world-to-come"—a hope which, although post-Biblical in origin, was always implicit in the Jewish belief that God gives meaning to individual lives wholly and in their own right. Whereas the Messianic future redeems an incomplete history, the world-to-come redeems the incomplete individual lives which exist in history.

Classical Jewish thought never achieves clarity as to the relation between these two expectations, but all attempts to assimilate one to the other are consistently rejected. Despite the absence of the belief in life after death from the Hebrew Bible, Orthodox post-Biblical theology quite deliberately embraces it. For the Divine commandment has accepted the individual and therefore any Redemption would remain incomplete—as the Messianic end by itself does—if it did not give completion to the individual. But no more can the Messianic goal of a redeemed future be identified with an Eternity beyond all time. A primordial Divine commanding Love has endowed history with meaning, in that it calls for meaningful human action. The great Divine-human drama of history thus initiated cannot be retroactively destroyed by an end which makes this world merely a place in which to prepare for another, and in itself meaningless. Redemption must consummate both the history in which men work and wait, and the lives of the individuals who work and wait in it.

The two aspects of the eschatological expectation, then, must remain mutually irreducible, even despite the conscious recognition that Eternity must surely supersede all future history. This can be so because the world-to-come remains radically unintelligible. The rabbinic sources confine themselves to saying that it will redeem the whole man whom the Divine commandment has accepted from the beginning—not an immortal soul only, but a resurrected psychosomatic totality. They are well aware that this is past all understanding, and they view silence on the subject as a necessity imposed by the silence of the Bible itself. "Rabbi Yohanan said: 'Every prophet prophesied only for the days of the Messiah; but as for the world-to-come, no eye has seen what God has prepared for those who wait for Him.' "

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DEZSÖ KOSZTOLÁNYI

BARKOKHBA

A Story

PEOPLE OFTEN REPROACH me—Kornel Esti was speaking—for taking all my stories from the time of my youth, a period which could with some justification be termed prehistoric. Well, that is natural; I look where I am most likely to find. We are all really alive for no more than about the first twenty years or so of our lives, and it is during those years that treasures are deposited in our souls—buried so deep sometimes that we can scarcely manage to dig them up again throughout the rest of our lives. For me, life will always be my childhood and that part of my youth that I spent studying in the country or strolling along the magnificent boulevards of Budapest, still resplendent with the stormy light of peace.

After a certain age our sensibilities and our receptivity seem to diminish, as anyone over thirty must have experienced for himself. Winter and Spring deteriorate into mere dates on the calendar, as we grow less and less aware of them. It is as though by a certain time an image were already completely formed within us and there is nothing the passing years can add to it. At this stage of my life, for example, I would find nothing startling in the sight, let us say, of an American skyscraper on fire. A fire to me is that flaming hut on the Hungarian plains that I once came upon, all unawares, as a child. So that if I had to describe how the burning skyscraper looked, I would have to steal the colors and the flames from that other—apparently so much less significant—experience. And what is true of events is true of people also. New people I have met over the years may be worthier than those I knew a long time ago, but it is only the old ones who have any real existence to me. They represent *people,* just as the old things represent *things*—the things that make up the world. Feeling as I do, I am often told that I do not live in the present—which is ridiculous. I live, and I will die in the present, just like everybody else. Yet what is one to do against that eternal law of the soul which insists that at a certain point in life a process is concluded for good? I do not turn away from the present—it is the present that turns away from me. No matter how long I stare at it, I cannot see anything but facts and strangers. One cannot compel experience, and persistence counts for nothing in this regard. For the light does not come from without, but from within.

For all that, I would not say that there are no surprises in store for me; occasionally something does happen or a face turns up which I can dwell on for a long time. Yet when that occurs, it always seems to me that if only I explored more deeply, I would discover that the face or the event is an echo of some memory from the past—though nowadays one is lucky to find even an echo.

Just think how lucky I was the other day, for instance. Something happened at the Café Sziriusz that is worth telling about. It happened almost yesterday in the most immediate of presents of a young friend of mine with the very common name of John James. Oh, I beg your pardon, you don't approve of his name? You think it's overdone? I'm sorry, but John James happens to be his real name. Life is improbable and so are names. (While I am at it, let me warn all you novelists and short-story writers—never give a name like John Smith to a perfectly ordinary character or a name like Titus Timoranszky to, let us say, a world famous pianist. The reader won't believe you, for he will sense in them the improbability of the probable. He might trust you more, in fact, if you switched the names around—he would recognize in that an example of the probability of the improbable. Keep this in mind.)

WELL, JOHN OR JOHNNY or James, whichever you prefer, was twenty-nine years old and a poet. He spent the long years of his short life waiting. He waited for the sun to come up in the morning and he waited for it to set in the evening—though why he waited, he could not have explained himself. There was nothing in particular he was hoping for—he expected nothing—he had no hope of hope. He spent a lot of time waiting for streetcars and buses. Often he would take a seat in one of

DEZSÖ KOSZTOLÁNYI (1885-1936) is considered one of the masters of modern Hungarian prose. He wrote poetry, novels, and short stories, some of which are available in French, German, and Italian translations. *The Bloody Poet,* a novel based on the life of Nero, was published in America in 1927; an earlier, German version appeared with an introduction by Thomas Mann. The present story was translated by Thomas Kabdebo.

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those glass-enclosed sheds at the streetcar stops and watch some ten or fifteen streetcars go by. Then, like someone who has accomplished what he set out to do, he would get up and leave, walking off toward some unknown destination. Finally he ran aground in the shallows of the Café Sziriusz, his friends' hangout; members of the postwar generation, they were paying reparations with their aimless lives for the orgy of blood that had been staged by a previous generation without their knowledge or consent. The bill, by a fatal error, had been handed over to them.

These young men were not disillusioned. Only those who have had illusions can lose them, and they were never given a chance for that sort of thing. While still in grade school they had learned from the newspapers they found lying about in the mud how people kill each other with rifle-butts and burn down hospitals full of patients. So there was nothing for them to be disillusioned about—they had never believed as we did that adults are wiser or more honest than children. They had learned their lesson in world history and the conclusions to be drawn from it straight from newspaper headlines, and they had learned it so well they never forgot it. So when they meet nowadays they just sit around. They do not complain, they do not make fun of anything, they do not rebel. For that sort of thing you must have prejudices of some sort, beliefs, strength. But they need only look at one another, exchange a nod, and they know everything.

It took a long time before I could understand them myself, for two generations have never been so remote from one another as are ours and theirs. When *we* reached the age of twenty, for example, our fathers worked out, pencil in hand, how much we would be likely to earn in one or another of the professions and how much of a pension we could look forward to when we retired; starting from these certainties we could, if we chose, deviate from the routine we were expected to follow. For them, however, the opposite was true. It was the orderly life that was an adventure, for everyone around them behaved so irregularly. If we had to magnify the small events of our era in order to keep alive, they, poor devils, had to minimize the events they had seen for much the same reason.

We did our best to ruin our health, for example, living constantly in the fever of sublime or sordid love affairs; they do not smoke, they exercise, they marry early. We wanted to die at least five or six times a day; they would prefer to live, if possible, but many obstacles stand in the way of this reasonable desire. Yet they have tried everything, one way or another—proudly, obstinately, humbly—and they cannot be accused of half-heartedness, or laziness. John is an example; he tried everything under the sun. He worked as well as studied, but after years had gone by and his manuscripts were still being rejected, he at last understood that he was not needed and he stood aside. Now he is to be found at the Sziriusz Café. It provides his social life, it is where he and his brilliant contemporaries gather daily—Hernád, the talented novelist who cannot get his novels published, Ullmann the talented critic who has no books to review, Baltazár, the talented editor who has no paper to edit, Bolváry, Céza Kerner, and the rest.

What do writers do when they are unemployed? Exactly what other unemployed workers do. Unemployed carpenters (in the first phase of their idleness, at least) glue everything together that has come apart and nail down everything that needs nailing down; they repair tables and chairs and perhaps take their own and their family's measurements for coffins, which they assemble in prudent anticipation. Unemployed magicians do conjuring tricks with their gloomy thoughts and try to juggle money out of nothing. Unemployed teachers—or so I imagine—bring their own children to heel and teach their dogs the alphabet. For a time, at least, each of them pursues his own particular profession. Thanks to their tenacity the writers remain as prolific as before, but the words, which might otherwise have been put to work serving great creations, move inside them instead. In the absence of a central controlling force, they swamp sentiments and thoughts; they rebel and demand their own rights. They begin to lead independent lives, like idle tools which have been lying about too long. It is as though bored hammers were suddenly to leap from their toolboxes and start hammering away at everything all over the place, or planes which had been undeservedly neglected were to run up and down in despair, leveling walls, carpets, mirrors, everything in reach without the hand of the master to guide them. Ghastly it all is, my friends.

I NOTICED this happening in John's case. He was writing less and less, and eventually reached a point where he wrote poems that consisted of nothing but titles and rhymes. He retained only the essentials, the primary impulse, so to speak, behind the form—the rest he cast aside. One of these expressive, though laconic, creations of his was about the Tokyo earthquake and described Titan holding up the globe as follows:

Atlas
degenerates
a(t) las(t)

Another poem was called *"Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner,"* and had been written to excuse, or justify, a friend of his who was a drug addict. It went like this:

Those who take cocaine
Do not live in the Land of Cockaigne
That's why they take it, ain't it?

These creations—which, I must admit, had a curious charm—nevertheless showed how far

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John's art had degenerated and grown distorted. They proved once again how talent can go astray for lack of space and opportunity.

And it was no different with the others at the Café Sziriusz. They allowed themselves and their talents to go to ruin. What else could they do? Well, they could play games.

They played games with words—that is to say, the words played games with them, so they played along. Or, since the work of a writer is a game in essence, they "worked" by playing with the wasted tools of their wasted profession. They played with vowels and with consonants, setting each other tasks like making up definitions which had to be entirely alliterative. "Give a definition of 'police force,'" someone would say, and someone would come up with "trained troops of tricky trouncers." And so on.

Or else they played a game called "framework sentences" of which the point was to weave the most difficult foreign names—Rabindranath Tagore, Count Oxenstierne Axel—into the rhythm of Hungarian sentences. Another game was to try to think of as many famous people as possible—poets, scholars, philosophers—whose names began with a particular initial. This game gave the players a chance to show off their broad culture. The unemployed writers could display how much they had read, the unemployed linguists could justify their most laborious researches, the unemployed mechanical engineers or child specialists could show how much information they had acquired at various universities. For it always happened the same way: after the game had been going on for about half an hour and all the players seemed to have dried up, one member of the group would suddenly tap his head and come up with something at the last minute: an obscure Polish biologist, let us say, whose name began with "W." He would then be declared the winner, and be awarded the prize as well as the respect and admiration of the rest of the company. Most often, however, they played with the words themselves, heating those mysterious atoms in their retorts like the alchemists of the Middle Ages. Triumphantly they would discover that "Able was I ere I saw Elba" reads the same backward and forward, yet "Roma" acquires a new meaning when read backward. The most brilliant of them could even compose poems and stories which made as much sense read either way.

Another game they played was the children's game of *Barkokhba** which they perfected to the highest possible degree. They had reached a level of skill at this game where, guided by nothing more than the yesses and no's of the person being questioned, they could guess such things as "the cylinder of Stephenson's first locomotive" or "the Oedipus complex of Oedipus himself."

Thus, poor devils, they clattered and rattled about without purpose or substance like mills without grist grinding away at the air.

*A variation of "Twenty Questions."

To cut a long story short, the other day, at about seven in the evening, I am sitting among them at one of the long marble tables at the Café Sziriusz when John comes in. Without greeting anyone, he sits down at the table and rests his head in his hands. Something is wrong. He looks pale, but that is nothing unusual—he is almost always the color of a piece of dry timber, because he never eats anything. It is something else. He seems vexed and the others immediately notice that something out of the ordinary has apparently happened to him. They press him to find what it is.

He replies to their questions with a shrug. What was the trouble? It is trouble to be born and to have to go on living; it is trouble to be healthy and to have to eat; it is trouble to be ill and not to be able to eat. One way or another there is a lot of trouble in this world. So, why bother being troubled?

"In that case, what's bothering you? Out with it. What's happened?"

John fidgets with his hair, which is wavy and sticks out in all directions. He is sure of himself, a bit of a vagabond, slight of build, yet very masculine. He does not look like a poet—which is one of the proofs that he is a real one.

"Have you lost your job? Are you bankrupt?"

These witticisms have no effect here, for neither the wits themselves nor their victims laugh at them.

Lalojka, the waiter, rushes over to our table. He bends over John familiarly, yet with deference.

"The usual extra large serving?"

John nods. Lalojka returns with two glasses of water on a tray and places them in front of him. John gulps down both glasses of water, one after the other. He seems very thirsty.

Baltazár, Ullmann, Kellner renew their questioning.

"Why won't you talk, you monkey? What's happened?"

John does not speak because he does not seem to find it worth the effort.

"Guess," he hurls at them suddenly. "See if you can guess."

"Did it happen today?"

"Yes."

"This morning?"

"No."

"This afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any idea yesterday that it was going to happen?"

"No."

His replies are casual and indifferent. He could not seem to care less about whether they find the answer or not.

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A fat young man wearing a dark suit is seated at the far end of the table. He has covered both ears with his palms and is gazing down at the crossword puzzle of the London *Daily Mail*. It is his custom, every single day, to solve the crossword puzzles in both the Hungarian newspapers and several that come from abroad. Eight years ago he qualified as a teacher of Greek and Latin but he has been unemployed ever since. Out of boredom, he has learned Turkish, Arabic, and Sanskrit. His name is Dr. Scholz, but his friends at one time called him Socrates in deference to his sharp wit and his skills as a debater. Later on, when he was pursuing his luck at the race track and would bet a shilling across-the-board on every horse in the race, they changed his name to Aristotalizer. Lately, however, since he cares very little about his appearance and seldom bothers to change his shirt, he is called—both behind his back and to his face—Sloppy Joe, a nickname he accepts with the understanding and condescension of the sage. With lightning speed he inserts the correct English word into the appropriate square—the Australian river, the animal that lives in India, the American statesman; then with the air of one who has fulfilled a daily obligation, he sighs with satisfaction. Yawning, he takes off his dirty glasses, and rubs them once with his dirty handkerchief which makes the glasses even dirtier without making the handkerchief any cleaner. Raising his sleepy eyes, he listens for a while as the others continue to badger John with their questions. He is under the impression that they are playing *Barkokhba,* but he is mistaken—so far at least. They are not playing *Barkokhba,* or at least they are not doing so consciously. But gradually, their prying questions and John's clipped replies fall into a familiar rhythm and a shift takes place from the level of reality to the level of play, as an airplane shifts from the ground into the air at the moment of takeoff.

Dr. Scholz smiles at the amateurs, for he is the real master at the game of *Barkokhba*. He knows the problem that is to be solved: to locate the cause of John's sadness. Out of pure compassion he takes control of the game. He fires questions with scientific precision and John answers with total indifference.

"Is it an object?"

"Yes."

"Is it only one object?"

"No."

"Is it an object possessing abstract properties?"

"No."

Dr. Scholz purses his lips, for he feels that if the object in question is not abstract the problem is unworthy of him. Nevertheless he proceeds.

"Is there a person in addition to the object?"

"Yes."

"Is it a fictitious person?"

"No."

"Is this person living?"

"I cannot answer that."

"Is this person dead?"

"I cannot answer that either."

Dr. Scholz pauses for a moment. "What—neither alive nor dead? Is this person perhaps both dead and alive?"

"No."

"Ah, I understand," says Dr. Scholz. "At this moment you do not know whether the person in question is alive or not."

He still feels, however, that a link is missing and recalls the more difficult and splendid games of his career—how last year at carnival time he guessed first the entity "color blindness" and after that "the hole a nail drives into the wall." He remembers how he finally guessed the "grandmother of the Lady of Shalott" (a non-existent relative, in other words, of a fictitious personage who was not even worthy of the poet's attention) and how he once divined the hypothetical psychiatrist who could have, or perhaps did, diagnose the madness of the Mad Hatter.

He digs into his pocket for the only object of value he possesses: a flat silver box in which he keeps lime-flavored gumdrops. He offers them around as always, and, as always, every member of the company refuses. He helps himself, chewing on the green lozenges with his black teeth.

"Come on," he mutters, urging himself on. "So this person is as human as the next man? A man or woman between twenty and thirty?" He pauses.

"Is it your wife?"

"Yes."

"Marika," Scholz says looking down. Then he adjusts his glasses and looks straight at John.

"The object in question, was it flung at your head? Was there a quarrel?"

"No," replies John firmly, and his tone at once silences the rising laughter.

"No," Scholz repeats. He feels he is losing the thread.

"Well, all right. But this object bears some relation to your present state of mind, is that not correct?"

"Yes."

"Is this object large? Is it as large as my head? Is it as small as my fist?" He extends his dirty hand, the fingers clenched.

"Have you got it with you? Has your wife got it? Is it on her, perhaps? On her head? Ears? Hands? Is it beside her on the ground?"

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no."

A few minutes go by as Dr. Scholz narrows his search for the object. He has at last discovered where the object in question is to be found at the present time.

"This object, then, is in her stomach now, or once was. . . . Is it food of some kind? No?" Dr. Scholz lowers his raised eyebrows.

"Is it organic?"

"No."

"Inorganic?"

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"Yes."

He mutters to himself: "An inorganic industrial product, a medicine, but neither you nor I have ever taken it." He pauses for an instant.

"Ah, poison," he says quickly.

"Yes." John answers. The company has listened rapt all this time, dividing their attention between John and Scholz.

"Poison," repeats Scholz. "Yes, poison."

Somebody interjects: "You lost your poise on that one."

"Quiet!" the interrogator shouts. "Don't disturb me. Since it is inorganic, is it a sublimate?"

"Yes."

"Corrosive sublimate," says a voice. "Mercuric chloride."

"That is of no importance," Scholz snaps, and he rushes ahead to his goal, now within reach.

MY FRIENDS, I shall not continue. Suffice it to say that I have seen a lot in my time but nothing like that. Scholz, after a few more minutes of verbal sparring and combat at close range, had extracted from John the information that his wife Marika, dear little Marika, had swallowed mercuric chloride, in an attempt to kill herself a few hours before. An ambulance had brought her to the hospital where she now was.

I swear that the cold sweat broke out on my forehead. An outsider would have thought the whole thing was a bluff, some kind of practical joke, but I thought nothing of the sort, for I know these young men living in 1933. They don't "pretend" as we did, they deceive neither themselves nor others. We were romantics, they are realists. John stated the facts objectively and according to the strictest rules of the game of *Barkokhba* and they accepted them with equal detachment.

It had never occurred either to him or to any of them to raise any questions. They were not even greatly astonished, for, as I said before, they are not capable of great astonishment.

God knows why John permitted himself to take part in an exercise in such dubious taste. There were reasons, I suppose. Perhaps he was tired and upset, and in any case he did no one any harm by playing the game. Marika, in the meantime, was receiving expert treatment at the hospital—she had been given an emetic, then made to drink hot milk, and the poison had been flushed from her body. John had only been in the way at the hospital and they were probably glad to get rid of him for an hour. He could not have been of any help to Marika at the time, so he must have been looking for distraction. He had to kill time somehow before he would be allowed in to see her again.

I don't judge him too harshly. He was in love with his wife and still is. When they were first married I remember how he carried four little cakes around in his pocket and boasted to everyone that Marika had baked them. You may think perhaps that this only proves that the cakes were inedible; but in that case wouldn't he have thrown them away instead of keeping them for a month like relics? Well, as I said before, he loves his wife.

After the game was over, John drank two more glasses of water and rushed back to the hospital. He did not return until much later that night, bringing back word that Marika was out of danger and that the doctors believed she would recover without ill effects.

At the Sziriusz, the Russian musicians (you know them—they are the ones who stayed behind after the armistice) set up their usual racket. Once, long ago, wearing their national costume, they had played only Russian melodies, but gradually with the passing of time, their tunics grew threadbare and they forgot their own songs. Now they play Hungarian tunes almost exclusively, but they play them in accordance with the Slavic temperament: drowsily, drawn out, and often out of tune. So we fled.

I accompanied John home to the Boulevard Hungaria, where he rents a room. He sat down on the narrow divan, which at other times serves as his and Marika's bed. Tonight, he remarked, he would be sleeping alone. He was regretful but matter-of-fact. He got up and threw a thin eiderdown and a checkered cushion onto the divan. Then he began to pace up and down, his hands behind his back, not saying a word. He stopped in front of the window and looked out at the boulevard. He seemed to be waiting for something. I have mentioned before that this boy was always waiting for something.

The night was dark and cloudy. No doubt he was waiting for the dawn.

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Two Cheers for Hedonism

MILTON HIMMELFARB

FOUR MEN made the revolution that has transformed the world in the past century: Darwin, Marx, Freud, and Einstein. Two of them, Freud and Einstein, were Jews. (Some friends and many enemies have called Marx a Jew, too, but since he himself made it quite clear that he disagreed, we do not need another Brother Daniel case for a negative ruling.) How could the Jews, a tiny minority, account for half of the most significant names in the intellectual history of modernity? For it is not mere chance, as one might suspect when dealing with a small number like four. The Nobel Prize winners are of the second rank in the universe of those four, but they are in the same universe; and while Jews have not been half of all Nobel Prize winners, yet their share has been strikingly disproportionate.

On the whole, the most persuasive explanation was offered by Thorstein Veblen, in an essay in 1919 on the "Intellectual Pre-eminence of Jews in Modern Europe": the modern Jewish intellectual was alienated—bilaterally, so to speak. Enlightenment had made the Jewish tradition impossible for him, and the Jewish community too confining; but Gentile society was in no hurry to receive him, and with his unillusioned eyes he saw through its conventions more readily than the Gentile intellectual, who had grown up in them.

It is not a bad theory, but I think it needs to be heated up a few degrees from the low temperature where, as often, Veblen cooled it. His Jewish intellectual wore the mask of a skeptical, objective watcher, but the mask concealed a passionate seer. An exile as much by election as by compulsion, we are told, the Jewish intellectual liked his endless journey; but I agree with those who think that he had had a revelation of journey's end just beyond the horizon, in an edenic recompense for the years of exclusion and a final abolition of all alienation and division, between men and within men. In short, the Jewish intellectual, as a pure type, was a more ardent believer than his grandfather in the imminent coming of the Messiah. The grandfather had believed so long, had said so often in his prayers, "And though he tarry, yet will I await him," that the waiting had slowly grown less expectant. (He had also inherited institutional defenses against being gulled by impostors.) So while the grandfather trusted in Messiah son of David to redeem him and creation, the grandson trusted even more hotly in Enlightenment, or Science, or History, or Revolution.

FOR Lewis S. Feuer, who has a chapter on the "Scientific Revolution Among the Jews" in his *Scientific Intellectual: The Psychological and Sociological Origins of Modern Science,** Veblen's answer of alienation to the question about intellectual pre-eminence is wrong—though Veblen is a side issue for him, together with the Jews. Formally his book is a polemic against two accounts of the rise of modern science: the first, originating with Max Weber, which links science, like capitalism, to ascetic Protestantism; and the second, as put forth in Arthur Koestler's *Sleepwalkers,* which roots the thinking of the founders of modern science in ancient, non-scientific systems, like those of Plato or the Pythagoreans, and in non-rational influences of a Freudian character.

Feuer will have none of this. As he sees it, science —together with all other good things—is the fruit of a hedonist-libertarian spirit, and the great enemy of science is the spirit at the opposite pole, masochist asceticism. Medieval Christianity, with its cult of the Virgin and its horror of the body and sexuality, was death to science, as to all clear thinking and healthy feeling. Since Calvinism was only slightly less masochistic-ascetic, it should not be allowed to take the credit for begetting or nurturing science. An instrumental or utilitarian asceticism, on the other hand, could be a rational preparation for libertarian hedonism: for example (it is Feuer's example), the American pioneers' decision to undergo present hardship in the hope of future ease and prosperity.

His strategy here is a little complicated. He has to narrow the distance between hedonism and asceticism, if only because his scientists were not so hedonistic as all that: Freud's motto, for instance, was *travailler comme une bête,* "work like a horse." Enter abstinence, to connect moderate hedonism and instrumental asceticism. But abstinence, to anyone so learned in social science as Professor Feuer, ought to suggest Manchester, not the Northwest Territory. The abstinence of the capitalist, his willingness to abstain from the pleasure of consuming all his income this year in exchange for the deferred pleasure of a dividend or interest

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next year, is his great moral justification in classical economics. Feuer would not want to say that. Besides, once you start talking about capitalism, Max Weber is back, and the battle of the Protestant ethic—which is by now a weariness of the flesh, anyway—has to be fought all over again. So while Feuer has to bring in abstinence, he wants it to remind us of log cabins, not of dark, satanic mills.

There remains the problem of Confucian China, hedonistic and unscientific. This he solves by calling China's hedonism authoritarian and placing it below instrumental asceticism.

FORMALLY, intellectually, that is what the book is about, but emotionally—and there is a powerful emotion at work in it—it reads like a rallying cry to the defense of something precious and fragile about to be crushed by brutish enemies. The emotion seems excessive. Can Professor Feuer believe that science is in danger? He says that the superiority of French to English scientists in prestige and pay during Napoleon's years was cause and proof of science's vigor in France and decline in England. By those standards, science and scientists have never had it so good; and we have been told repeatedly that 90 per cent of all the scientists who ever lived are living and working today.

Or has Feuer noted a contraction of the hedonistic libertarian spirit and a boom in masochistic asceticism? There is a lot more hedonistic libertarianism around than there ever was. In Professor Feuer's own university, students have demanded contraceptives on sale at the bookstore and legal marijuana. How hedonistic-libertarian can you get?

Feuer's anxiety for science is not so much that it is being crushed as that it is being betrayed. Science classically was an enterprise that rejoiced, enlarged, and liberated the men who engaged in it, but it has become bureaucratized, and those who do science are increasingly technicians by outlook rather than whole, free men. Science was supposed to bring us healing and ease, and now threatens us with death and destruction—with the consent of most scientists and by the actual will of some. The philosophy of classical modern science was life-affirming and optimistic, but science and its practitioners today tend to be pessimistic. Something, Feuer is saying, has gone dreadfully wrong. His book is a call to science and scientists to return to the old, true ways of the New Philosophy.

WE CAN AGREE with Feuer that something has gone dreadfully wrong without agreeing about causes or cure. The New Philosophy may have been everything Feuer says it was, but science has to be *wertfrei* (Weber), devoid of all values that are not generated from within science itself, however much those values may have fostered its birth and growth. I am not sure I fully believe that, but I am sure that Feuer must, with his firmly anti-religious, anti-traditional, and anti-transcendental position. What does it mean, for instance, to say that science should be optimistic and life-affirming? Feuer himself has been a significant critic of the policy that commands Soviet social science—though he doubts that such a thing exists—literature, and philosophy to celebrate "the singing tomorrows" (if we may transpose French Communist cant to Russia). Huygens wrote Descartes about someone who expected science to put an end to "this vexatious custom of dying," and Feuer cites the hope to show the glad confidence of that dawn when it was bliss to be alive. But what has that to do with science, as opposed to the messianism of which it is a perfect expression? (Behind all prophecies of the death of death stands Isaiah: "He will swallow up death for ever;/And the Lord GOD will wipe away tears from off all faces. . . .")

André Malraux it was, if I am not mistaken, who said that he stopped being a socialist when it suddenly occurred to him that socialism would not end auto accidents or unrequited love. Evidently he had become one in the first place because he assumed it would. The canonical writings may not have promised that in so many words, but they *are* resolutely optimistic about the life of man on earth. When Marx (or Engels?) was asked how he could reconcile his vision of an endless glorious future for mankind with the conclusion of science—scientific, not messianic science—that the sun would inevitably burn out and our solar system die, he evasively answered that it was too far in the future for us to worry. Are we to reproach science for its unoptimistic finding that the sun is not immortal, let alone human beings? Is science unfaithful to itself when, faithful to its own method, it reaches unoptimistic conclusions? That is what Feuer almost seems to imply—while making an exception for Freud, whom he honors.

Science is being bureaucratized—Weber would not have been surprised—and has become the handmaiden of war. With science so big, how can it escape bureaucratization? Feuer certainly does not want science small, since for him its wide diffusion is an index of a society's intellectual, moral, and emotional vigor. As for war, just as Randolph Bourne said that war is the health of the state (and condemned the state), so there is a body of scholarship to show that war has been the health of science. Feuer is pleased about the contributions of French scientists to Napoleon's war effort. In principle, what difference is there between the scientists Feuer likes, who worked on cannon and gunpowder for Napoleon, and the scientists he dislikes, who worked on the Bomb?

IT CANNOT be the betrayal of science and scientists that makes Feuer so uneasy, because he must know that there has been no more of it than always. (About the earlier scientists he is indulgent, even when they stole from each other: hedonistic-libertarian boys will be boys.) I think that what makes him uneasy is something he finds it harder to admit

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than the supposed delinquency of contemporary science. What makes him uneasy is the crisis of hedonistic libertarianism itself. Hedonistic libertarianism is not being overwhelmed from without, it just does not seem to be working out very well.

Ours is a sensate culture, Pitirim Sorokin said. We are fun worshippers, as everyone knows, avid for novelty, impatient with tradition. Put them all together, they spell hedonistic-libertarian. And if the culture in general is h.-l. in a mindless sort of way, the intellectual community and the academy are almost universally h.-l. in full consciousness, by choice and philosophy—one might say by ideology. Now it happens that there is a new, copious regional literature, the novel about the intellectuals and the academy. Does this literature show us the larger, freer, more autonomous, more joyful men and women of the h.-l. promise? Hardly. For the characters in this literature—and, one must assume, for the people in the world from which it is drawn—hedonistic libertarianism may be a philosophy, but more than that it is a condition they cannot help. It is their absurd, their given. Feuer tells us that acedia, a pronounced listlessness, was the prevailing emotional illness of the Christian Middle Ages, bred by their masochistic asceticism. If that is so, why all the acedia —not under that name, of course—in the literature about the h.-l. crowd?

Revenons à nos Juifs. Feuer has difficulties with the Jews. When he is talking of medieval Christian masochistic asceticism, he praises Judaism as healthy and moderately hedonistic. Yet when he turns to the Enlightenment, he holds it to be a revolt against "the masochist asceticism of ghetto Judaism." Feuer saves himself from the contradiction by saying that this was not inherent in Judaism but had developed "in response to external pressures":

> Spinoza, precursor-rebel against ghetto Jewry and the spokesman for the coming age of the scientific intellectuals, voiced the criticism of the hedonist-libertarian ethic against ghetto masochistic asceticism. "The foundations of their religion," Spinoza wrote, may have "emasculated their minds" [there is no "may have" about it in Spinoza], but not to such an extent, he hoped, as to preclude their national renaissance. [He did not express a hope, he stated a possibility, "so changeable are human affairs."] "*Effeminare*" ("to make feminine") was the vivid word Spinoza used to characterize the masochism of the ghetto.

"Masochism of the ghetto" is Feuer, not Spinoza. Spinoza does not say the ghetto emasculated the Jews' minds, he says "the foundations of their religion" did that. But the Jews—not Hebrews or Israelites, Jews—had had the same religion when they rose three times between 66 and 132 and threatened mighty Rome; including, in 115-17, the Diaspora Jews of Egypt, Cyrene, and Cyprus. Spinoza, the son of Marranos who had fled to Holland and the relative of others still in the Iberian peninsula, must have known that if the Jews were dejected and subdued, it was not their religion that had made them so, but persecution.

That being so in the 19th as well as the 17th century, why, without further discussion, does Feuer approve of the tendency in the Jewish Enlightenment which led to repudiation of Judaism entirely? If Judaism was intrinsically healthy, why not simply have tried to restore its health? Why visit the sins of the "ghetto"—which, following a now rather old-fashioned Jewish equivalent of the Whig interpretation of history, he tends in any event to exaggerate—upon Judaism as such?

When he is denying that Sir Isaac Newton was a Calvinist, or even a trinitarian, he shows him to have been instead a follower of Maimonides. The Maimonidean-Jewish philosophy, according to Feuer, was favorable to science, while Calvinism was not. Then why is he so pleased with all those yeshivah students who went overnight from Talmud to atheism?

> . . . there was among the Jewish scientists the phenomenon which we can call the "vigor of skipped stages" [like Trotsky's "law of combined development"?]. . . . Orthodox [Jewish] religion was hopelessly more intellectually irrelevant than the various Protestant compromises. The Jewish scientists usually became freethinkers and agnostics; they did not pause in a metaphysical stage.

Poor, pre-Comtean, unscientific Isaac Newton, to have paused in a metaphysical stage! If Maimonides was good enough for Newton, how can Feuer say that "Orthodox religion was hopelessly . . . intellectually irrelevant"? To be sure, the Judaism of Ashkenaz subordinated the philosophical Maimonides. But again, that was a historically conditioned circumstance, which in principle could have been corrected, and then those new scientists—or, more broadly, the new Enlightened—might have been Jewish and scientific, as Newton had been Christian and scientific. That the possibility did not even suggest itself to most of them (or to Feuer); that so few thought of creating Jewish compromises which would be as reasonably adequate as "the various Protestant compromises"—this must mean something. They were not engaged in an intellectual movement as such, and not in an emotional turn from asceticism to hedonism, but in a new messianism. Its hymn, more eschatological than political, was to be the *Internationale: "C'est la lutte finale"* ("it is the final struggle") and *"du passé faisons table rase"* ("let us wipe clean the slate of the past").

SPINOZA's contemporary, Shabbethai Zevi, called himself a messiah and ended by leading his followers into apostasy. What happened, later, to the messianists of Enlightenment and science? Some of them, tired of waiting for the latter days, aposta-

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tized, too. The Reason that had led them to reject Judaism was flexible enough to allow them to embrace Christianity—though a less accommodating Reason might have been expected to find Christianity, which to all the dogmas of Judaism adds many peculiarly its own, the more unreasonable.

The paradigm of all this is the history of the Mendelssohn family. Of Moses Mendelssohn, second only to Spinoza in pathfinding for Jewish modernity, his biographer Steinheim wrote that he "despised apostasy as dishonorable, though he would gladly have joined his friend Lessing in a society where there were neither Jews nor Christians." His son Abraham was less stubborn about honor, perhaps because he lived to be disillusioned by the Revolution's ebb. To maintain a posture of honor long after Lessing's society had failed to arrive—that was too great a strain. So Abraham made the decision that he justified to his son Felix, the composer, in this fashion:

> . . . my father . . . did not want to be a Christian . . . . as long as it was permitted by the [Napoleonic] government [of occupation] under which we lived, I reared you without religion in any form. I wanted you to profess whatever your convictions might favor or, if you prefer, whatever expediency might dictate. But it was not so to be. . . . Naturally, when you consider the scant value I placed on any form in particular, I felt no urge to choose the form known as Judaism. . . . Therefore I reared you as Christians, Christianity being the . . . form . . . most accepted by the majority of civilized people. Eventually, I myself adopted Christianity, because I felt it my duty to do for myself that which I recognized as best for you. . . .

Feuer, too, is gentle and understanding of the *meshummadim:*

> . . . the enlightenment in Germany was followed quickly by the conversion of many middle-class Jewish families to Christianity. . . . [The mathematician] Leopold Kronecker—liberal in his youth [of course!], later successful in business, a cynical realist in politics—embraced Christianity in his last years. . . .
>
> The large number of converts . . . , among the German groups especially, testified to an increasing identification with German liberal culture.

What he means, or should mean, is that they grew cynical about honor and about the dream of an imminent day of judgment when the *infâme* would be *écrasé*. He should not confuse the Christianity they entered with liberalism. It was German Lutheranism. And Kronecker did not need to be converted to do mathematics—at sixty the bulk of his work was behind him—he needed it to be a professor. Yet he is offered to us, this man whose vanity and ambition were so paltry that he longed only to be called *Herr Professor,* as an exemplar of hedonistic-libertarian virtue! Spinoza had refused both invitations, to become a Christian and to become a professor.

The German apostates did not even have the excuse of some of the Russians, that through baptism they could help the Jews. I am thinking above all of the banker and economist Ivan Bloch and the scholar Daniel Chwolson, especially Chwolson. (He is said to have been asked, after his conversion, why he had done it, and to have answered that he had done it from conviction. "Conviction?" —"Yes, I was convinced that it was better to be a professor in St. Petersburg than a *melammed* [an infants' teacher] in Eyshishok.") Chwolson's help to the Jews included scholarship about the crucifixion and a refutation of the blood libel.

No doubt it was a fine thing to be a professor in St. Petersburg, but was it the finest? A German contemporary of Chwolson's, Seligmann Baer, lived out his days as, precisely, a *melammed,* though he was a leading authority on the Masorah and though his *Seder 'Avodat Yisrael* remains the best critical edition of the Jewish prayer book we have. Chwolson and Baer were born in 1819 and 1824, respectively. Arnold Ehrlich, born in 1848, is still cited for his sensitive notes on biblical Hebrew. Having immigrated to the United States, Ehrlich, too, was a *melammed*—after graduating from an earlier job, rolling barrels. The scholars Baer and Ehrlich have stood up better than Chwolson and, though I know nothing of mathematics and incomparables should not be compared, probably not worse than Kronecker. The men Baer and Ehrlich earn our admiration as Chwolson and especially Kronecker cannot.

WHY, THEN, does Feuer burden himself with a Kronecker? Here we return, finally, to Veblen. The conversions, the "identification with German liberal culture," are to refute alienation, which has a nasty, ascetic ring to it. Identification is the opposite of alienation, and those 19th-century Jews, with or without conversion, were identified (he says). He forgets that he has earlier complimented Einstein—invoking also Newton, Freud, and Darwin—for *not* seeking identification:

> I [Einstein] have never belonged wholeheartedly to any country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family. . . . I do not regret being cut off from the understanding and sympathy of other men. . . . I am compensated for it in being rendered independent of the customs, opinions, and prejudices of others. . . .

Feuer quotes Cecil Roth:

> It was unnecessary for the Italian Jews, as it was for some of their coreligionists beyond the Alps, to become assimilated to the ruling culture. . . . Their Italianità was already so complete that the period of transition was reduced to almost nothing. . . .

Then he says this about Emile Durkheim:

> Durkheim, the scion of a rabbinical family, was the first to teach sociology in France. . . . [In the 1920's Friedrich Gundolf—born Gundelfinger—

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a friend of Stefan George's, was curious to know what sociology was all about, so he attended a sociological congress in Berlin. Afterward he said, "Now I know what sociology is. Sociology is a Jewish sect."] Yet [Durkheim,] this student of "anomie," of alienation, was himself a person who experienced a fullness of identification with French life. . . . Despite the anti-Semitism of the Dreyfus years, "he was a soulful French patriot." . . . In his words, *"La Patrie, la Révolution française, Jeanne d'Arc* . . . are sacred to us, and we will allow no one to touch them."

For one who acknowledges his intellectual debt to Marx and Freud, Feuer is surprisingly ready to take things at their face value. The Italianità of the Italian Jews and the Frenchness of a Jew like Durkheim (or the great historian Marc Bloch, who was also to speak of reverent love for both the French Revolution and Joan of Arc as the indispensable element in really being French) were complete—to a point. What that point was we can infer from Durkheim and Bloch's recognition of Joan of Arc. The Gentile Voltaire had been far less respectful of Joan than these two Jews, but between his time and theirs it had been firmly decided that no true Frenchman could approve the Enlightenment's ribald skepticism about her.

Later another French sociologist, the Protestant André Siegfried (no friend of the Jews), called the village *curé* part of the domestic furniture of France. You could be clerical or anti-clerical, that had nothing to do with whether the *curé* belonged to you. What you could not be was Protestant. So that a Protestant, when he was honest with himself, felt like an outsider. And yet the Protestants have deep roots in France and can recall glorious victories and defeats almost as glorious. When one of *their* elite left, it was not for a professor's chair. It was for a king's throne.

All the more must a Jew have felt like an outsider. He could associate himself easily enough with the French Revolution; but St. Joan? Charles VII, whom she caused to be consecrated in Rheims Cathedral—where all French kings were consecrated, in honor of St. Remigius, bishop of Rheims, who baptized Clovis—was the ancestor of Their Most Christian Majesties and the descendant of St. Louis, who burned the Talmud, and Philip the Fair, who banished the Jews. After all, Durkheim was a rabbi's son. How could he not feel alienated, for instance, during the bad years of the *affaire*? Dreyfus wanted to identify, too. He, too, was a patriot (or jingo), of whom they said that if he had not been Dreyfus, he would have been anti-Dreyfusard. With those people, even in more quiet times it was a matter of so-near-and-yet-so-far, and perhaps that is the hardest alienation. Either they were at war with themselves for not being able to relate simply to Joan of Arc, or with her for standing between them and the identification they could never fully claim.

Across the Rhine *la patrie* was *das Vaterland*, and the German Jews of their outlook matched them in asserting an identification that was more wish than reality. Otherwise there is no accounting for the things that some allowed themselves to say: e.g., Ludwig Geiger, whose father, Abraham, was a far more distinguished rabbi and scholar than Durkheim's. When a German Jewish relief committee was collecting money for the victims of pogroms in Russia, Ludwig raged. How dared they send all that money out of Germany? Could they find no German fellow-nationals who needed help?

FEUER does not mention Bernard Berenson, whose beautiful vulgarity can teach us much. The Italianità of the Italian Jews, the Frenchness of Durkheim and Bloch? Berenson knew that in Boston he had to be an Episcopalian and in Italy a Catholic. From Italy he once wrote his future wife:

> [The art historian Gustavo Frizzoni] is a trifle obtuse and I hope you won't think I am too intolerant, but I am sure it is due to his being a Protestant. I simply can't tell you how indecent it seems to me for an Italian to be a Protestant.

In John Milton's eyes the Italian Protestants had been slaughtered saints; in Berenson's, they were indecent, "a branch that has been hacked off from its parent trunk." Italian Protestants evidently reminded him of the Jews. What right had they to persist, and by their persistence reproach him for his life? Berenson was as good a hedonist-libertarian as Kronecker. Not for them minority stubbornness. If *dis victrix placuit causa, victa Catoni*, then Cato was not merely a fool for refusing to favor the winner, he was downright immoral.

Durkheim was born in 1858, the philosophers Henri Bergson and Edmund Husserl—who do not figure in Feuer's book—in 1859. The German Jew Husserl, h.-l. and irreligious, became a Lutheran because, like Kronecker, he wanted to be a professor—though Hermann Cohen could be a philosopher and a professor and a very good Jew, and though in any case it is unnecessary to be a professor to do philosophy. (Husserl is said to have later regretted his conversion.) The French Jew Bergson, greatly attracted to Catholicism, refused baptism because he would not turn his back on his people in their danger. (He was attracted to Catholicism, a Jew likes to assume, because his was an *anima naturaliter religiosa* and the religion that French culture presented to him was Catholicism. The Judaism that he knew, the Judaism of his milieu, was respectable and quite, quite dead. It was from a similar Judaism, in Germany, that Franz Rosenzweig almost went over to Lutheranism, for religious and not careerist reasons.) I do not know who is the better philosopher of the two, Bergson or Husserl, but I know whom we cannot help regarding as the better man. Does hedonistic libertarianism nevertheless prefer Husserl? So much the worse for it.

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THE NEW IMMORALISTS

William Phillips

A SPECTER is haunting modern literature, the specter of avant-garde homosexuality. Some people are thrilled, others frightened, by the morbid prospects. The leading figures of the new subversives are Jean Genet and William Burroughs, though there are many other lesser talents, less flamboyant talents, imitators, hangers-on, and plain phonies. One might think of them as the extreme Left of the advanced sexuality that has dominated fiction and the movies for some time now. But I think this is too superficial a view, almost a routine response of middle-class respectability disguised as sober criticism; and such lumping of sex, experiment, dissent, and new values promotes the appetite for sensationalism and makes it difficult to evaluate or to understand the new works.

Some day writers like Genet and Burroughs might be assimilated, but so far the reaction to both of them—particularly to Burroughs—has been uneasy, uncertain, and spotty. They have been praised, dismissed, ignored, usually as a gesture or a public stand. Mary McCarthy, Robert Lowell, and Norman Mailer have hailed Burroughs as a major talent (I don't recall what they said about Genet); and there is Sartre's monumental tribute to Genet, *Saint Genet*. On the other hand, many critics have found Genet mediocre and distasteful, and Burroughs revolting, formless, and interesting mostly as pornography. Lionel Abel, who is not known for his conservative taste, said recently that Burroughs belongs to the "cult of utterness" which lies outside of literature. Even the word "sick," normally used only by the guardians of morality, has been applied to Genet and Burroughs by literary people. Rarely have judgments been so opposed, and for so long. What we have here is not difference of opinion, which usually varies only slightly and mainly in emphasis, but a difference of values. People are forced—not always consciously—to re-examine their values before being able to make up their minds about Burroughs or Genet, and sometimes there is a contradiction between how they feel and how they think they should feel. Hence sides are taken the way they are on political or ideological issues.

Genet is a much more complicated and more traditional writer than Burroughs, and, I think, a much more gifted one. But both of them have turned traditional values upside down. I do not mean that they have questioned only those conventions that make up the moral cant and the popular styles of our time. If this were all there was to their subversion, they surely would be part of the advanced establishment, especially now with the homage paid to the cult of novelty and rebellion. We all know about the attraction to "evil": the *Inferno* is more interesting than the *Paradiso*, and it is an old story that the Devil is usually more likable than God. The moral underground is a staple of the modern household, like civil rights or sexual freedom. Who dares question the thinking of the avant-garde—or what is by now its tradition? And by association with such extreme but accepted figures as Rimbaud or Baudelaire or Gide, Genet and Burroughs seem to be legitimate heirs to the tradition of dissent and experiment. But the resemblance is superficial. Baudelaire's concern with evil, for example, or Dostoevski's with crime, were attempts to assimilate the new psychology to traditional morality; while Nietzsche, the great rebel of modern thought, seems tame today by comparison with Genet. Rimbaud talked of degrading the senses; Burroughs achieves it.

WHAT DISTINGUISHES Genet and Burroughs is that they have broken almost completely with the past. Theirs is a distinct, self-contained world, one in which there are very few tensions or contradictions between the old and the new, scarcely any concessions to existing taste or sensibility in the choice of images or metaphors, very little guilt. There are few rests between the successions of shocks, few "normal" associations, of the kind we find even in someone like Kafka, in whom the irony and the ambiguity serve as links with the conventional world. It is hard to think of a single writer, however "advanced," who has not been full of dull and undistinguished passages, as though to remind us how habitual genius often is, and how ordinary is the experience of most art. Sometimes the commonplace has been programmatic, as in Pop art, which—like Dada earlier—has tried to make a style out of the connection between the bizarre and the blatant. With Genet and Burroughs, however, it is just the opposite: instead of relating to more traditional ideas, they force us to accept and to judge them on terms set by themselves.

Such submission through art to what is otherwise considered to be intolerable is, of course, in keeping with the guilt-ridden spirit of liberation that is riding high these days. To embrace what is assumed to be beyond the pale is taken as a sign of true sophistication. And this is not simply a change in sensibility; it amounts to a sensibility of chaos —for it means that every new work has an equal and irresistible claim on us, that it lies outside judgment. True enough, new works do not come

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into being simply to be judged. Still, we all know that in some way not easily defined we both judge and don't judge; we are open to new experiences for their own sake at the same time that we exercise some kind of selection by relating them to other things we think or have felt. Taste is actually a form of judgment.

Some of these questions are raised quite dramatically in a recent piece by Susan Sontag on "camp." Miss Sontag describes boldly and with much spirit a current mode, fairly general though mostly found among younger people, and largely homosexual in origin, that puts style above meaning, taste above judgment, living above life. Her own attitude seems to be torn—since she is reflecting as well as examining the new stance—between the "moral seriousness" of high culture and the "aestheticism and irony" of camp. And she is really not interested in reconciling these two modern forces, nor does she see any advantage in being consistent. Hers is obviously a radical and sophisticated position and so advanced that one does not like to be excluded from it. But those who have stronger roots in another style, one that recognizes that morality has limits but is not ready to abandon morality for any aesthetic stance, are even less prepared to abandon themselves to pure play, or to pure experience, which amounts to the same thing. One finds oneself *judging* as well as experiencing the quality of the new work or the new idea. And it is an axiom of criticism that in evaluating new art we cannot avoid applying traditional standards, though these standards are themselves altered by new works.

ONE OF the difficulties in dealing with Genet is that there are two Genets: the wild playwright and the almost documentary novelist and memoirist. Ironically, it is the tamer, more prosaic Genet I find not only less exciting but also less palatable. For the autobiographical declaration, *The Thief's Journal,** like most of the fiction, is little more than a saga of what Genet has done and how he has felt. The "content" of these books is a recital of the crime and perversity that make up Genet's being. Hence one might expect some new form to accommodate the unusual subject. But the journal and the novels are naturalistic, orderly, conventional—the prose is traditional—in a way that suggests some aesthetic perversity. What comes through is only one side of Genet, his raw experience, in its most literal and routine form, even though Genet the writer does emerge as part of the person. His art consists of his having transformed his life into a life-style. Hence the work has the compact facility of a self-portrait. It is not truly an autobiography, nor a confession or a justification of what he has done or felt; it reads more like a condensed version of the murder, theft, sodomy, treason, disloyalty, sado-masochism, that make up his life, all presented as though the world they come from might be different but not abnormal. In this respect, Genet is really making the same assumptions most other writers do: that the scene of their work is one we are in or in which we can easily imagine ourselves, and can therefore take for granted.

Because *The Thief's Journal* is so consistent and so explicit, it can serve as Genet's moral and psychological dictionary. It defines his acts and his feelings and supplies the clues to his most perverse ideas; in this sense it traces his "moral" development. But more than that, the book reconstructs and gives shape to his life; it makes his life plausible by making it coherent, the way a work of art or a psychoanalysis makes an imaginary life real or endows a real life with imagination. The homosexual rites that fill Genet's novels are here, in all their clinical splendor, told with an innocent boyish exhibitionism. But they are also connected with Genet's absorption in crime and with other phases of his pathology, partly through the juxtaposition of incidents, partly by self-analysis, so that what emerges is essentially the evidence for Genet's idea of himself. And not much more: for the autobiography is obsessively selective, and we learn very little about Genet's life beyond his passions and attachments and his compulsive interest in theft and murder. The reiteration of his petty criminal acts and his perverse feelings gives the impression that there are just a few themes, rotating around one another.

As Genet presents his life the core is in his homosexuality. I don't know whether this is the art or the truth of Genet, but it does explain many things. His total and abject submission to male ravishment clarifies his double attitude to authority: he likes to violate and to be violated, particularly by cops. His passion for killing or stealing is a passion for a pure act disconnected from "normal" acts and values, and mixed up with the betrayals, overwrought loyalties, and phallic associations that go with his homosexuality. "The only criterion for an act," says Genet, "is its elegance." Genet speaks with excitement of all forms of disloyalty, including treason, but always as though they were natural, innocent, and fulfilling, somehow necessary to his peculiar existence. The events of his life appear to have a pathological consistency as its abnormal components are fused, violently, as though they were mated. In the end Genet's existence takes on a waif-like sexuality, complete, cut off, abandoned to its own deformed innocence.

Genet's criminal simplicity almost grows on one, so long as he remains an outcast who simply is everything that has happened to him. But the spell is broken when he appropriates a nobility and a moral purity that come from a civilization he has rejected. When, for example, Genet applies for sainthood—or it is bestowed on him by Sartre—it sounds inauthentic and literary. One hears echoes

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of the stale, romantic association of the depths with the heights, the marriage of heaven and hell. Whatever reservations one might have about most of Genet's work, it is not on the grounds of falseness. But when he says, "Saintliness means turning pain to good account . . . forcing the devil to be God . . . obtaining the recognition of evil. . . . "—then he is only dressing up his life in the clichés of a sophisticated and fashionable approach to literature and religion: he becomes a moral transvestite. The one thing Genet is not is a saint, unless we assume that every talented and suffering criminal is *ex officio* a saint.

But even the pretense of sainthood does not make *The Thief's Journal* easier to assimilate. Nor does it rescue the book from the boredom of the homosexual catechism. What makes Genet's world at all palatable is the literary gift; it is through literature that the middle class flirts with the forbidden. And Genet's sensibility helps make his inferno seem almost respectable. For the clean, functional prose—the prose of journalism and exposition—is something we associate with the rigors and the responsibilities of middle-class society, with the idealizing of order and the therapeutic approach to disorder.

The other Genet, however, the Genet of *The Balcony* and *The Blacks*, is a different story. In the plays, which are marvelously suggestive and ambiguous because they do not pretend to be documentary, the metaphors that connect his life with other kinds of life are more mysterious and, therefore, ultimately, less disturbing. *The Balcony*, for example, has to do with perversity, but not literally or exclusively; and its meaning is enlarged because of the way the sexual idea the characters have of themselves runs in and out of their worldly idea of themselves. It might be said that Genet's novels are transformed into his plays, the way life is normally converted into art.

OUR OTHER underground man, William Burroughs, on the surface at least, is more experimental, less conventional, and wilder in his fantasies than Genet even in the plays. Where Genet has a recognizable subject, Burroughs's subject is his fantasies. The new book, *Nova Express*,* differs from *Naked Lunch* in that it is conceived in the mode of science fiction, but like his earlier work, it is essentially a biological nightmare. The cast, as usual, includes junkies, queers, criminals, wanderers of all sorts, but in *Nova Express* they are more explicitly insiders and outsiders, because Burroughs has created a fanciful opposition to "the police machine." Beyond this, it is almost impossible to explain what happens. (Because it cannot be paraphrased this would have made a good example of a prose text for the New Critics.) All one can say is that *Nova Express* is very much like the scenario of a battle, with the various bizarre characters jerking in and out of the set, flashing all kinds of lurid messages in junkie code, the whole scene blazing in images of death and destruction, merged with drugged states, hallucinations, queer dreams, images of feces, vomiting, etc. It is as though Burroughs had hit upon a way of seeing all of life in terms of a homosexual essence: the feeding, almost literally, of human flesh and organs on each other in an orgy of annihilation. The whole world is reduced to the fluidity of excrement as everything dissolves into everything else: ideas, metaphors, objects, associations, memories, bodies, people, all melt into one other in a cosmic orgasm.

Burroughs's prose, too, though woollier than Genet's, is, like Genet's, always working—there are no wasted words, only wasted sentences—and as in the case of Genet, what he is writing about is blunted by making of writing into a common denominator of experience.

A FEW YEARS AGO, when Burroughs was being dismissed because he was new and unrespectable, it might have been necessary to defend him against the philistines and the legions of decency. But now that unrespectability itself is becoming respectable, one can't go on talking about him as though he were a wild new talent, full of the promise and the faults of youth. It seems reasonable to expect Burroughs by now to have developed into something more than a permanent, however able, propagandist for his obsessions. His gifts as a writer of prose can carry him only so far—unless we are ready to reduce writing to its craft.

The ultimate test of a new work is its influence on other writers and its effect on our view of things. In the case of Genet's plays there is some indication that our imagination has been stirred and enlarged. But I do not think this is true of his novels. And I do not believe this happens at all with Burroughs. But there is also a more immediate and simpler test, boredom: and the truth is that Genet's fantasies in the form of confessions and Burroughs's confessions in the form of fantasies are bound to bore anyone outside that closed circle of experience. Boredom, after all, is a form of criticism. And the sophisticated reader's or professional critic's failure to be bored is a failure of personality—an overeagerness to become something other than what one is.

The trouble is that we are constantly changing. We can no longer be sure of what we think we are and what we believe. Scared by the speed with which the future seems to be coming at us, a new breed of literary vigilantes has sprung up to safeguard nonexistent values and warn against the dangers of the latest avant-garde. But, really, literature is dangerous only to those who in the name of a morality they do not believe in attack an art they do not like. Even if writers like Burroughs or Genet sometimes sound like spokesmen for what used to be considered immoral and abnormal, at most this can only be tiresome—almost as tiresome

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as pep talks about normal and healthy art. Extremes are bound to feed on each other. So we shouldn't be surprised to see an up-to-date version of the old gentility in reaction to a new avant-garde.

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NAZIS ON TRIAL—PAGES FROM A JOURNAL

Jakov Lind

FRANKFURT HAS BETTER things to offer than those 22 men. The evening, so friendly and cool at first, is already spoilt, for tomorrow I am to look at 22 SS-men in civilian clothing who helped to kill a few million people between 1942 and 1945. Twenty years and many war-crime trials later, should one feel sorrow and pity? Or revenge? Or should one feel guilty, because one did not prevent it, could not prevent it? It is not a whole people that sits before the judges, neither the German people nor any other. It is 22 SS- careerists who sit there. To identify with them is impossible.

I will go there, have a look at them, and listen, simply listen. Perhaps there is something about Auschwitz that one still does not know in one's heart. Everyone knows what happened, the details can be found in books, what could there be that one still does not know? Why does one persist in thinking that there should be something? I almost believe that one seeks material for observation, or a final reason for despair, or an argument, simply in order to carry on, to keep rummaging in the wastebasket of worn-out slogans and shreds of poetry.

Ah, that correct, decent, democratic, anti-militaristic, social conscience which provided the printer's ink for the books of my contemporaries! That tedious talk of pseudo-revolutionaries, Brecht-enthusiasts, Grass-eaters which hangs dull in the air; that late, withered flower which calls itself the postwar generation—it is the tone and scent of a deformed past that one will encounter, unfalsified, in the courtroom. Or hope to encounter, at least.

The past must account for the present, must explain the smell that cannot be removed from this land. It stinks and continues to stink of gas and gun-powder and Jews long since decomposed. A smell that as yet has not been immured by any monument nor exorcised by any pronouncement of guilt. Let them eat the cakes of the much-maligned economic miracle with pleasure; there is only one thing they should not do: they should not open their mouths too wide, lest the half-digested crumbs soil their shirts. Let them not yell about democracy and socialism, the Wall and undivided Germany—not with a full mouth.

To stand in endless lines and to have no passport, to be unable to read what one wishes, to be unable to write what one wants to write; not to be able to possess what one desires, to have to choke down every piece of nonsense without being able to defend oneself properly—that is how the "brothers and sisters" in the East are paying their share of the debt. But here in the West one selfishly and nimbly collects the interest.

If it were not for the numbers in front of them on the table—little plaques with black printed on yellow—one would never be able to tell the defendants from the journalists, the observers, the lawyers. Sessions are held in a conference-hall which on other occasions is used as a meeting room by the CDU and SPD caucuses of the Frankfurt City Council. Not until Easter will the proceedings be transferred to a proper courtroom. And even then, ten (or is it eleven?) of the defendants will be allowed to call it a day after 4:30 P.M. With them there is no danger of "flight or prejudicing the course of justice," as it is called; they are merely required to be present Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays between 8:30 and noon and between 2:00 and 4:30 in the afternoon. During the cigarette and noon pauses they stand next to you. Smoking and drinking Coca-Cola, they confer with friends and attorneys. How does one recognize a former SS-man? Without a uniform, it is difficult.

There are a few signs: old-fashioned suits, pale skin, heavy shoes with thick soles; three or four of them have a limp. That is how one recognizes SS-men.

THE WITNESS, Dr. Joachim Cäsar, formerly an *Obersturmbannführer,* and thus equal in rank to Hoess, the camp commandant at Auschwitz, recognized none of them. "We have all changed very much." After some exhortations: "I hardly recognized these people after twenty years, though formerly. . . ."

The witness Cäsar, with a doctorate in natural science, was in charge of agricultural operations. No, he had never been in the camp itself, he had never seen or heard anything of the gassing. Actually, therefore, he was not a very interesting witness, but he spoke for some three hours anyhow, and something of what he said remains in the memory. Cäsar:

> . . . today one asks oneself whether it would have been possible to do something positive . . . the prisoners lost much time and strength through roll-calls . . . special order . . . in the name of Himmler . . . Miss Lilli Koffler, my secretary, was handed over to the Gestapo and did not come back . . . we had to see to it that the people remained healthy . . . all the wells in the Auschwitz region were polluted . . . we took great care that there be no lice . . . Gypsies

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were shot . . . attempt to escape . . . I reported it . . . I knocked the gun out of a sentry's hands, stop that, I said, take the man into the camp . . .

Cäsar, now the owner of a laundry somewhere near Lake Constance, has already been acquitted by several courts. Those who used to work on the ramps, those, that is, who used cudgels and whips to push the newly arrived Jews into line, those who slapped a Jew or a Pole, who arrested a prisoner and shouted, "*Juda verrecke*" at him or before that broke his store windows, those who absconded with some silver or a piece of furniture at that time—they are not even accused. This trial is concerned with the guilt or innocence of 22 former SS-men, and with nothing else. When they are not by chance in prison, in a hospital or away on vacation, the murderers are, of course, among us. Where else could they be?

After the first day of the trial and a good dinner, over coffee and a cigarette, one sees in three seconds what Dr. Cäsar did not see in three years:

There were the ones who stood bare-footed and without jackets and froze; there were the others who wore boots and warm overcoats. The ones in boots climbed on the roof and put on gasmasks. The naked ones in the room suffocated slowly. It took from three to fifteen minutes, depending on the direction of the wind (as Commandant Hoess wrote in his confession). One thinks it over: they could have used boots and warm overcoats for the cold nights, two quarts of milk a day—and a gasmask. They needed the boots and gasmasks more than the men on the roof. Then they would not have died. Then there would be from four to six million more Jews in Europe and no German guilt. And if that were the case one would be sitting here in Frankfurt anyhow, over coffee and a cigarette.

Frankfurt is a very pleasant city, with or without Americans. It is just what a city should be: bourgeois-tasteless and comfortable, busy at the center and boring at the edge. It has a liberal tradition of stiff-necked and corpulent burghers. A German Zurich, with more noise. It has a university with Adorno, a yearly book-fair, policemen who look like postal workers, a very good Chinese restaurant, a theater or two. Goethe was born here, and Anselm Rothschild. Mind and money and tolerance. Nauseatingly boring provincialism, along with inland navigation.

Here, as late as November 1943, I met a young man with a Jewish star who, when I greeted him, looked up timidly. I wanted to know whether he was the only Jew in Frankfurt. No, he was not the only one. He lived in a house near the shore of the Main River and in it there were about forty Jewish families, altogether not more than a hundred people. They had special permits. Some were "vital to the defense economy," others waited for some kind of visa from Panama, or Uruguay. They received half of the normal food rations, they were not allowed to be out on the streets after 8 o'clock, nor could they enter an air-raid shelter, not even when there was a full attack. Did they go to Uruguay? Are they still living in the same house? I do not know. Perhaps they were all deported on the following day. They certainly did not fight against deportation with guns and grenades. They were kindly Frankfurt burghers. Upright and tolerant.

On the second day one is struck by something overlooked the day before. The courtroom is occupied by teams. Each team sticks together. Here are the Anglo-Saxon correspondents, over there the German journalists, to the left the Jews, to the right the observers, and everywhere in their midst are the counsels-for-defense and their clients.

Promptly at 8:30 the lesson in German history continues. Today's contribution is furnished by a stylish, tanned game-keeper or circus-director. No, he is a biologist, *SS-Oberscharführer* (retired), Dr. Münch.

"I am a physician with scientific inclinations," he explains about his report *Hunger and Life-Expectancy*, written in a Polish prison. "I wanted to contribute to historical research. I wanted to calculate the life span of a prisoner." Ah, a scientist. Nothing could be proved about him either*; now he is a practicing physician again—and a witness. What does the scientist say? In Auschwitz half a year is a generation. Six hundred calories a day: only 25 per cent could survive that.

Then come such horrible words as "primary-examination-situations" and "chemico-bacteriological-value-measurement-degrees." One need not, and does not, listen, but one takes notes anyhow: "to see to it that selections are made humanely . . . extra liquor rations were given for selecting . . . Gerber, a young pharmacist, had qualms of conscience but took part in the selections . . . selections were a habit, a normal reaction was simply not possible . . . concepts of good and evil fade." Just then, the sound of martial music penetrates the courtroom, very loud. My neighbor whispers: a horsemanship and gymnastics festival. Oh, a horsemanship and gymnastics festival, nothing worse, then. The following monologue has martial music as its background:

"Gassing was an official duty . . . shootings against the wall, whippings, gassing; of course the adjutant knew about it." (The adjutant's name is Mulka, wholesale merchant in Hamburg, the friendly gentleman with the gray hair and the pink cheeks, right there in the front row, right next to the infamous Boger. The adjutant was arrested only after the proceedings had begun;

* After the war, Dr. Münch was tried and acquitted by a Polish court in Warsaw. The evidence of former inmates at Auschwitz indicated that he had shown considerable humanity and had "helped wherever he could." Throughout the war, Dr. Münch remained married to a Jewish woman, whose identity he managed to conceal. See Kurt R. Grossmann's *Die Unbesungenen Helden* (The Unsung Heroes), Berlin, 1957, page 131.—Ed.

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someone claimed to have seem him shoot three people.) There is no stopping Dr. Münch, he speaks as though he had to acquit himself by speaking, and he is not even accused:

> Funeral-pyre for three thousand people, around the funeral-pyre a trench four yards deep . . . it was more important to inspect the soup than to observe the selections . . . more important. [That is why he did not see the ramps, or only once, and then all the way in the background] . . . even the cattle that came to Auschwitz looked like the prisoners, emaciated and bad. . . . Orange marmalade in barrels, food fit only for pigs . . . I said: for God's sake don't give it to the prisoners, they'll get diarhea . . . a few very clever ones made orange-brandy out of it . . . I sent a report to Pohl in Berlin that too few calories were arriving . . . Nobody used his influence on behalf of the Jews. . . . The generals at the front who saw how the Jews were being picked up didn't do anything about it either . . . "it is destiny, the Jews must be annihilated, one simply can't change that fact" . . . everybody was convinced that he was presiding over an important duty . . . "We happen to be national socialists" . . . We envied the soldiers at the front . . . aryan prisoners did not die of malnutrition . . . the corruption among the Gypsies was worse than among the SS . . . concessions were made to the Gypsies . . . families were allowed to stay together, they were allowed to make music . . . personnel attempted to interfere when the Gypsies did not give their children anything to eat . . . more humane to gas children than to bring them into the camps . . . children in the camp, a gruesome sight . . . in the night between the 31st of July and the 1st of August 4000 Gypsies were killed . . . in order to check the spread of typhoid. . . .

At 12 o'clock there is a noon recess. The hotel is a good place to eat at, the head waiter recommends the dinner for 10 marks. Quite excellent today.

In the penal code of May 15, 1871, paragraph 211: murder. The murderer is punished by life-long penal servitude. A murderer is someone who kills a human being out of bloodthirstiness, for the satisfaction of the sexual urge, out of avarice or other base motives, maliciously or cruelly or by publicly dangerous means or to make possible or conceal another punishable offense.

Paragraph 49a, instigation to crime: Any person who attempts to convince another person to commit a criminal action which is subject to the threat of punishment, will himself be punished according to the regulations governing the actual attempt at such a crime. 2. In addition, any person will be punished who arranges to commit a criminal action which is subject to the threat of punishment; who accepts the offer of another to commit such an action, or who declares himself ready to commit a crime. Paragraph 49: Any person will be punished as an accomplice, who has knowingly rendered help by way of advice or deed to the doer in the latter's commission of a criminal action which is subject to the threat of punishment.

Then there are some paragraphs about ameliorating circumstances. Paragraph 51, want of judgment. Paragraph 52, situation of constraint. Paragraph 54, self-defense. One does not want to know them all. One clings to what one needs at the moment and repeats the paragraphs like incantations and feels the despair of the pious ones who pray, one smiles at one's own ignorance which knows nothing of the laws of this world and only two paragraphs from the penal code of 1871.

1871. The Franco-Prussian War. Bismarck. The second German Reich. Wilhelm II. Arming for the First World War. The First World War lost, they plotted revenge. Not all Germans: there were also those who wanted to deliver their country to Bolshevism. There were Germans who were happy with inflation and unemployment, profiting thereby. There were cosmopolitans and Liberals, socialists and Jews, who rejoiced that the Germans had a republic in Weimar—and nothing else. But the patriots, who called themselves Nazis, were already weaving the web of the Third Reich, a kind of fool's paradise of *wurst* and white bread, full employment and Volkswagens.

Everyone who was not a Jew and not a Bolshevik could enter this paradise. It so happened that every decent Christian found nothing so repugnant as just those Bolsheviks and Jews. Of these two hated "things" the Jews were the worst possible thing. They had crucified the Savior (which already spoke against them), ended the war just as it was about to be won, dictated the Treaty of Versailles, brought poverty into the land. The Nazis said: we will annihilate them like a plague, we will exterminate them like insects, and we will take back what they stole from us.

Most Germans did not believe the story word for word, but they had no objections to it. The Crucifixion hurt the Jews, but inflation did too. The Nazis knew their business: they sold the bear's skin of the Communists while they were still slaughtering the bear, and the Jewish gold they still had to get. For the Bolshevik bear-skin, above all, one could get credit, in London, New York, Paris. The gold of Jews, on the other hand, caused a flow of small modest loans from small modest people. The Nazis had not lied, that came out only later. Wherever one took away a Jew, an object of value remained behind. The Nazis had not lied, the Germans had erred. The Jews were too poor to pay for the whole war.

In 1941 the Bolsheviks, too, were seized by the throat, but their throats proved to be of steel. They did not let themselves be killed. They had foreign aid, domestic resources under their soil, and, above all, soil into which they could creep and hide.

During his history lesson, Langbein, formerly a prisoner and now a leading witness for the prosecution, tells of a day and night shift which

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registered the dead on seven typewriters. On three separate forms. He speaks of an SS-man named Lachmann who disguised himself as a prisoner and went into the camp in order to spy. He tells about a sign that was posted in the camp. It said, in German and Polish: One Louse—Your Death.

When there were transportation difficulties, there was sometimes a shortage of gas. Then thousands were sprayed with phenol; small children were tossed into the fire alive, the adults only rarely. Adults had the gold stripped from the fingers and dug out of their teeth. Gold was hard to cull from the ashes; children have no gold in their mouths.

Ten to eighteen kilos of gold per month to Berlin, in order to buy manganese in Sweden, tungsten in Spain, drugs in Switzerland. The soldiers should not be lacking in weapons or drugs. Let no one mock them, they only did their best. They fell by the thousands.

JAKOV LIND's Soul of Wood and Other Stories *was recently published by Grove Press. The present piece, adapted from an earlier version in* Die Welt *(Hamburg), was translated from the German by* WERNER J. DANNHAUSER.

* * *

PSYCHOANALYSIS AMERICANIZED

Harold Rosenberg

IN ADDITION to being practiced by professionals, psychoanalysis is used to some degree by most of us to explain things to ourselves. We know how on the basis of the sexual hypothesis, phenomena can be traced to previously unsuspected origins—for instance, the suicide of a female to a mother who died shortly before the suicide reached puberty. The habit of seeing mysterious connections of this type has now been instilled even in the less educated. The unconscious erotic motivations of assassins and jewel thieves are casually identified by high-school students and cab drivers. On the other hand, the most learned non-practitioner can rarely convince himself that his psychological reconstructions are altogether free of fantasy. A conception so widely shared and comprising both certainty and doubt belongs to the order of living myths. Whatever be its status among the higher intellectual forms, from mathematics to landscape gardening, psychoanalysis today is an aspect of American popular culture.

Dr. Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek, editor of the large Delta paperback anthology, *Psychoanalysis and Contemporary American Culture,** is eager to have psychoanalytical thought become even more pervasive than it is. "Psychoanalysis," he tells us in his Introduction, "is no longer confined to the therapeutic frame of reference." In its beginnings it was a method of treating individuals suffering from psychic abnormalities; today, it must undertake the task of educating "normal" people in how to live. "Freud and his colleagues . . . saw a preponderance of hysterical patients. We see few of these in private practice now." Who comes? Individuals distracted by the problem of who they are—that is to say, anybody. The therapist will help his client recognize himself. He may also introduce him to natural feelings—e.g., love—which he had only heard of before. Because while the new patient is not sick as an individual, he is deprived of his biological and human heritage by that twofold *mal de siècle,* alienation and the crisis of identity. For this historically tormented person the concepts of psychoanalysis, Dr. Ruitenbeek contends, occupy the place once held by tragedy, religion, philosophy, tradition.

But though Dr. Ruitenbeek appeals for this comprehensive role of psychoanalysis in American life, psychoanalysis is so cut to pieces in the articles and speeches assembled in his book that there seems hardly enough left of it to fill out a prescription. Perhaps intellectual conquests take place this way, through the dissolution of the conqueror. I do not know to what extent, if any, the effect was intended, but the total impression created by this group of writings by two dozen thinkers influenced by Freud is that the collective assurance of psychoanalysis as an exclusive key to human behavior is by now completely dissolved. Here, it's every man for himself and overboard with anything he can do without. "Thanks be to God," writes one contributor to *Psychoanalysis and Contemporary American Culture,* "there does remain some chance of improving the social structure by means of appropriate action and without first visiting the psychoanalyst's office." Progressives go home—your politics have made you whole. One recalls, in contrast, that twenty years ago the political-activist hero of Koestler's *Arrival and Departure* had to undergo a session on the couch in order to understand what he was really after as a party member.

WITH POLITICAL action no longer to be meddled with by the doctor, another contributor, Franz Alexander, explains why "psychoanalyzing society" has been a sad mistake. Ruitenbeek himself takes generosity out of reach of the analyst's peephole by complaining that "altruistic impulses often are taken as evidences of hidden hostility." Ernest van den Haag (many of Dr. Ruitenbeek's selections are by sociologists and writers on the mass media) attacks Freud's notion of art as a substitute gratification equivalent to dreaming, and Campbell Crockett recalls that "much nonsense has been written about the relation between neurosis and creativity." David Riesman takes the offensive against the mechanical quality of Freud's thinking: "While he [Freud] accused

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* Dell, 436 pp., $2.45.

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intuition of arbitrariness, the very logical and often pedestrian rigor of his own treatment of symbols led repeatedly to highly arbitrary, indeed quite fanatical, constructions." Another critic of the master repudiates "the universal determinism on which Freud prided himself above all." To cap the retractions, but by no means to exhaust them, a leading neo-Freudian speaks of "the present contradictory, and to my mind deteriorating, form of many psychoanalytic concepts."

Retreat all along the line seems to mark the cultural offensive of psychoanalysis. No less an authority than Erik Erikson points the direction of the withdrawal. "The ego in psychoanalysis, then, is analogous to what it was in philosophy in earlier usage." Psychoanalysis is being grafted onto philosophy, especially existential philosophy, with occasional cuttings from tragic poetry (for example, in Rollo May). "The great philosophies of [sic] world history," writes a metaphysically inspired therapist, "have recommended various techniques to learn the endurance of suffering." Another cautions that "it is important for psychiatrists to recognize the normalcy of realistic worry."

The consensus is, plainly, that philosophical and religious *Angst* is in, the pursuit of happiness out. The "new dimension in 20th-century life," as the subtitle of Dr. Ruitenbeek's book describes psychoanalysis, is the dimension of painful profundity added to the shallow American Way. Guided by an ultimate vision, psychoanalysis acquires through collaboration with sociology a concrete understanding of the social realities surrounding the patient. The nub of this understanding is that it is futile to adjust the individual to the contemporary environment, as the *voyeur* who came to Freud afflicted by spells of blindness was turned into a dealer in optical instruments happy to mind his own business. With today's patient, the existentialist analyst knows, the environment itself is the origin of his malady. Hence, abandoning to the clinics and the new drugs the task of patching up emotional casualties, the revised psychoanalysis seeks to lead men to values based on the truth of the human condition.

ALL THIS sounds very thoughtful and even austere. By the evidence of the literature, art, and political theory of the past one hundred years, the crisis of identity is the spiritual hallmark of our time. But are the neo-Freudians, in adopting this as their *leitmotif*, really able to bring "a new dimension" to American life? Given the loosening of the psychoanalytical system, the "deterioration" of its concepts, its absorption of ideas and rhetoric from other forms of thought, it seems more likely that American culture has subtracted a dimension from psychoanalysis. The alien "science" has been filtered through prevailing intellectual outlooks—e.g., the loss-of-self theme. Instead of *Psychoanalysis in Contemporary American Culture*, Dr. Ruitenbeek's book might more correctly have been called *American Culture in Contemporary Psychoanalysis*. While psychoanalytical assumptions have become part of our common sense of things, a conformist common sense has been pressing psychoanalysis into the mold of accepted moral and social beliefs.

The upshot of the matter is that in the neo-Freudian literature, deteriorated psychoanalysis has been mixed with deteriorated Puritanism, deteriorated individualism, deteriorated Marxism. To note this may be only another way of recognizing with Dr. Ruitenbeek that psychoanalysis has by now been fully naturalized. In modern times a "culture" is nothing else than the sum of decayed ideologies that have washed into the inherited intellectual soil. While an ideology is still ripening, it defends the difference against hostile ideologies and against tradition. When, however, it has commenced to decay, it is prepared to blend into its surroundings. In keeping with this principle, *Psychoanalysis in Contemporary American Culture* marks off the role of psychoanalysis in a cooperative division of labor. Its province is the individual (as the province of sociology is the community)—but only the secular individual; the churches and synagogues can keep the believers.

To enter fully into American culture, ideas must popularize themselves. The contents of Dr. Ruitenbeek's book belong for the most part to popular culture. His contributors are all professionals, many of them eminent ones, but theorizing about the condition of man in the mid-20th century is not their profession. They earn their living as therapists, sociologists, researchers, teachers, but on the subjects of tragedy and comedy, of artistic creation, of contemporary cultural, social, and political trends, they are Sunday thinkers. Like those of Sunday painters, their products are likely to be *au courant* in a kind of meager imitation of surface effects. "The conception of schizophrenia as a way of eluding an Absurd world, or as alienation from it—that is, as a form of existence—poses to the therapist the problem of his own existence and his defensive maneuvers. . . . But no therapy of schizophrenia can long endure without the dedication of the therapist and his personal conviction that in the Absurd there is meaning and beauty." Maybe so, but though the author's subject is schizophrenia this reference to "the Absurd," the self-knowledge of the therapist, and his faith in the beauty at the heart of the void is literary talk; and to be sure, many of his pages are given over to discussing Camus. Nor is it very interesting literary talk—in fact, it consists mostly of platitudes.

Erikson's contribution on "The Roots of Virtue" is on the same level—it attempts nothing less than "A Schedule of Basic Virtues" (hope, skill, fidelity, purpose, etc.) based on The Ages of Man (Shakespeare was too frivolous to work out the details). Under a section entitled "Love," Profes-

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sor Erikson goes in for stuff like this: "While many forms of love can be shown to be at work in the formation of the various virtues, it is important to realize that only graduation from adolescence permits the development of that intimacy, the selflessness of joined devotion, which anchors love in a mutual commitment." Or "Animals, too, instinctively encourage in their young what is ready for release; and, of course, some animals can be taught some tricks and services by man. Only man, however, can and must extend his solicitude over the long, parallel and overlapping childhoods of numerous offspring united in households and communities."

Such thinking is identical with the common output of sermons, womens' magazines, TV panels; one contributor, Judd Marmor, enters into direct debate with Norman Vincent Peale. The only difference in the neo-Freudian writings is occasional patches of clinical reference or traditional psychoanalytical metaphor, as in this example from Dr. Ruitenbeek: "He [the American male] no longer carries the world in his pocket. He does not possess his penis securely." (Somehow, I kept getting mixed up by what's in the pocket.) Erich Fromm, the outstanding figure among the neo-Freudians, is, of course, more theoretically and stylistically sophisticated. Yet his essay on "Individual and Social Character," written in 1932 and respected as a classic of the present turn in socio-psychoanalysis, is popularized Marx ("If a social order neglects or frustrates the basic human needs beyond a certain threshold, the members of such a society will try to change the social order so as to make it more suitable to their human needs") combined with simplified Freud ("Freud had recognized something that the great novelists and dramatists had always known," etc.). The conception of social types put forward by Fromm is full of weaknesses and hardly up to the level of modern discussions of character in the drama, for example, Strindberg's. The various authors of *Psychoanalysis and Contemporary American Culture* contradict one another as frequently as editorials in different liberal newspapers; as individual minds they seem to have nothing in common, though they revert to the same terminology and fill in gaps with the same ideological cement. The most convincing passages in the book are those knocking down earlier psychoanalytical nonsense and procedures derived therefrom. Perhaps by coincidence, none of the three best articles is by a full-time therapist: they include van den Haag's "Creativity, Health, and Art," Riesman's "The Themes of Work and Play in the Structure of Freud's Thought," and Edgar Z. Friedenberg's "Neo-Freudianism and Erich Fromm," an excellent weighing of historical and intellectual factors in Fromm's modification of Freud.

In overflowing the therapeutic frame, psychoanalysis has converted itself into an ideology. All modern ideologies center on the problem of identity and alienation, and the rise of psychoanalysis as a candidate in this field coincides exactly with the postwar deflation of socialism as the alternative to the preceding individualism. The historical content of "cultural" psychoanalysis thus lies in its reversion to traditional American individualism as weakened and demoralized by the depression and the new mass society.

Faced with the "permanent crisis" of the postwar world, psychoanalysis aspires to become the tragic knowledge of the epoch, comparable to those forms of tragedy and ritual by which the human being was in the past purged of his false ego (egos) and lifted into self-recognition. All that psychoanalysis lacks is the art; that is to say, the potency of form that gives to vision a reality beyond mere talk. In the absence of art, the high moral and philosophical aims of post-Freudian analysis are a professional man's seriousness that can only bring about the substitute purge of uplift. In sum, the contribution of the new psychoanalysis lies in that upper realm of popular culture which comprises the sermon for the times, the appeal to "values," the call for fortitude.

HAROLD ROSENBERG *is the author of* The Tradition of the New, Arshile Gorky, *and most recently,* The Anxious Object *(Horizon Press).*

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THE LEGACY OF A. D. GORDON

Ronald Sanders

IN 1904, after having been employed as a clerk for more than twenty years, Aaron David Gordon left his native Russia for Palestine, to begin a new life there as an agricultural laborer. He was then forty-eight years old. In spite of the great hardships involved in adjusting himself to physical toil, Gordon held to his vow that he would do no other kind of work, refusing all offers for sedentary jobs, taking part in the early development of a number of the major Jewish agricultural settlements, and working in the fields with fellow pioneers who were, on the average, at least twenty years younger than he was. In the early hours of each morning, before starting the day's chores, he would write his essays—devotional works filled with echoes of Wordsworth and Tolstoy—about the reclamation of the human spirit and the Jewish people through labor and intimate contact with nature. To his youthful co-workers he became a comforting father in their trials, a prophet who gave words to their vision, and, after his death in 1922, a legend, whose life and work embodied the historical movement in which they had participated.

Outside of Israel and Zionist circles, however,

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Gordon is a little-known figure; the literature on him in English is sparse. Rabbi Herbert H. Rose's new book* therefore helps fill a gap, although it falls short of its task in many ways. The book does serve as a primer on Gordon, but since it is more a eulogy than a critical and reflective work, it leaves us with many problems only vaguely understood. It does not, for example, offer any enlightenment on the major question of what elements went into the making of Gordon's decision to change his life. We know that by 1904 he had lost his long-standing position with the estate of Baron Ginzburg, that his parents had died, and that he had become permanently estranged from his son, who had turned into a religious fanatic and had repudiated his "impious" father (who was, in fact, an observant Jew all his life). This was clearly a time of upheaval in Gordon's life. Still, he had a family, which would have been enough to deter many another man from doing as Gordon did. When he left Russia he was, to be sure, able to provide his wife and daughter with enough to live on for a time, and they did rejoin him in Palestine four years later. But conditions there were terribly hard for the two women, who both contracted malaria; his wife died from it. Gordon was superficially frail of physique, and had himself suffered from malaria, but clearly he was a man dominated by a powerful and transcendent will, like his son. It would be useful to know more about this aspect of his character.

The question of what brought about Gordon's major decision is of more than merely biographical interest, for he was participating in a historical movement, and has since become one of the foremost of the figures that characterizes it to us today. If Gordon was wilful, then so are the Jewish people, and Zionism seems to be another of the remarkable acts of self-regeneration that are unique to Jewish history, equal in magnitude to the one that took place when a nation-in-exile, capable of lasting at least another two thousand years, was created out of the rubble to which Palestine had been reduced by 73 C.E. How have such things been possible? When we apply the question to the era of the revolt against the Romans we have little more to go on than legends and pious parables, but for the Zionist period we have a historian's feast. For instance, we know a good deal about the nationalism that was rife among the Eastern European peoples in the latter part of the 19th century. Historical writers have stressed the parallels between Zionism and these other nationalist ideologies, as did many of the early Zionists themselves. This comparison is certainly valid up to a point, but the fact remains that the Jews—even those living in a relatively contiguous community within the Russian Pale of Settlement—were lacking in two fundamental attributes of the other nationalities: a territory beneath their feet that they could claim as their own, and a reasonably well-rounded social structure. The Jews of Eastern Europe were as much a mere social stratum as they were a nation, and in order to achieve the fullness of nationhood, they had both to transfer themselves physically to another territory and reconstruct themselves as a social order. As a result, the Zionist movement had to take on many of the attributes of a class revolution, and its parallels with socialism were no less significant than its parallels with the other nationalist movements.

In devoting a considerable portion of his work to a critique of the Marxian socialism of his day, Gordon was tacitly recognizing it to be the most important rival ideology to his own. Zionism and socialism were the two great alternative courses being chosen by the secular-minded Jewish intelligentsia of his time. Many Jews passed from one to the other during their lives, and in their younger days both Weizmann and Jabotinsky made something of a specialty out of gaining entry into meetings of Jewish social-democratic student organizations and winning converts to Zionism. Both ideologies appealed to the messianic impulse of the Jewish intellectual, and to his desire to achieve Jewish emancipation. To those whose Jewish nationalism was accompanied by the ideal of a worker's society, Zionism was given added appeal by the creation of a Labor Zionist movement. Alternatively, the Jewish social-democratic movement responded to anti-Semitism and to the strength of Jewish feelings among its adherents by establishing the Jewish Socialist Federation, the Bund. Thus the two movements answered to a very similar set of impulses. Gordon wrote of the glories of labor and the collective as glowingly as any Marxist—more so, in fact, and yet he knew full well that the aims of Marxian socialism were diametrically opposed to his own. What was the source of divergence between two such intimately related ideas?

The choice between them was largely based upon the sense of one's own relationship as a Jew (and, incidentally, as an intellectual) to the proletariat. To the adherents of both movements who were at all concerned with this question, it was clear that the Jews on the whole, for all the poverty and oppression under which they suffered, were not, properly speaking, a proletariat. In the eyes of Bundists and Zionists alike, this was a failing that had to be overcome. The Bundist achieved his solution vicariously, by identifying Jewish suffering with that of the proletariat at large; this is parallel to the way in which the socialist intellectual in general seeks to transcend his middle-class situation through vicarious identification with the workers. For Gordon and the Labor Zionists, on the other hand, the only solution was to transform themselves into a proletariat

*_The Life and Thought of A. D. Gordon_, Bloch, 151 pp., $3.50.

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through a personal and direct act of will. In so doing, they avoided the paradox of a merely vicarious identification, but they had nevertheless unconsciously come upon a paradox of another sort. For the Jewish pioneers in Palestine were not really a proletariat at all; rather, they were a kind of laboring elite. The Gordonian ideal of "self-realization," of a personal act of regeneration, which guided their behavior, represented the very opposite of what could be expected from a class governed by economic necessity. Even those among the pioneers who were of authentically proletarian background were now acting in a way indicating that they had transcended those origins, for they were making a revolutionary change in their lives through a free and personal choice. There is a common element in this choice and in that of a man who rises from poverty through business or professional activity, and thereby also changes in class: both are founded primarily upon the principle of self-help. Gordon criticized Marxism for laying stress upon the group as the instrument for the regeneration of man; the process, said Gordon, should begin with the individual. The greatness of this type of individualism lay in its repudiation of worldly selfishness, its stress upon the collective, and its ideal of personal austerity. This spirit produced, as Martin Buber has pointed out, the last and most successful of the great "utopian" socialist experiments. It also produced a pioneer Jewish laboring class in Palestine, the prerequisite for the establishment of a Jewish state there.

TODAY, HOWEVER, this same set of ideals finds itself confronted with moral difficulties arising from the conditions of an established and maturing society. For Israel is now beginning to develop something like an authentic and traditional proletariat. The immigrants who have arrived since the birth of the State in 1948 have largely formed the personnel to perform the new and dreary tasks of growing industrialism. A.D. Gordon could speak lyrically of labor, making of it a kind of mystique of spiritual transcendence, and it may well be that those of us who do not toil with our hands have lost something morally; but no man who has no choice in life but to do hard physical labor can feel that way. In the end, Gordon is expressing a middle-class ideal; the glorification of work was the ideology with which the middle classes achieved greatness in Western civilization. There is no reason, however, why human beings in general should harbor such an ideal, least of all the laboring classes.

But many elements among the old pioneering elite in Israel today are having difficulty confronting the lack of Gordonian idealism among the new proletariat in their midst. The average workingman does not want to work for the sake of the collectives, and his notion of the good life is far from the austere one of the pioneers. Among the worst sufferers from the pain of adjustment to this fact are the kibbutzim. Although many of them face a growing shortage of manpower, they are quite naturally reluctant to use what seems to be the only viable solution to the problem: hired labor. By bringing into their midst workers who do not share their ideals, by introducing cash payment and the whole set of relationships of employer and employee, the kibbutzim are thereby introducing some of the very conditions of society at large from which they had sought to escape. Yet can a socialist institution seek only to be a form of escape? Such an aim was the weakness of the classical "utopian" socialism. The alternative proposed to it by Marxism was that the task of socialists, rather than being one of turning away from society at large to form elite communities, was to seek to work with the conditions of society itself to bring about its liberation. This, in the end, is the principle of social-democracy, whether called "Marxist" or not, that has achieved dominance in the industrialized welfare-states of the world. Utopianism could not stand up against it historically, except in the one instance in which it was buttressed by (and in turn became the buttress of) Jewish nationalism; this made it indispensable. But this ideological synthesis arose to serve a historical epoch which is now over. The kibbutzim today are faced with the choice either of accepting a new conception of social responsibility at the cost of setting aside an old and cherished ideal, or of gradually turning into a mere byway of Israeli life, a retreat for idealists of a certain kind. It is a tragic choice. Gordon and his contemporaries laid the groundwork for the very existence of a Jewish state, but they did it within the framework of their aspiration to realize a new conception of man. If the Gordonians now wish to continue serving the society they helped create, they must, at least for the time being, revise that conception.

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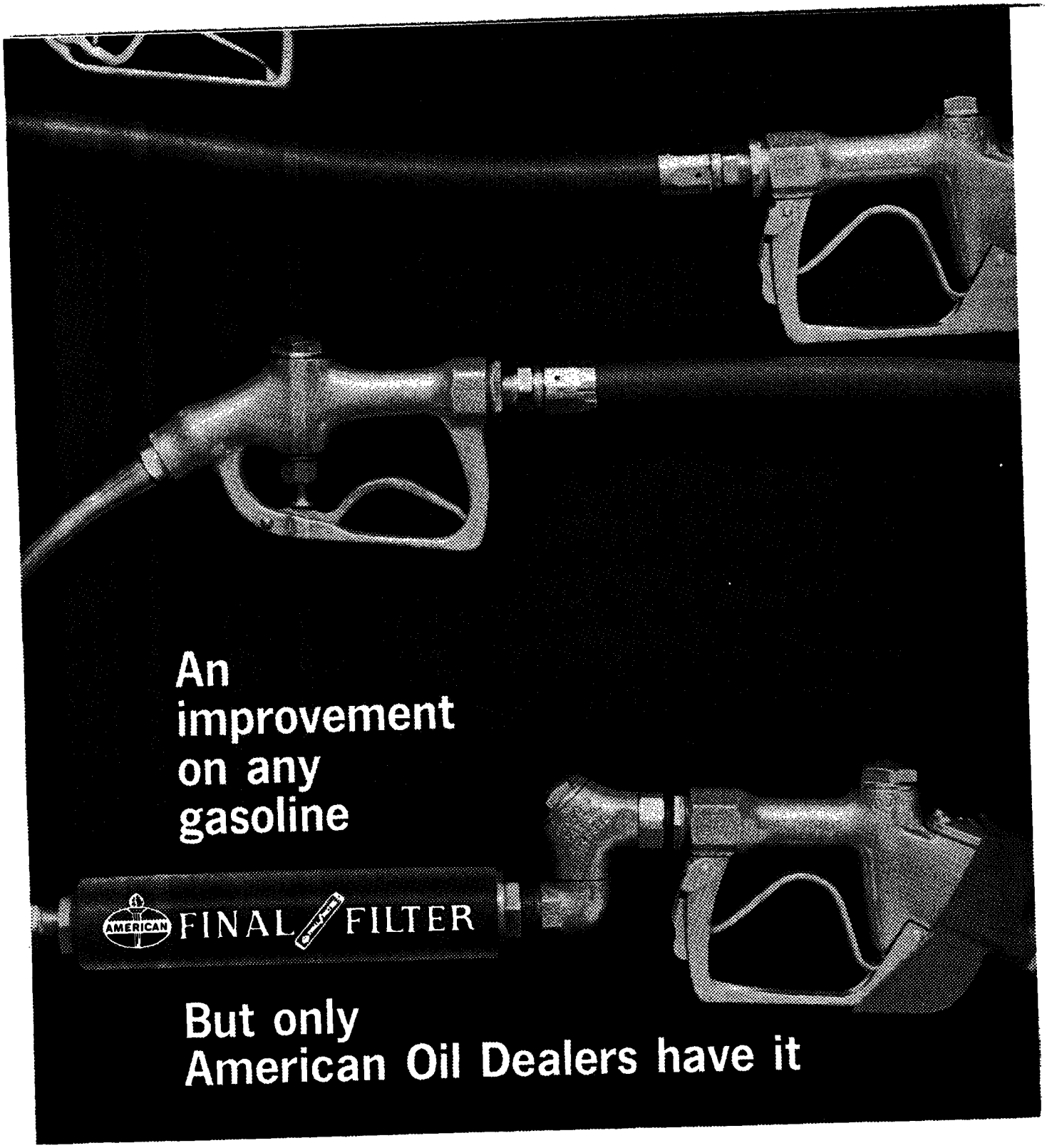

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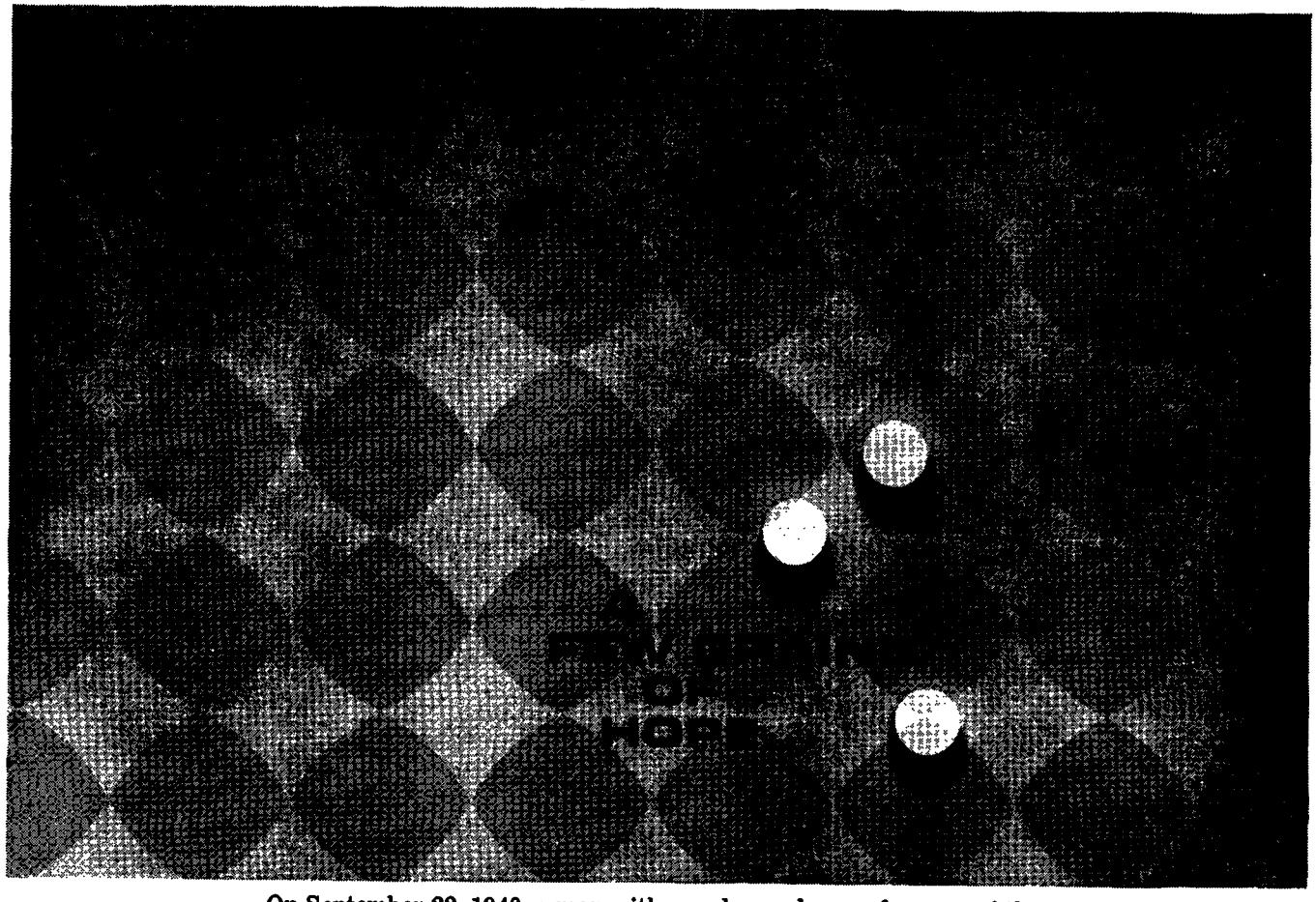
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



On September 22, 1940, a man with an advanced case of cancer of the prostate was given a new pill. It was a synthetic organic chemical with estrogenic properties of female sex hormones, costing about five cents. Two days later the patient was out of bed. After further doses, he went back to work — hard manual labor — becoming the first proof that a hormone could affect any kind of cancer in man. The age of treatment of cancer by drugs had begun. The man who linked the drug to the disease, Dr. Charles Brenton Huggins, went back to his work — at the University of Chicago — and in 1963 was named one of the winners of the Albert Lasker Awards for Medical Research for his success in the hormone treatment of cancer.* His continuing contributions are part of Chicago's distinguished history of achievement in medical and biological research — work that has its quietly dramatic announcement in books like these:

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A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

CHILDREN OF VIOLENCE (Vol. I, MARTHA QUEST: Vol. II, A PROPER MARRIAGE). By DORIS LESSING. *Simon & Schuster. 605 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by ROGER OWEN

DORIS LESSING, who grew up in Southern Rhodesia between the two wars, has been a witness of the late glories of Empire and has observed at first hand the drama of racial antagonism which increasingly fills our minds. She is both a former member of the Communist party and a political exile from the country which is her home. She is also, as they say, "alienated," living among the old complexities of Britain in her characteristically ambiguous role of one who is at once inside and outside the group, both English and not English. From her fiction it appears likely that the facts of her personal life have matched, in their contemporary quality, those of her public one. All in all she seems well fitted to speak for the times.

Meanwhile her growing body of work continues to reveal some of the strengths of a formidable writer. She has a Romantic sense of the importance of her own "passions and volitions" and of the very real connections to be made between her experience and that of our age. Her natural endowments don't seem to me to be uniformly high, but she does write with a compulsive energy and horsepower, which has to date produced an impressively large body of work, some of it scamped and sloppy but all of it characterized by seriousness of intention and intense moral earnestness. She is very ambitious and bravely explicit. Her subject matter is herself, her dilemmas and involvements as a left-wing intellectual and as a free woman, with Communism, race relations, modern sex, psychoanalysis, and the problem of communication. In her dealings with these large and dazzlingly contemporary subjects she foregoes the well-wrought resonances of art in favor of an immediate and direct reporting. This at least is a change, though not one which is always for the better.

The high estimate of Mrs. Lessing's importance which has been current in Britain for some time, and which is becoming so in the United States, seems to suggest that the largeness of what she deals in has been matched by a correspondingly large achievement. One recalls, for example, with what seriousness the task of exegesis was taken up on the appearance two or three years ago of her most obviously heavyweight book to date, *The Golden Notebook*. It seemed to me, though, as I read it, that the book was very confused, not only in the technical elaborations of its structure but also in failures of control at the more detailed level of what was actually written down. I was to learn from Anna Wulf, the leading character and the author of the notebooks, that this was precisely the point.

' "What's in those diaries?"
"They aren't diaries."
"Whatever they are."
"Chaos, that's the point." '

Anything less than confusion would be less than life, a point which is also made ("We're living in a whirlwind") by Anna again (this time disguised as Mrs. Lessing) on the dust jacket. This mistaking of the thing itself for the thing "done" would be a materialist fallacy of little significance, were it not one on which Mrs. Lessing too frequently acts. The guiding principle of her work could be described as a passion to tell all, to reproduce and imitate *all* the material of her experience. It is for this reason, I think, that she writes so much, and that however sporadic and problematical the value of her work may be as literature, its interest as case history is not in doubt.

THE TWO Rhodesian novels now available in a single volume as part of the *Children of Violence* sequence trace the intellectual and emotional progress of the author as a young

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woman through the projected figure of Martha Quest, a younger version of Anna Wulf. Martha is an intelligent, attractive, and rebellious girl who lives with her conventional and morally debilitated parents on a run-down maize farm, the kind of setting which Mrs. Lessing sometimes rendered well in her first novel, *The Grass Is Singing* (still in my view her best). We learn of Martha's conflicts, emotional and ideological, with her parents; of her education at the feet of two young left-wing Jews whose father runs a nearby native store; of her departure for the Colony's main town and her involvement with its set of middle-class young boors; her marriage, the birth of her child (some opportunities here for "Lawrentian" prose are not overlooked), and divorce. This last takes place when Martha finally finds some real soulmates, a handful of Communists brought to the colonial backwater by the exigencies of war.

All this is accomplished with a minimum of organization, a great deal of surface recall, not all of it convincing, and a maximum of opinionizing and interpretation. Thus if we are told once that white Rhodesian women chatter and complain endlessly about their native servants, we are told so a dozen times. We are also likely to be told that Martha thinks they are wrong to do so, and the chances are that Mrs. Lessing will twist the knife a little further by appearing herself to explain the unconscious sexuality which lies concealed in the recriminations of the mistress-servant relationship.

It seems to me that one of the tasks of a "colonial" writer is to respond to a rudimentary society in a way which is not itself rudimentary, and, in defining its absence of density and forms, to help create them. There are several Commonwealth writers—one thinks of the Trinidad novels of V. S. Naipaul or the South African ones of Dan Jacobson—who have attended to the true theme of the colonial experience with sustained precision. In the work of Mrs. Lessing, the incoherences which lie in the texture and quality of White Rhodesian life are present but not dealt with. It is true that the surfaces she records for us reveal that life as raw, new, and insipid. But it is also true that its constricting and provincial quality is reflected in a vision which is itself constricted and crude. Jacobson and Naipaul speak out of the particularities of their own estrangement to that of all of us, and leave us in the end with a deepened sense of the needs of any society. In Mrs. Lessing's work her own imagination is touched by the thinness and superficiality of the life it presents.

The trap she falls into is a hard one to avoid. There is primarily and above all else an affronting political injustice in White Settler Africa. The crudities with which it is defended are the ones from which intelligence and spirit most keenly withdraw. And yet the very withdrawal can lead people of intelligence and spirit into their own crudities. Martha Quest, for example, finds it easier to become a Communist than to exercise finer discriminations. And in seeing the White Settlers who surround her simply as thin emblems of political dishonesty, she is herself reduced. The language of her rebellion is as predictable and as boring as that of the people she depicts and despises. The certitudes she holds to and complacently propounds are of the utmost familiarity: the middle classes are despicable, it is good to be unconventional, suburbia is hell, most married women are frustrated and talk endlessly about their children. Minority status is, in itself, a sign of health and it follows that Africans, Jews, intellectuals, Communists, and homosexuals enjoy that blessing.

THE TENDENCY of ideas and feelings in Africa to polarize to their opposites has not been one from which Mrs. Lessing has herself escaped, and if there is some poignancy in Martha's situation, it is one which involves her creator. Martha's attitudes and feelings are not observed critically. There are some gestures, indulgently jocular in character, toward ironic distance, but in the main Mrs. Lessing—as always—sides with herself, a habit which turns her work into so complete an assertion of personality that to discuss it in literary terms becomes very difficult.

Even at a quite early age, Mrs. Lessing seems to have endured—at times almost enjoyed—feelings of alienation from the White community she lived among. Martha's adolescent sympathy for the Africans, which marks her off, is generous but comfortably held, unstained by that sense of criminality which accom-

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panied similar feelings in Huckleberry Finn. In Martha's case she knows that what she feels is not only sanctioned but enjoined by the books and ideas of that better world (later to find a local habitation and a name in the Soviet Union) where her true citizenship lies. This sense of a comforting outside sanction makes her growth a painless and factitious one. As she rejects her family, her friends, her husband and her child, she does so without agony in the certain knowledge of her own rightness, in the conviction that every step she takes is the proper one. In some ways these two books read like a kind of changeling fantasy in which the heroine moves toward the discovery of her real self. The involvements of her non-real self have an air of improbability for her. Her friendships with awful people and her marriage to one of them can be sloughed off effortlessly. One remembers, too, that the account of Anna's disillusionment with Communism in *The Golden Notebook* is a curiously untroubled one, looked at after the event as if it were part of a sequence of unavoidable accidents.

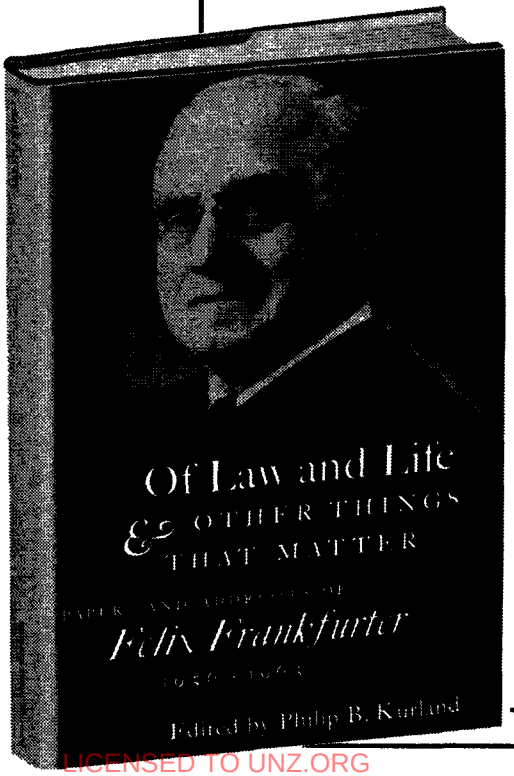
Martha's response to the world is organized around rough schemes and categories, and in many respects so, too, is Mrs. Lessing's. There is change, but not growth. In the development of Martha's—later Anna Wulf's—demonology, the objects of her contumely do not remain the same. Politics become less important—perhaps the fulfillment of Martha's political hopes in many parts of Africa have shown that they don't solve everything. Communism itself is found wanting, though we are informed in *The Golden Notebook* of the special radiance which attaches itself to ex-Communists. Their experience is "archetypal" (of what?). The aggression which in Martha finds innumerable victims directs itself in the end at a single category—men—and from a vision of politics as capitalist conspiracy we move to one in which the malevolence is in Nature itself, which has seen to it that male orgasms are easy to get and female ones (unless you settle for love and marriage and we all know what they are) well-nigh impossible. The final struggle of the radical becomes the battle of the sexes and the last minority the female sex itself, a minority, like the others which have marked this progress, in which the pleasures of collective security are not absent.

In an essay written in 1957, after she had left the Communist party, Mrs. Lessing revealed those aspects of her personality—she would like to think of them as "subversive"—which met the then fashionable demand for anger. In it she described British life as "petty and frustrating." "The genteel poverty" of the country was ascribed to "our spending so much of the wealth we produce on preparations for a war against Communism which will take place if and when the United States decides." Britain was a rich country being "artificially kept poor" and its working people "got their view of life" through "high pressure advertising, sex-sodden newspapers, and debased films and television."

Et cetera. My point in referring to this essay, which with resounding inappropriateness Mrs. Lessing calls "The Small Personal Voice," is to direct some attention to the kind of intelligence which is at work in it. It is hard to believe that the author means or knows what she is saying. Is it really her view that Britain *intends* to make war on Russia? It is hard to believe also that the author of what is admittedly here only a piece of journalism has the necessary respect for fact and for language which, in another role, would enable her to be one of the most serious, honest, and intelligent novelists of our times. In that role, too, however, the language she uses is not one that should make us confident of her powers.

> "Paul was standing a few paces off looking at me. And suddenly all the intoxication and the anger and misery rose in me like a bomb bursting and I didn't care about anything except being with Paul. I ran down to him and he caught my hand and without a word we both ran without knowing where we were running or why. . . ."

That's from the Mashopi episode in *The Golden Notebook*, and while it isn't a wholly characteristic lapse, one doesn't have to look hard to



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find other kinds of failure—the opening section of the book, for example, in which an attempt is made at the "objective" reporting of an encounter between the ideologies of Richard, the businessman, and the two Free Women. Mrs. Lessing attempts to give Richard's view of them some force, but his "twitching thighs" and facial convulsions reveal him as one who not only can't win, but can't contribute to the balance which is being sought. "Socialism is in the doldrums now," cries one of the Free Women to him, after he has just been dismissed as a cliché-monger.

Mrs. Lessing's cleanest writing is about sex. Her dispatches from the front line sound authentic. Even her achievement here, though, does not adequately account for the significance which has been attributed to her work. In general I think the contemporary quality of its content has been truly dazzling. There has been some taking of the word for the deed.

ASHES AND IRONY

THE HOLOCAUST KINGDOM: A MEMOIR. By ALEXANDER DONAT. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 244 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by WARREN COFFEY

IN AUGUST 1939, Alexander Donat's name was Michal Berg, and he was the publisher of a Warsaw morning tabloid. Thirty-four years old, he lived in an apartment in Warsaw's Orla Street with his wife, Lena, and their twenty-one-month-old son, Wlodek. Though Berg had been forced by growing anti-Semitic pressures in Poland to take a few Poles onto the staff of his paper and though he had been enough aware of the danger that was imminent to warn against it in his *Brown Book*, he had no way of knowing what September would bring that year: armies, tanks, Stukas, Poland's collapse, and the German occupation—the "holocaust kingdom" of the Hitler years. In the next six years, Michal Berg would see his offices and house looted, then confiscated. He would be de-classed and driven into slave labor. He would contract typhus and nearly die of starvation. He would be beaten and spat upon and see Warsaw Jewry all but wiped out. In 1943, he was hard-pressed (though he finally succeeded) to find a single Polish friend willing to harbor his child and give the boy a chance to survive. In that same year, Berg and his wife were sent to the concentration camp at Maidanek and there separated. In the next years, he was shuttled to four other camps, at Radom, Vaihingen, Hessenthal, and Dachau. One train in which he was being transported stopped briefly on the siding at Auschwitz and went on only because that camp was filled. Once amid all this Berg suffered a nervous collapse, but on April 29, 1945—standing in the open coal car in which he was being evacuated to yet another camp—he lived to see the coming of the American Third Army. The Germans were in full flight and Michal Berg—now known as Alexander Donat, because he had assumed the identity of a dead fellow-prisoner—was free. By July, he had made his way back to Warsaw, which lay in rubble, to find—what only hope deep as life could have promised—his wife and son alive.

Mr. Donat's memoir of those lunatic and terrible years in Poland and Germany is divided into four sections. The first and longest focuses, though not always sharply enough, on the life of the Donat family in Warsaw until their separation in 1943. It gives a vivid account of the Ghetto uprising (part of this appeared in slightly different form in COMMENTARY of May 1963) and then follows the author through the concentration camps and his eventual liberation and reunion with his family. The second section, written by Mr. Donat's wife, recounts her experiences at Maidanek and Auschwitz and follows her penniless and famished progress through the choked roads back to Warsaw at war's end. A born writer, Mrs. Donat has done some of the most tightly organized and moving chapters in the book. The third section of the memoir was written by Mrs. Maria Maginski, a member of the Polish Resistance and a friend of the Donats, who by taking in their son Wlodek in 1943 managed to save

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"Funny, He Doesn't Look Jewish."

Isaac Harby was one of the first Jewish-American writers—if not *the* first. Born of English parentage in Charleston, S. C., in 1788, Harby was only 17 when his first play, a five-acter called *Alexander Severus*, was produced. *Alexander* was a tragedy—and Jewish-American writers, "because of their peculiar tensions," have been writing about tragedy and alienation ever since.

In *Jews and Americans*, Irving Malin, City College of New York professor, appraises the literature of the 1950's and 1960's "that would be incomplete without an assessment of the distinct and indispensable contributions of Jewish-American writers." Indeed, *Jews and Americans* is the first book to analyze the influence of Jewish-American writers in American literature. It delves into the subtle conflicts in Jews writing in a non-Jewish society, and suggests the solutions and rationalizations being produced by some of our major writers. It focuses closely on the fiction, poetry, and essays of Karl Shapiro, Delmore Schwartz, Isaac Rosenfeld, Leslie Fiedler (who once wrote, "Jewishness is a passport into the heart of Gentile culture"), Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, and Bernard Malamud (who once wrote, "All men are Jews").

Mr. Malin's conclusion: "I think that when Jewish-American writers are at their best, they clearly express their tensions without indulging in Old World charm or self-pity. They can never be as popular as those 'inauthentic' Jews who produce best-sellers about World War II or Central Park West by avoiding negativism. When Jewish-American writers flee from tension into easy Transcendence—Reichian joy, Nature, etc.—they seem as false as these popularizers."

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his life. The bravery and generosity of this remarkable woman seem the more striking, appearing as they do in a book which makes it clear that most Poles were perfectly resigned to the murder of the Jews and, indeed, often actively cooperated in it. The final section of the memoir was also written by Mrs. Donat—interspersed, as is the preceding one, with reminiscences of the child, Wlodek. This section carries the story from Mrs. Donat's return to ruined Warsaw through her search for her son and describes both her joy at finding him alive and her pain at discovering the price paid for his survival. The narrative concludes on a blazing day in July 1945 when her husband, white, emaciated, and dressed in a cast-off uniform of the German army, appeared in the doorway of the Jewish Committee offices in Warsaw.

WHEN Mr. Donat's book is content to be a memoir, its merits are considerable indeed. At those times it has an intelligence and humanity that one can only honor the more for their having come through the ordeal unimpaired. When the author is about his job of recording an ordinary man's struggle to keep his family safe and to hold on to his life and sanity in the madhouse that was most of Europe in those years, he sees clearly and writes very movingly. He knows that in ordinary people bravery is not modeled upon melodramatic gestures remembered out of Byron's poems or schoolboy heroics in the Hemingway novels. He knows there is another sort of bravery entirely, that keeps its wits and bears up under typhus, slow starvation, insult, and random beating, as well as tribulations even more ordinary —cold, the pain of being declassed, the wretchedness of living eight to a room, the ordeal of moving a family three times in a week. Mr. Donat is surely right in not forgetting these things even in the apocalyptic scale of what followed: torture, mass shootings, the gas ovens.

As one who saw and survived, Mr. Donat knows something else about human bravery that will not be found in the Hemingway novels: that it does not consist exclusively in showing how well you take a punch. Footwork is part of it too—the quick-wittedness, inventiveness, ingenuity that in the Homeric poems are designated by the epithet, *polútropos.* Mr. Donat's memoir is full of examples: the counterfeiting of identity cards, the smuggling of food, the well-placed bribe, the stratagem of telling your German captors that a typhus epidemic which has broken out among the prisoners is really only flu because their way of halting the epidemic would be to kill off the four-hundred men affected. Of all this, Mr. Donat is a master chronicler and his memoir treats it with remarkable effect. To repeat—when he tells his story plain and that of the people he knew and saw, it takes on something of the resonance of the great speech of Tennyson's Ulysses:

Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

But Mr. Donat has not always been content to tell his story plain; he seems also to have felt constrained to engage in explanation and justification—a constraint which is responsible for most of the book's faults as well as a certain final falseness about it. Too often a fine personal memoir becomes instead a work of historical apologetics—thereby placing the author in an absurdly false position, for he is not competent as a historian and there is certainly no reason for him to engage in apologetics.

This is not to deny that Mr. Donat is an extremely honest observer, well above the average memoirist in this regard. At the level of fact, indeed, he is as hard on the Jews as anyone could wish. The book does not blush any of the sorrier episodes of that time—Abraham Ganzweich, "The Thirteen," the Warsaw *Judenrat,* the squads of Jews who worked the gas ovens at Treblinka. Even the suicide of Adam Czerniakow is treated with

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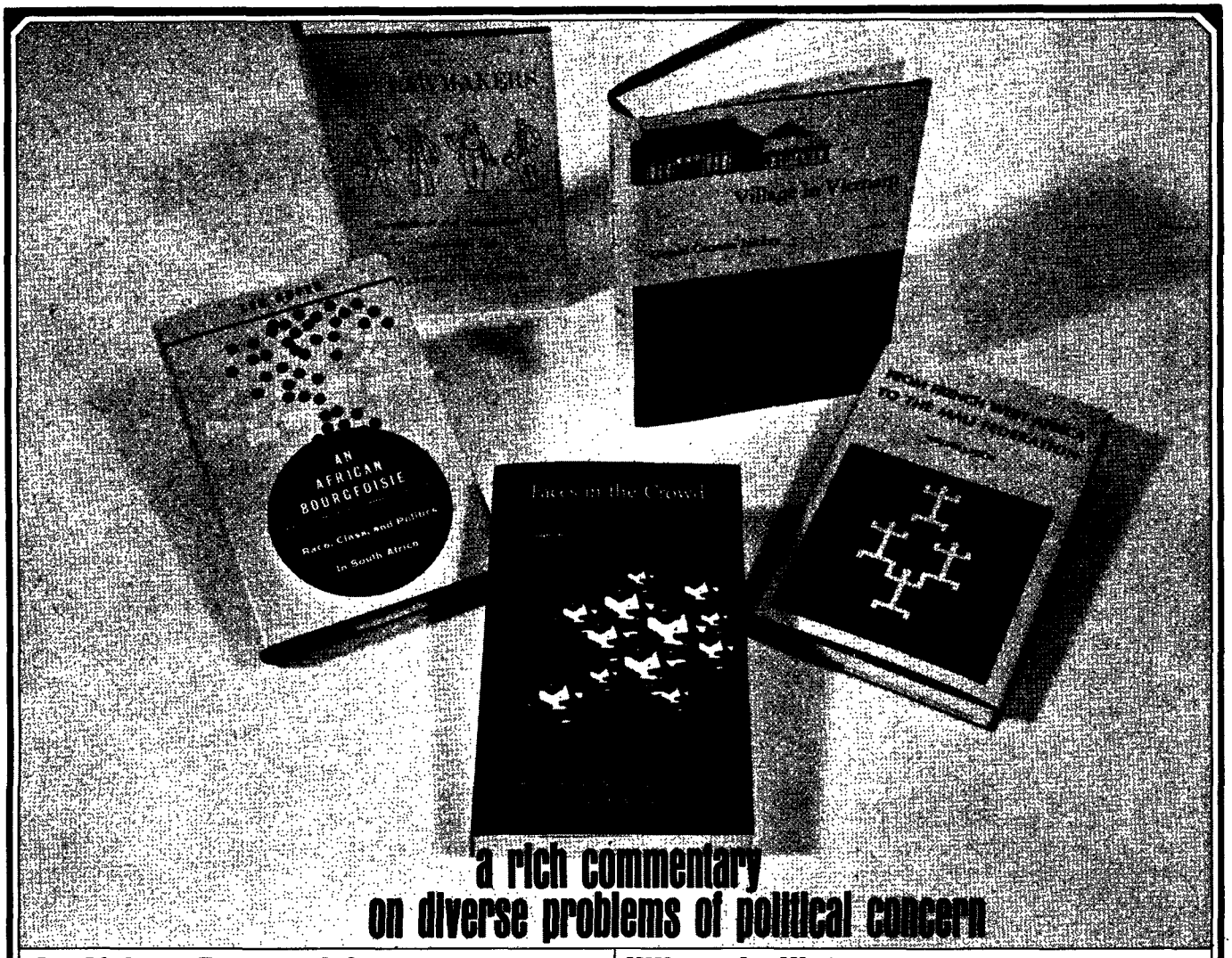

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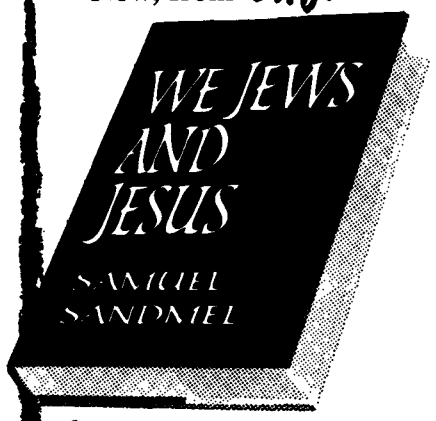

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unusual severity, for Mr. Donat believes that while it saved Czerniakow's personal integrity, it also increased despair and panic in the Warsaw Ghetto as a whole. When I call Mr. Donat's book a work of historical apologetics, I am not therefore suggesting that he misrepresents facts, but rather that he works too often on a scale and at a level of generalization that are out of place in a personal memoir, attempting to tell, in addition to his own story, the story of all of Polish Jewry. Instead of limiting his report to what he saw and did and why, he spends a great deal of time wondering about and attempting to explain (and justify) why the Jews of Eastern Europe reacted as they did to Hitler's plan for their slaughter.

The reader gets the sense that Mr. Donat is laboring not merely to set down the way it was, but also to produce what the dust jacket or the reviewers or the advertising copy will call "a moving rebuttal to those who have accused European Jewry of collaborating in its own destruction." The strain of writing to this purpose often turns Mr. Donat's plain and just memoir into bad history and once, but fatally, into trumpery journalism.

SO FAR as the bad history goes, Mr. Donat's thesis is as follows: "It is *pure* myth that the Jews were *merely* 'passive,' that they did not put up resistance to the Nazis who had decreed their destruction. The Jews fought back against their enemies *to a degree no other community anywhere in the world would have been capable of were it to find itself similarly beleaguered.*" (Italics mine.)

Attempting to prove this thesis, Mr. Donat is forced to follow the fortunes of 500,000 inhabitants of the Ghetto—a job for which he simply does not have the narrative powers. In the process of doing so he damages the book severely by losing track of his own story.

Mr. Donat writes best when he forgets his thesis entirely or leaves it implicit, as memoir should do, and allows us to watch a brave and sorely tried man in the act of saving his family and his humanity in the face of odds that might have discouraged Job. The best example of the power residing in the simple recounting of what happened occurs in the concluding sections. Here the memoir itself brings home to the reader the most shattering irony of all—that the Donats' own son could survive in Catholic Poland only at the cost of being turned into a vicious little Jew-hater. In the Catholic orphanage to which he was brought by Mrs. Maginski, who was too old to pose as the mother of a four-year-old child, the boy had been baptized as a Catholic and taught that "All Jews are thieves and swindlers . . . and kill Christian children to mix their blood in the matzos." The ashes and the irony of that are got very tellingly onto each and every page.

YET IN these same concluding pages, moving as they are, there occurs a small piece of deception—minor, perhaps, but nonetheless fatally marring the integrity of the book. The reminiscences of the boy, Wlodek, are introduced by this formula: "The italicized paragraphs are Wlodek's reminiscences recorded in 1945-46." Yet the paragraphs that follow could not possibly have been written by an eight-year-old boy, for they are too pointed and connected for that. True, we are not told that he wrote them, but on the other hand, we are carefully not told who *did*. Nor are we told by what means or through whose intervention they were recorded—and it makes a difference. The omission is deliberate, calculated, I should say, to set the Anne Frank reverberations going. It is this evidence of manipulation that is responsible for a final note of falseness that, as I mentioned earlier, mars *The Holocaust Kingdom*. For the reader finds himself wondering, among other things, why "Wlodek's reminiscences, recorded in 1945-46" were not printed *entire* instead of in scraps—if only in the interests of further documentation? Again, it is a pity that Mr. Donat's book, which has so much that is admirable, which might have been a permanently valuable memoir, has been sacrificed in order to supply an answer to Hannah Arendt's book and a sequel to Anne Frank's.

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CAPITALISM TODAY

THE MANAGED ECONOMY. By MICHAEL D. REAGAN. *Oxford University Press. 288 pp. $6.00.*
THE ECONOMIC THEORY OF "MANAGERIAL" CAPITALISM. By ROBIN MARRIS. *Free Press. 346 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by BEN B. SELIGMAN

MEN WILL ALWAYS demand an explanation for their perception of economic reality and a justification for their economic actions. If we can call a body of ideas that meets this demand an ideology, then we may safely say that there will always be ideology. To assert otherwise, as it has become fashionable to do, is to evade the patent lessons of both past and present events.

Consider, for example, the origins of the modern economy during the 17th and 18th centuries in England's North Country, where entrepreneurs began to fabricate coarse cottons for a mass market. Breaking through the restrictions of medieval ideology, they harnessed "free" labor to the factory, and fought inventors for the "right" to use their machines. As it was clawing its way to the top, the new class of manufacturers was beset by the need to justify its acquisition of power. Its spokesmen proposed a simple syllogism: nature must be free; textiles are part of nature; therefore textiles must be free. The French Physiocrats, who had pleaded with their monarch to let Nature take its course, contributed to this ideology and Adam Smith's philosophy of natural law completed it. Thus arose the new morality of an Invisible Hand providentially guiding the destiny of man—that is, of middle-class man—and as Morse Peckham once said, every propaganda device was used to persuade the miserable working classes to postpone their gratifications to the lives of their great-grandchildren.

In America the entrepreneur's ideology assumed the guise of Social Darwinism, a view which insisted that those who survived were the fittest, and that those who lacked the imagination to exploit Nature's abundance deserved to be condemned to a hopeless existence. Social Darwinism was also a form of natural law, for it argued that the process of competitive selection took place under the benign auspices of a Deity that did not interfere but wisely preordained a culmination of eternal harmony.

Though we are apt to think that such notions are no longer in vogue, they maintain a curious underground existence in certain types of recondite economic theory. For instance, attempts are still made to establish a positive correlation between high personal income and willingness to undertake risk, and thus to demonstrate that those whose incomes are low are patently unwilling to hazard their possessions, meager as they may be. These speculations are likely to be expressed in abstruse language and couched in the arcane symbolism of game-theory and econometrics, but their implications are no different from those of Herbert Spencer's crude Darwinism. Meanwhile the economic issues have become far more complex. The free enterprise practices that once generated the rationalizations embodied in Social Darwinism no longer exist. Economic reality is the corporation; free enterprise is safe enterprise; price setting is a form of private taxation; business policy is public policy.

TO HIS great credit, Michael Reagan makes these matters thoroughly explicit in *The Managed Economy,* one of the more sober studies of the managerial ideology to have been published in recent years. According to Reagan, the source of the complication that we face in trying to disentangle reality from ideology is that the automatic market economy of the 19th century has been done to death, and displaced by a managerial oligarchy whose conscious choices now weigh heavily in the allocation of resources. "The rise of this managed economy," in Reagan's words, "reunites politics and economics . . . into political economy," not because government intervention has increased but because the important decisions, even in the private sector, are individual ones embodying entirely personal values.

More than anything else, this change makes both the Jeffersonian

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ideal of a nation of property holders and the industrial paternalism of an Andrew Carnegie quite useless in today's corporate world. For the fact is that property in the 18th- or 19th-century meaning of the word no longer exists. It is an empty term, replaced by a complex of claims and rights that not even the Supreme Court can always disentangle.

As a consequence, ownership of property is now irrelevant: in the modern corporation the only ownership one can possibly discern is that of pieces of paper—shares of stock—the purchase and sale of which on the exchange literally have nothing to do with how the actual property of a corporation—its buildings, equipment, and raw materials—is disposed. The key question is control: and by a strange mutation of "rights" the managerial economy is not unlike the Communist state—he who uses and enjoys actual property and real instruments of production is the effective "owner." And here Reagan suggests, after the fashion of the late C. Wright Mills, that such "ownership" can transmute economic power into solid political currency.

At this crucial point ideology once again intrudes. The public can presumably no longer be damned (at least not openly), though it can still be bamboozled. A fresh stereotype has to be created, in which such slogans as "corporate conscience," "balance of interests," and "managerial responsibility" are employed to legitimize power. Managerial elites try to convince themselves that they "do good" for workers, suppliers, distributors, communities, universities, and other cultural institutions. The archon believes himself to be a steward who discharges responsibilities on behalf of the whole society, but who in the last analysis does not have to answer to anyone. Reagan argues, and quite correctly, that were this autonomy indeed complete, we should be subjected to a corporate totalitarianism more intolerable than some of the political dictatorships we have so bitterly come to know.

THE author maintains that the notion of corporate responsibility *cannot work* because the motive drive in business is still monetary gain and the managers pay obeisance to the public welfare only so long as it enhances the balance sheet. Corporate responsibility *does not work* because the objectives of profit-making frequently impose standards of performance that injure the public. Herbert Davenport, a noted American economist, once observed that grass cutting, pocket-picking, drug adulteration, and exaggerated advertising are all productive since they are marketable activities. According to Reagan, corporate responsibility *should not work,* finally, because it is "anti-democratic to the core and would tend toward a business-elite system in which corporate power would control society."

Therefore, he insists that government intervention in economic affairs is essential. Government enhances economic freedom, rather than diminishes it, so that the most urgent item on the political agenda is to broaden such intervention to deal with problems that can be handled in no other way. Automation is a case in point: how else can income be provided for those who have been pushed aside by the march of technology? Of course, this implies cooperation between the public and private realms, but unfortunately the latter seems today to be the dominant partner. Witness the command of industry representatives over such regulatory agencies as the Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Power Commission, and the Civil Aeronautics Board; or the scandalous way in which research and development contracts with government are inflated by the pyramiding of cost-plus expenses. Reagan's suggestions for redressing the present imbalance range all the way from economic planning to reform of the Senate, and the prospect of their adoption may therefore be dim; nevertheless they are eminently practicable, and few will deny that objectives of this nature are worth pursuing.

THE title of Robin Marris's book is misleading, for it leads one to expect a study of the relationship of the corporation to society, whereas the author is more interested in ex-

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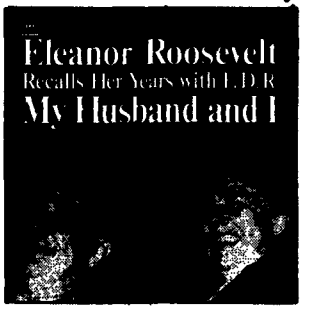

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ploring the tortuous thoughts that managers supposedly pursue in maximizing "pecuniary viability." In other words, he elaborates not a theory of capitalism but a so-called theory of the firm, which is as bloodless a fiction as was ever found in a freshman economics text.

Marris's unhappy attempt to relate his esoteric formulas of corporate growth to sociology and politics results in observations that are either weird or unintentionally funny. Three examples must suffice: the late C. Wright Mills's power elite argument is repeatedly referred to as the "Wright-Mills thesis"; the analysis of managerial salaries and bonuses is clothed in terrifyingly fancy formulas which prove only that managers will grab as much as they can; and it is asserted that if the "owners" of a corporation won't pay the managers an adequate recompense, the latter will quit and convert themselves into teachers, doctors, labor leaders, and politicians. Of course, Mr. Marris can claim that he is only building a "model," but even a model as abstract as his ought at least to take its bearings from common sense.

Now all this is rather surprising, for elsewhere Marris, who is an English Fabian, has written: "The corporations have great power, yet, in the political sense, little responsibility. In general they are of course run by 'responsible' men, i.e., men who behave reasonably according to their own lights. But in the political and social sense these men are responsible to no one . . . they certainly do not interpret their duties as comprehending general human development. . . ." At that time Marris observed that corporations are apt to treat consumers like the "pigskin" in a football game. It is a great pity that he does not expand on this theme in his present book, which reads as though he were only interested in providing a virtuoso mathematical performance for the benefit of his fellow economists. Readers who want to know how "managerial" capitalism really functions in its contemporary phase are therefore advised to turn to Michael Reagan's realistic study.

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SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION. By THOMAS MERTON. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 328 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DANIEL J. CALLAHAN

THOMAS MERTON has always occupied a special place in the American Catholic Church, though for different reasons at different times. His first acclaim came with his conversion, recorded in *The Seven Storey Mountain*. At that time, before ecumenism was much heard of, the convert was a special kind of hero, celebrated, publicized, and taken as living proof that Catholicism need not just be a matter of birth and tribal origin, but could persuade even the outsider. As a catch, Merton was something special. One had heard of the high Anglican who took the final step or of the Presbyterian who "came over," but converts from Merton's pre-Catholic world were (and still are) rare: the world of the high-level New York intellectual, the kind who went to Columbia, knew Mark Van Doren, read D. H. Lawrence and whose poetry could get published by New Directions.

Merton's second distinction lay in his acceptance of the monastic life as a Trappist monk in Gethsemane, Kentucky. After World War II, the monastic orders went through a period of sudden rejuvenation, stimulated no doubt by the horrors of that war, by the post-war chaos, and by the desire of many to find a radically different way of life. By his vast output of spiritual guidebooks, his lyrical praise of a life of prayer, and by the patently sharp contrast of his Trappist existence with his earlier student life, Merton became a symbol of the American monastic revival. At that time, too, it seemed altogether fitting that, if a monk was going to write at all, he should limit himself to the higher reaches of mysticism and the profundities of inner renewal. Poetry, though perhaps just a bit surprising, was after all known to be a mystical art.

So it went for some years and some twenty-five books, both of prose and poetry. Merton always had something of value to say, said it in a compelling way, and, no less

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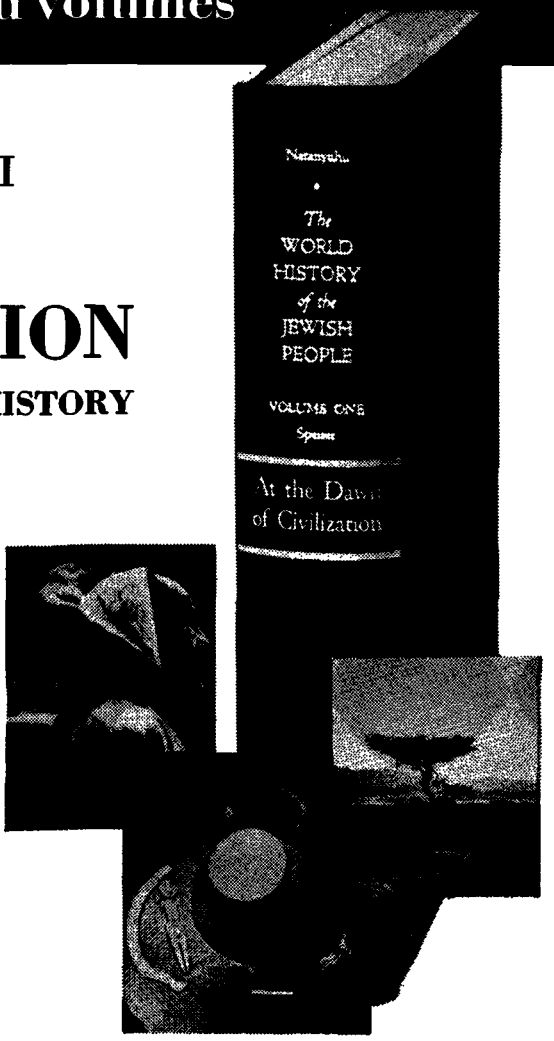

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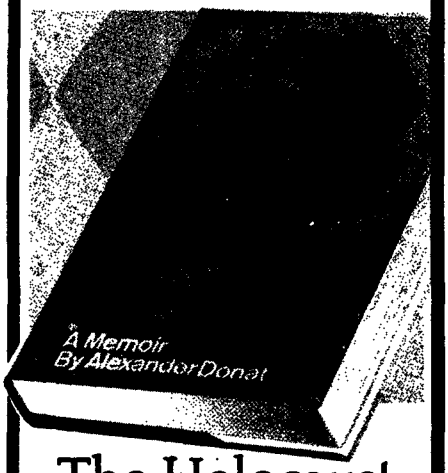

The Holocaust Kingdom

A MEMOIR
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importantly, seemed to sense well the mood of the Church. His books, to judge from the paperback reprints, the enthusiastic reviews, and the general currency of his name, sold well; there was every evidence that the Catholic public could not get enough of them.

YET NOTHING GOES on forever, especially revivals. The monastic boom and the thirst for the higher reaches of spiritual ardor began to show signs of waning toward the end of the 50's. They gave way to a newfound interest in social problems: race, nuclear warfare, man's life on earth among other men, poverty, the underdeveloped nations. This was the era of Pope John XXIII and the Second Vatican Council, with its stress on the Church's responsibility toward human problems, religious unity, and the needs of the secular societies of the 20th century. Oddly enough (so far as I know) Merton has not written directly of this shift in mood within the Church. But if one wants to see it exemplified, *Seeds of Destruction* is as good an indication as any. For the Merton we see here is a different, and perhaps new, Merton. There is practically no mention of the ascetical life, of prayer, or of contemplation (with the exception of one short essay dealing directly with the role of the monk in the contemporary world). Instead, there are some more characteristic notes of our day: the white liberal railing at the white liberal for being a secret enemy of the Negro (in "Letters to a White Liberal"); the engaged Christian struggling with his conscience over "the bomb"; the troubled Catholic trying to make some sense of the Church's place in a post-Christian world (in "The Christian in the Diaspora"); and the man of prayer giving hard-headed advice to people who live in the world (in "Letters in a Time of Crisis"). As these assorted subjects will suggest, *Seeds of Destruction* is not a unified book, but mainly a collection of previously published essays and unpublished letters. That does not much help the book as a whole but does at any rate give one a clue to Merton's present interests.

Merton is aware of the apparent paradox of a monk attempting to speak to problems which exist outside of the monastery walls. He does not travel; what he knows he knows only through reading, correspondence, and visitors from the outside. Yet he argues that "No man can withdraw completely from the society of his fellow men, and the monastic community is deeply implicated, for better or for worse, in the economic, political, and social structure of the contemporary world. . . . The mere fact of 'ignoring' what goes on can become a political decision." As he points out, some contemplative communities in Europe "have officially and publicly given support to totalitarian movements," however much the individual members of those communities were "absorbed in otherworldly recollections." These are perceptive comments, placing monastic life in a context whose implications will seem wholly novel, even to most Catholics.

Unfortunately, what immediately follows these words is not as easy to praise. Merton speaks of the monastic life as "a definitive refusal to participate in those activities which have no other fruit than to prolong the reign of greed, cruelty and arrogance in the world of men." Just what the expression "those activities" means is not clear, but at any rate it is hard to imagine any moral, civilized person not wanting to do precisely the same thing. Heaven help us if we have to enter a monastery to prove our good intentions in this respect; yet this is what Merton comes close to saying. What does not come through is a sharp awareness that good and evil rarely come in clearly labeled packages. With the exception of genocide, arbitrary cruelty to children, and a few other textbook cases of wholly unjustifiable evil, it is extremely difficult to find activities about which one could say that they had "no fruit other than to prolong the reign of greed, cruelty and arrogance. . . ." The terrible thing about living in the world rather than in a monastery is that one can't just opt out of evil and let it go at that. Even in the case of nuclear warfare, which every sane man along with Merton will agree is wicked, there still remains the matter of weighing, as President Truman, say, had to do, the evil of

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destroying two cities over against the good of ending a war and thus saving many lives. I happen to think his decision was wrong, disastrously so, but that is because I think the evil far outweighed the possible good. Yet to say as much is not to deny that the situation demanded a weighing of values. Any decision would have involved some evil, and doubtless some good.

For one who lives in the world, this will seem an obvious, not to say trivial point. But calculations of this kind have an inconspicuous place in Merton's scheme of values. Though he writes movingly about the abuses of political authority, about the Negro's plight, about disarmament, he is a radically apolitical thinker, restless with the intricate subtleties of morality within a political and diplomatic context. He moves easily only in the rarefied air of ultimate goods: love, justice, perfect peace among nations. More than that, he appears to be positively skeptical of an excessive concern with anything else, especially with those worldly processes which work with material far removed from human or cosmic perfection. "Where there is no love of man," he writes, "no love of life, then make all the laws you want, all the edicts and treaties, issue all the anathemas; set up all the safeguards and inspections, fill the air with spying satellites, and land cameras on the moon. As long as you see your fellow man as a being essentially to be feared, mistrusted, hated and destroyed, there cannot be peace on earth." Perhaps Merton means the word "essentially" to be pivotal in this passage; if so, one could agree.

But what is rather frustrating about Merton's essays is that they abound in such quintessential incarnations of evil and stupidity. One can never be sure whether he thinks all men who are in some form or other suspicious and distrustful (an attitude not wholly unrealistic at times) can, ultimately, be fitted into the reprobate category, or whether he sees that even good men can on occasion possess some of the moral characteristics of the totally depraved. In his "Letters to a White Liberal," he skillfully lays bare the kinds of rationalizations even a purportedly well-in-

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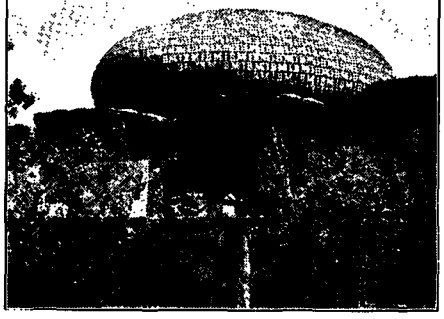

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tentioned white can use to evade the harder demands the Negro places before him. By now, we are all fairly used to having these (our) rationalizations exposed. But Merton is not satisfied with doing that: his imagined "liberal" (each of us?), a man who would resort to repression should Negro protests get out of hand, can finally be visualized "goose-stepping down Massachusetts Avenue in the uniform of an American Totalitarian Party in a mass rally where nothing but the most uproarious approval is manifest, except, by implication, on the part of silent and strangely scented clouds of smoke drifting over from the new 'camps' where the 'Negroes are living in retirement.'" The picture is vivid, appalling, plausible; but is it very helpful to have such a picture painted? Does it really tell us very much about ourselves? No one could deny that resistance to the Negro is deep, nor could one deny that some people at least could be driven to seek a "final solution." But as a matter of fact, excluding a number of murders and the systematic violence in some Southern states, the remarkable thing is that whites have given way before Negro pressure: slowly, yes; reluctantly, to be sure, but still they have given way. As time goes on the Negro's problem with the white liberal is likely to be the quieter, more cutting forms of discrimination: no "final solution" but the steady heaping of indignities upon the Negro, mixed in with some genuine efforts to help him. By talking in terms of the worst possible eventualities Merton misses the gray reality, which favors neither the prophet and radical reformer nor the racist and repressive segregationist. Something similar could be said of the prospects for disarmament: neither the proponent of an aggressive nuclear weapons policy nor the proponent of unilateral disarmament will gain much of a following.

THE TROUBLE with reading prophets, and Merton seems almost consciously to adopt that stance, is that they can be both moving and irrelevant at the same time. This is Merton's problem. An articulate monk, and surely Merton is that, can recall us to those values which must sustain all we do. But then we sit down with the messy details of life, our charts, our statistics, our conflicting political demands, our social complexities, and the vision fades. But that is our problem, and it is a good thing we have the Mertons around: from time to time someone had better set squarely before us the point of what we are about. Otherwise those rich and hard details, which we who live in the world are prone to caress, will become the only values we know much about.

THE MONOLITHIC MYTH

WORLD COMMUNISM: THE DISINTEGRATION OF A SECULAR FAITH. By RICHARD LOWENTHAL. *Oxford University Press. 296 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by LEWIS A. COSER

RICHARD LOWENTHAL, currently a visiting research fellow at Columbia University, was for many years a journalist who wrote from London on international affairs. Few men have his theoretical and practical knowledge of current trends in world Communism. His latest book does not pretend to be a definitive and systematic treatment of its subject. It consists of a series of studies of various aspects of the disintegration of the Soviet camp, most of which have previously appeared in specialized journals such as *Problems of Communism* and *China Quarterly*. Although these essays were written about concrete issues which arose in the Communist camp at one moment or another, and have been only slightly revised, they are informed by the same overall vision of the Communist phenomenon; as such they help us to understand not only specific events like the break and reconciliation with Tito and the mounting Sino-Soviet conflict, but also the more general problems of the dynamics of totalitarian power.

One of the past successes of Communist propaganda has been in persuading many of its opponents to accept the myth of international Communist unity. While anti-Communists could readily perceive the internal contradictions of the West-

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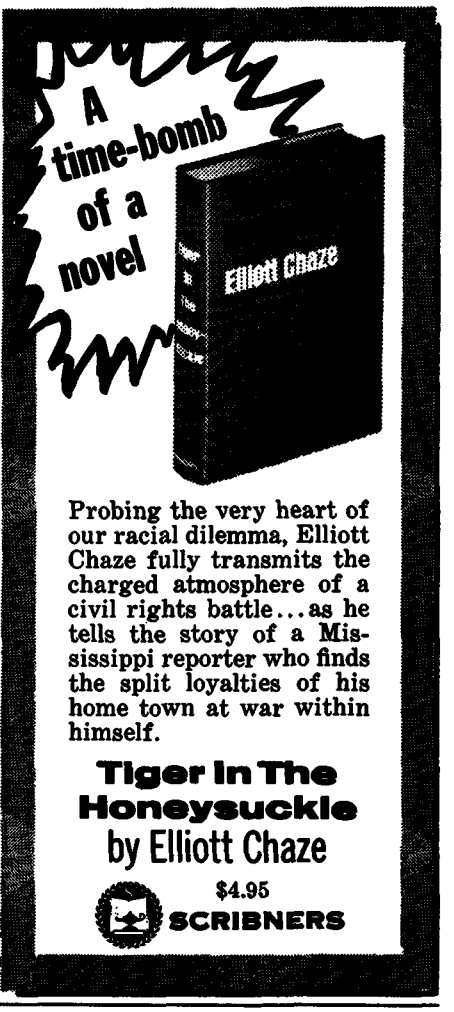
ern response to Soviet challenges, they were often willing to believe that everything went according to plan in the expansion of Soviet power and that the Communist "world conspiracy" was exempt from internal tensions and conflicts. In fact, it was still fashionable only a few years ago to wallow in a kind of pathos of pessimism in which the defeat of democratic values and the ultimate victory of Communism were seen to be almost inevitable. Today a glance at the newspapers shows up the absurdity of this view, which is now shared only by such inveterate ideologists as the editors of the *National Review* and Goldwater's backwoodsmen. But it was much easier to fall into this trap a few years ago.

Lowenthal shows convincingly that the disintegration of the Communist camp was foreshadowed as early as Tito's split with Stalin in 1948 and was in full progress after Stalin's death in 1953. He also shows that the breakup of world Communism resulted from the interplay of ideology and national interests; thus he avoids the common fallacy of reducing the behavior of Communist nations to one or the other explanation. While Lowenthal regards the clash of national interests to be the ultimate cause of the Sino-Soviet conflict, he also makes us aware that the Chinese decision to challenge the supremacy of Russian ideology and to assert China's superiority in the post-Stalin Communist movement severely exacerbated the conflict and made a compromise virtually impossible. Once the Chinese ideologists came to regard Soviet policy as not only erroneous but heretical, they embarked on a crusade in which intransigence rather than the ability to compromise identified the true believer. Thus, what began as an attempt to force specific changes in Soviet foreign policy developed into a deadly contention over the true guardianship of the Marxist-Leninist tradition.

IN THIS RESPECT the Sino-Soviet conflict differs significantly from the other disputes that have marked the increasing polycentrism of the Communist camp. The Yugoslavs, the Poles, the Hungarians, and, presently, the Rumanians all desire to attain some degree of independence from Russian domination, but none of them, not even the followers of Tito, aspire to become the center of a new world Communist movement. They wish for more diversity in the Communist camp; the Chinese strive for ideological hegemony. In November 1957, during the fortieth-anniversary celebration of the Bolshevik seizure of power, Mao is supposed to have remarked, "The Soviet Union has two Sputniks, while China has not even a quarter Sputnik." Less than six months later the Chinese founded their first experimental "people's commune," and baptized it "Sputnik." In the years that followed, the "conciliar" model of world Communism, which both Khrushchev and Mao seemed to favor, progressively broke down. It proved impossible to negotiate the rival claims of two major totalitarian states at different stages in their internal development. Such pragmatic adjustments are possible between powers whose national interests are in opposition, but they cannot be attained by nations who represent opposing ideologies. "Without some mutual respect of parochial authority," writes Lowenthal, "or of the principle *cuius regio, eius religio*—ideologically independent state parties can hardly live together in a common ecumenic organizaton."

By a curious paradox, then, the Marxist-Leninist ideology which was such a powerful instrument in the expansion of Soviet influence has by now become a major obstacle to continued co-existence in the Communist world. When the Chinese refused to refrain from carrying the "ideological struggle" into the territory dominated by the Soviet bloc, they brought about a schism in the Communist movement which may rank in historical significance with the great religious schisms of the Western world.

All of which is not to minimize the clash of national interests. The Sino-Soviet conflict arose mainly over the question of the extent of economic and technological aid from Russia. It was reinforced by the refusal of the Russians to entrust the Chinese with the knowledge for building atomic bombs. It was further extended by fears that the Russians were preparing to



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make agreements with America in such matters as nuclear weapons that would leave the Chinese holding the bag. On the Russian side, the clash was clearly precipitated by Khrushchev's view that providing enough "goulash" for the Russian masses had priority over helping to build the infrastructure of Chinese industrialization. Put to the test, the Russian policy-makers were more concerned with their own "constituency" than with the ideological imperatives that called for the rapid development of satellites and potential rivals. As they began to observe the first signs of the revolution of rising expectations among their countrymen, as the vision of "affluent Communism" began to be more than a mirage, they evidently felt less inclined to share their benefits with their hungry comrades. Fraternal sharing is easier in common misery than when possibilities of abundance begin to dance before one's eyes.

Tito's heresy provided the first major challenge to Stalin's total domination of the Soviet bloc. Tito suggested that one could be a good Communist while rejecting Moscow's directives—and he got away with it. After Stalin's death, Khrushchev saw that the period of the puppet satellites was over and proceeded to recognize the rights of the various national governments within the bloc to proceed along variant lines of policy, provided they remained within the broad framework of Communist ideology and military unity. The Hungarian Revolution of 1956, however, showed the narrow limits and the fragility of the attempted compromise between national autonomy and ideological conformity. The Soviet Union once again asserted its claim to being the single center of authority. At this moment of crisis even the Chinese insisted on the recognition of Soviet leadership and doctrinal authority, and the first outcropping of "polycentrism" seemed to have been eradicated. But the inner logic of national development was soon to compel the Chinese to their radical challenge of Soviet leadership, and in time the unity of doctrine could no longer survive the dispersal of power. "A spiritual movement," says Lowenthal, "may preserve its world-wide doctrinaire unity so long as . . . it refrains from seeking to exert political power directly. But in a movement constructed on the Byzantine model, where loyalty to the faith and obedience to the state coincide, ideological fragmentation is bound to follow the growth of political pluralism."

These are the main lines of Lowenthal's analysis, which I have perhaps extended a bit further than he intended and with which I am in essential agreement. It remains for the author, in his promised book on the dynamics of totalitarian power, to develop the broader theoretical significance of the breakdown of the international Communist faith which he touches upon here in a stimulating but rather fragmentary manner.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

ROGER OWEN *is an educational adviser to the BBC. Mr. Owen lived for some years in Africa and frequently writes about its politics and culture.*

WARREN COFFEY, *a young critic, teaches at the University of San Francisco.*

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LEWIS A. COSER's *latest book is* Men of Ideas, *which has just been published by Free Press.*

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